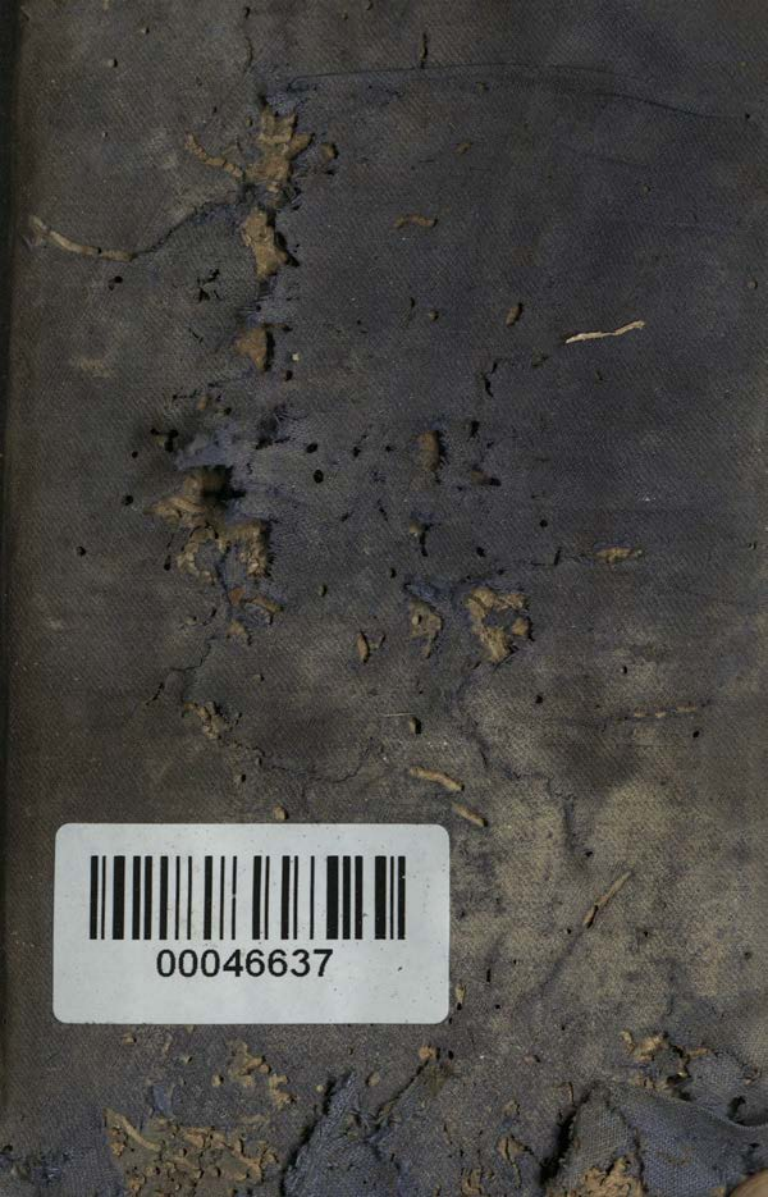
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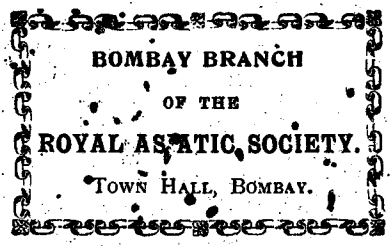

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THE DRAMATIC

WORKS

46637

OF

COLLEY CIBBER, Esq;

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME the FIRST.

CONTAINING

LOVE'S LAST SHIFT, a Comedy.
WOMAN'S WIT, a Comedy.
LOVE MAKES A MAN, a Comedy.
SHE WOULD AND SHE WOULD NOT, a Comedy.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Clarke, C. Hitch and L. Hawes, D. Browne, J. and R. Tonson, J. Rivington, R. Baldwin, T. Caslon, C. Bathurst, S. Crowder and Co. T. Longman, H. Woodgate, and S. Brooks, C. Corbet, G. Kearsly, J. and T. King, and T. Lownds.

MDCCLX.

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AN

ACCOUNT

OF THE

LIFE and WRITINGS

OF

THE AUTHOR.

COLLEY Cibber, a celebrated Dramatic Writer and Player, was born in *London*, on the 6th of *November*, 1671; his Father *Caius Gabriel Cibber*, was a Native of *Holſtein*, who came into *England* ſome Time before the Reſtoration of King *Charles* II. to follow his Profeſſion of a Statuary, the Baſſo Relievo on the Pedeſtal of the Monument, and the two Figures of the Lunaticks, the Raving and

the Melancholy, over the Gates of Bethlem Hoſpital, are no ill Monuments of his Fame.

In the Year 1682 at little more than ſeven years of age, he was ſent to the Free School of *Grantham* in *Lincolnſhire*, where he ſtaid till he got through it from the loweſt Form to the uppermoſt.

He had a very early Inclination for the Stage, and contrary to the Advice of his Father, turned Player before he was twenty Years of Age; and the firſt Part he appeared in with any Glimpſe of Succeſs, was the Chaplain in *Otway*'s Play of the Orphan, which he performed ſo well, that *Goodman* a celebrated Player clapping him on the Shoulder, ſaid, *If he does not make a good Actor I will be damn'd.* Such a Commendation from ſo celebrated an Actor, filled his Boſom (as he tells us) with as great Tranſports, as ever were felt by *Alexander* or *Charles* XII. at the Head of their victorious Army.

His next Appearance was in the Part of Lord *Touchwood* in *Congreve*'s Double Dealer, which Play being commanded by Queen *Mary*, and *Kynaſton* who uſed to act the Part being then very ill, Mr. *Congreve* adviſed that it might be given to our Author, if at ſo ſhort a Warning he would undertake it. The

Flattery

Flattery of being thus diſtinguiſhed by ſo celebrated an Author, and the Honour to act before a Queen, made him blind to whatever Difficulties might attend it; he therefore accepted the Part and was perfect in it before he ſlept. After the Play Mr. *Congreve* made him the Compliment of ſaying, that he had not only anſwered, but exceeded his Expectations, and upon his Recommendation of him, the Patentees raiſed his Salary from fifteen to twenty Shillings a Week.

The Part of *Fondlewife* in the Old Bachelor, was the next Part he was taken notice of in. This Character had been admirably played by *Dogget*, who had then quitted the Stage, and upon the Revival of the Play, the Manager found it difficult to pick out any one for that Part, nor was it to be conceived who could make the leaſt tolerable ſhift with it. At laſt it was recollected that our Author had been heard to ſay, what a vaſt Inclination he had to play the Part of *Nykin*, by which Name the Character was commonly called. Notwithſtanding the Diſtreſs they were in about the Diſpoſal of this Part, moſt of them ſhook their Heads at his being named for it, but however he was immediately ſent for, and the Part was put into his Hands between eleven and twelve that Morning, which he durſt not refuſe, becauſe others were as much ſtraitened

in

in Time for Study as himſelf. But he had this Advantage of moſt of them, that having ſo conſtantly obſerved *Dogget*'s Performance, he wanted but little Trouble to make him perfect in the Words, ſo that when it came to his Turn to rehearſe, while others read their Parts from their Books, he put his in his Pocket, and went through the firſt Scene without it, and ſome of the Actors encouraged him ſo far as to ſay, they did not think he would make a bad Figure in it.

At his firſt Appearance the Audience were in doubt whether *Dogget* himſelf was not returned, or what ſtrange Face it could be that ſo nearly reſembled him, for he had lain the tint of forty Years more than his real Age upon his Features, and to the moſt minute placing of a Hair was dreſſed exactly like him. And when he ſpoke, the Surprize was ſtill greater, as if he had not only borrowed his Cloaths, but his Voice too. But though that was the leaſt difficult part of him to be imitated, they ſeemed to allow he had ſo much of him in every other requiſite, that his Applauſe was more than proportionable. And upon his going off from the firſt Scene, he met with very great and unuſual Applauſe; and after one loud *Plaudit* was ended and ſunk into a general Whiſper, that ſeemed ſtill to continue their private Approbation, it revived

vived to a ſecond, and again to a third, ſtill louder than the former.

His great Succeſs in the Old Bachelor having opened no farther way to his Advancement, he reſolved to leave nothing unattempted that might ſhew him in ſome new Rank of Diſtinction. Accordingly the next Year he produced the Comedy of *Love's laſt Shift*. But the Difficulty of getting it to the Stage was not eaſily ſurmounted; for at that Time as little was expected from him as an Author, as had been from his Pretenſions to be an Actor. However, *Mr. Southerne* having heard him read the Play, liked it ſo well that he immediately recommended it to the Patentees, and it was accordingly acted in *January* 1695. In this Play he ſucceeded ſo well, both as an Author and Actor, that People ſeemed at a loſs, which they ſhould give the Preference to. And *Lord Dorſet*, then Lord Chamberlain, made him the Compliment of ſaying, *That it was the beſt firſt Play that any Author in his Memory had produced, and that for a young Fellow to ſhew himſelf ſuch an Actor and ſuch a Writer in one Day was ſomething extraordinary.*

The new Light in which the Character of *Sir Novelty* had ſhewn him, one might have thought ſufficient to have diſſipated the

Doubts

Doubts of what he might now be poſſibly good for; but whether he was elbowed by other Actors, or whatever Cauſe it was owing to, whenever any freſh Parts were to be diſpoſed of, not one of any Conſequence was he preferred to, till the Year following, when from *Sir John Vanbrugh's* favourable Opinion of him, he began with others to have a better of himſelf, for *Sir John* not only did him honour as an Author, by writing his Play of *the Relapſe* as a Sequel or ſecond Part to *Love's laſt Shift*, but as an Actor too, by preferring him to the chief Character, which from *Sir Novelty*, he had enobled by the ſtyle of *Baron of Foppington.* This Play, from its eaſy turn of Wit had great Succeſs, and gave him as a Comedian a ſecond Flight of Reputation. And from this Time his Character as an Actor was ſo thoroughly eſtabliſhed, that he met with no farther Difficulties.

In 1711, *Mr. Collier* procured a Licence during Pleaſure, for acting Plays for himſelf, *Wilks*, *Dogget*, and *Cibber*, and to make the Buſineſs a *fine cure* to him, farmed his Share to them for 700*l. per Annum*, which anſwered very well to the three managing Actors, their Shares being never leſs than 1000*l.* annually to each of them, till the End of the *Queen's* Reign in 1714, when *Collier's* Licence was ſuperſeded.——Their Licence, however being

being of course to be renewed, the Managers applied themselves to *Sir Richard Steele*, who had greatly distinguished himself by his Zeal for the House of *Hanover*; they well knew the Obligations the Stage had to his Writings, there being scarce a Comedian of Merit in the Company, whom his *Tatlers* had not made better by his public Recommendation of them, and many Days had the House been filled by the Influence and Credit of his Pen. Obligations of this Kind from a Gentleman with whom they all had the Pleasure of a personal Intimacy, the Managers thought could not be more justly returned, than by their Desire to have him at the Head of them. They therefore begged him to use his Interest for the Renewal of their Licence, and that he would do them the Honour of getting their Names to stand with his in the same Commission; and as the usual Time of their beginning to act for the *Winter* Season was drawing near, they pressed him not to lose any Time in his Solicitation. Accordingly *Sir Richard* applied himself to the *Duke of Marlborough*, the Hero of his Heart, who immediately obtained it of his Majesty for *Sir Richard*, and the former managing Actors, and *Collier* was heard no more of; and from this Time their Affairs went forward for many Years in a settled Course of Prosperity.

In

TO

RICHARD NORTON,

OF

SOUTHWICK, *Esq*;

SIR,

THO' I can't, without Ingratitude, conceal the exceeding Favours which the Town have shewn this Piece; yet they must give me leave to own, that even my Vanity lay hush'd, quite stifled in my Fears, till I had securely fix'd its good Fortune, by publishing your Approbation of it: An Advantage, which, as it will confirm my Friends in their favourable Opinion, so it must, in some measure, qualify the Severity of the Malicious. After this Declaration, let the World imagine how difficult it is for me not to launch into your Character: But since your Candor and Depth of Judgment are my chief Protection, I am loth to discompose you, by an ungrateful Repetition of those Virtues, which only please you in the Practice: The World as little wants the Knowledge of 'em, as you desire the Recital.

'Tis your Happineſs, SIR, that your For[illegible]s
fix'd you above the Need of Praiſe. [illegible]
both are equally unavoidable:
litude, Praiſe will follow you,
you for your Coldneſs; ſhe
Choice of Pleaſures, thoſe not
ſweet Retirement, from which no
ſideration of your Country's Weal can draw you.

But as no Man can properly be made a Patron, whoſe Virtues have not in ſome ſort qualified him for ſuch a Care: So, SIR, it is ſufficient for me, that your Life and Converſation are the beſt Heralds of your Power, and my Safety.

Here, SIR, I muſt beg Leave to clear myſelf from what the ill Wiſhes of ſome would have the World believe, that what I now offer you is ſpurious, and not the Product of my own Labour. And tho' I am pleas'd that this Report ſeems to allow it ſome Beauties, yet I am ſorry it has made a Diſcovery of ſome Perſons, who think me worth their Malice. This DEDICATION were little better than an Affront, unleſs I cou'd with all Sincerity aſſure you, SIR, that the Fable is entirely my own; nor is there a Line or Thought throughout the whole, for which I am wittingly oblig'd either to the Dead or Living: For I cou'd no more be pleas'd with a ſtolen Reputation, than with a Miſtreſs who yielded only upon the Interceſſion of my Friend. It ſatisfies me, SIR, that you believe it mine; and I hope what others ſay to the contrary, is rather owing to an unreaſonable Diſguſt than their real Opinion. I am not ignorant of thoſe Overſights I have committed, nor have the diſſecting Critics much diſcourag'd me: For

'tis

'tis their Diverſion to find Fault; and to have none, is to them an unpardonable Diſappointment; no Man can expect to go free, while they don't ſpare one another. But as I write not in Defiance of the Cenſure; ſo, after having diverted you, [illegible] trouble them with a *Preface*. Had [illegible]ed, I ſhould have had Modeſty enough to [illegible] my own want of Merit: For certainly the Town can take no Pleaſure in decrying any Man's Labours, when 'tis their Intereſt to encourage 'em. Every Gueſt is the beſt Judge of his own Palate; and a Poet ought no more to impoſe good Senſe upon the Galleries, than dull Farce upon the undiſputed Judges. I firſt conſider'd who my Gueſts were, before I prepar'd my Entertainment: And therefore I ſhall only add this, as a general Anſwer to all Objections, that it has every way exceeded mine, and hitherto has not wrong'd the *Houſe*'s Expectation: That Mr. *Southern*'s Good-nature (whoſe own Works beſt recommend his Judgment) engaged his Reputation for the Succeſs; which its Reception, and your Approbation, SIR, has ſince redeem'd, to the intire Satisfaction of,

SIR,

Your moſt Devoted,

Humble Servant,

Jan. 1695.

C. CIBBER.

PROLO

By a Friend.

Spoken by Mr. VERBRUGGEN.

WIT bears ſo thin a Crop this duller Age,
We're forc'd to glean it from the barren Stage:
Ev'n Players fledg'd by nobler Pens, take Wing
Themſelves, and their own rude Compoſures ſing.
Nor need our Young-one dread a Ship-wreck here;
Who trades without a Stock, has nought to fear.
In ev'ry Smile of yours a Prize he draws;
And if you damn him, he's but where he was.
Yet where's the Reaſon for the Critic Crew,
With killing Blaſts, like Winter to purſue
The tender Plant that ripens, but for you?
Nature, in all her Works, requires Time
Kindneſs, and Years, 'tis makes the Virgin climb,
And ſhoot, and haſten to th' expected Prime;
And then, if untaught Fancy fail to pleaſe,
T' inſtruct the willing Pupil by Degrees;
By gentle Leſſons you your Joys improve,
And mould her awkward Paſſion into Love.
Ev'n Folly has its Growth: Few Fools are made;
You drudge and ſweat for't, as it were a Trade.

'Tis

PROLOGUE.

'Tis half the Labour of your trifling Age,
To faſhion you fit Subjects for the Stage.
Well, if our Author fail to draw you like;
In the firſt D[illegible]ght, you're not t' expect Vandyke.
What tho' no Maſter-ſtroke in this appears,
Yet ſome may Features find reſembling theirs.
Nor do the Bad alone his Colours ſhare;
Neglected Virtue is at leaſt ſhewn fair,
And that's enough o' Conſcience for a Play'r.
But if you'd have him take a bolder Flight,
And draw your Pictures by a truer Light,
You muſt yourſelves, by Follies yet unknown,
Inſpire his Pencil, and divert the Town.
Nor judge, by this, his Genius at a ſtand;
For Time, that makes new Fools may mend his Hand.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Sir *Will. Wiſeawou'd.* A rich old Gentleman, that fancies himſelf a Maſter of his Paſſion, which he is in trivial Matters.	
Loveleſs. Of a debauch'd Life, grew weary of his Wife in ſix Months; left her and the Town, for Debts he did not care to pay; and having ſpent the laſt part of his Eſtate beyond Sea, returns to *England* in a very mean Condition.	Mr. *Wilks.*
Sir *Novelty Faſhion.* A Coxcomb that loves to be the firſt in all Foppery.	Mr. *Cibber.*
Elder Worthy. A ſober Gentleman of a fair Eſtate, in love with *Hillaria.*	Mr. *Williams.*
Young Worthy. His Brother, of a looſer Temper, Lover to *Narciſſa.*	Mr. *Mills.*
Snap. Servant to *Loveleſs.*	Mr. *Cibber*, jun.
Sly. Servant to *Young Worthy.*	Mr. *Miller.*
A Lawyer.	Mr. *Roſco.*

WOMEN.

Amanda. A Woman of ſtrict Virtue, married to *Loveleſs* very young, and forſaken by him.	Mrs. *Porter.*
Narciſſa. Daughter to Sir *William Wiſeawou'd*, a Fortune.	Mrs. *Thurmond.*
Hillaria. His Niece.	Mrs. *Heron.*
Flareit. A kept Miſtreſs of Sir *Novelty's.*	Mrs. *Mills.*
Woman to *Amanda.*	
Maid to *Flareit.*	
Servants, &c.	

The SCENE, *London.*

LOVE's Laſt Shift:

OR,

The FOOL in Faſhion.

ACT I.

SCENE, *the Park.*

Enter Loveleſs, *and* Snap *his Servant.*

LOVELESS.

SIRRAH! leave your Preaching: —— Your Counſel, like an ill Clock, either ſtands ſtill, or goes too ſlow: —— You ne'er thought my Extravagancies amiſs, while you had your Share of 'em; and now I want Money to make myſelf drunk, you adviſe me to live ſober, you Dog. —— They that will hunt Pleaſure as I have done, Raſcal, muſt never give over in a fair Chace.

Snap. Nay, I knew you would never reſt, till you had tir'd your Dogs. —— Ah! Sir! what a fine Pack of Guineas you have had! and yet you would make 'em

run

run till they were quite ſpent——[illegible] were fairly turn'd out of your Service.—Here [illegible] been three Days in Town, and I can ſafely [illegible] picking a hollow Tooth ever ſi[illegible]

Love. Why don't you eat the[illegible]

Snap. E'en becauſe I don't kn[illegible]

Love. Then ſtay till I eat, H[illegible] Rogue! to murmur at a little faſtin[illegible] haſt been an equal Partner of my g[illegible]

Snap. Fortune!——It makes [illegible] to think what you have brought yourſelf and [illegible] to! How well might you ha' liv'd, Sir, had you been a ſober Man!—Let me ſee——I ha' been in your Service juſt ten Years:—In the firſt you married and grew weary of your Wife: In the ſecond you whor'd, drank, gam'd, run in Debt, mortgag'd your Eſtate, and was forc'd to leave the Kingdom: In the third, fourth, fifth, ſixth, and ſeventh you made the Tour of *Europe*, with the State and Equipage of a *French* Court-Favourite, while your poor Wife at home broke her Heart for the Loſs of you: In the eighth and ninth you grew poor, and little the wiſer; and now in the tenth you are reſolv'd I ſhall ſtarve with you.

Love. Deſpicable Rogue! canſt thou not bear the Frowns of a common Strumpet, Fortune?

Snap.——'Sbud, I never think of the Pearl Necklace you gave that damn'd *Venetian* Strumpet, but I wiſh her hang'd in't.

Love. Why, Sirrah, I knew I could not have her without it; and I had a Night's Enjoyment of her, was worth a Pope's Revenue for't.

Snap. Ah! you had better ha' laid out you Money here in *London*; I'll undertake you might have had the whole Town over and over for half the Price.—Beſide, Sir, what a delicate Creature [illegible] your Wife! She was the only celebrated Beauty in Town; I'll undertake there were more Fops and Fools run mad for her——'Sbud ſhe was more plagu'd with 'em, and more talk'd of than a good Actreſs with a Maiden-head! Why the Devil could not ſhe content you?

Love.

Love. No, Sirrah; the World to me is a Garden ſtock'd with all ſorts of Fruit, where the greateſt Pleaſure we can take is the Variety of Taſte: But a Wife is an eternal Apple-tree; after a pull or two, you are ſure to ſet your Teeth on Edge.

Snap. And yet I warrant you grudg'd another Man a Bit of her, tho' you valu'd her no more than you wou'd a half-eaten Pippen, that had lain a Week ſunning in a Parlour Window——But ſee, Sir, who's this? —— for methinks I long to meet with an old Acquaintance?

Love. Ha! egad, he looks like one, and may be neceſſary, as the Caſe ſtands with me.——

Snap. Pray Heaven he do but invite us to Dinner!

Enter Young Worthy.

Love. Dear *Worthy!* let me embrace thee; the ſight of an old Friend warms me, beyond that of a new Miſtreſs.

Y. Wor 'Sdeath! what Bully's this? [*Aſide.*] Sir, your Pardon, I don't know you.

Love. Faith, *Will*, I am a little out of Repairs at preſent: But I am all that's left of honeſt *Ned Loveleſs.*

Y. Wor. Loveleſs! I am amaz'd! What means this Metamorphoſis?—Faith, *Ned*, I am glad to find thee among the Living however——How long haſt thou been in Town?

Love. About three Days.——But prithee, *Will*, how goes the World?

Y. Wor. Why like a Bowl, it runs on at the old rate; Intereſt is ſtill the Jack it aims at; and while it rolls, you know, it muſt of Neceſſity be often turn'd upſide down.——But I doubt, Friend, you have bowled out of the Green, have liv'd a little too faſt, [*ſurveying his Dreſs*] like one that hath loſt all his ready Money, and forc'd to be an idle Spectator.—Prithee, what brought thee at laſt to *England?*

Love. Why, my laſt Horſes, faith, which were to perſuade Sir *William Wiſewood'd* (if he be alive) to whom I mortgaged my Eſtate, to let me have Five Hundred Pounds

Pounds more upon it, or elſe to get ſome ... Friend to redeem the Mortgage, and ſhar... Plus. Beſides, I thought that *London* might ... interrupted Pleaſure; for I hear my ... to tell you the Truth, 'twas the Sta... was the main Cauſe of my going over.

Y. Wor. His Wife dead! Ha! I'm g... other; I won't undeceive him, leſt the ... —and riſle her of what ſhe has. [*Aſide.* ... was at her Burial, and ſaw her take Poſſeſſion of her long Home, and am ſorry to tell you *Ned*, ſhe died with Grief: your wild Courſes broke her Heart.

Love. Why, faith, ſhe was a good-natur'd Fool, that's the Truth on't: Well! reſt her Soul.

Snap. Now, Sir, you are a ſingle Man indeed, for you have neither Wife nor Eſtate.

Y. Wor. But how haſt thou improv'd thy Money beyond Sea? What haſt thou brought over?

Love. Oh, a great deal of Experience.

Y. Wor. And no Money?

Snap. Not a Souſe, faith, Sir, as my Belly can teſtify.

Love. But I have a great deal more Wit than I had.

Snap. Not enough to get your Eſtate again, or to know where we ſhall dine to-day,—(O Lord, he don't aſk us yet!)

Y. Wor. Why, your Rogue's witty, *Ned*; where didſt thou pick him up?

Love. Don't you remember *Snap*, formerly your Pimp in Ordinary? But he is much improved in his Calling, I aſſure you, Sir.

Y. Wor. I don't doubt it, conſidering who has been his Maſter.

Snap. Yes, Sir, I am an humble Servant of yours, and am ſtill; Sir, and ſhould be glad to ſtand behind your Chair at Dinner, Sir. [*Bows.*

Y. Wor. Oh, Sir, that you may do another Time; but to-day I'm engag'd upon Buſineſs; however, there's a Meſs's Meat for you. [*Throws him a Guinea.*

Snap. Bleſs my Eyes! a Guinea!—Sir, is there e'er

e'er a Whore you wou'd have kick'd? any old Bawd's Windows you would have broken? Shall I beat your Taylor for diſappointing you? or your Surgeon, that would be paid for a Clap of two Years ſtanding? If you have Occaſion, you may command your humble Servant———

Y. Wor. Sweet Sir, I am obliged to you: But at preſent am ſo happy as to have no Occaſion for your Aſſiſtance.——But hark you, *Ned*; prithee, what haſt thou done with thy Eſtate?

Love. I pawn'd it to buy Pleaſure! that is, old Wine, young Whores, and the Converſation of brave Fellows, as mad as myſelf. Pox! if a Man hath Appetites, they are Torments, if not indulged. I ſhall never complain as long as I have Health and Vigour: And as for my Poverty, why the Devil ſhould I be aſhamed of that, ſince a rich Man won't bluſh at his Knavery?

Y. Wor. Faith, *Ned*, I'm as much in love with Wickedneſs as thou canſt be, but I am for having it at a cheaper Rate than my Ruin. Don't it grate you a little to ſee your Friends bluſh for you?

Love. 'Tis very odd, that People ſhou'd be more aſhamed of others Faults than their own: I never yet cou'd meet with a Man that offered me Counſel, but had more Occaſion for it himſelf.

Y. Wor. So far you may be in the right: For indeed, good Counſel is like a home Jeſt, which every buſy Fool is offering to his Fellow, and yet won't take it himſelf.

Love. Right———Thus have I known a jolly red-nos'd Parſon, at three o'Clock in the Morning, belch out Invectives againſt late Hours, and hard Drinking; and a canting hypocritical Sinner proteſt againſt Fornication, when the Rogue was himſelf juſt crawling out of a Flux.

Y. Wor. Tho' there are Truths, Friend, yet I don't ſee any Advantage you can draw from them. Prithee, how wilt thou live, now all your Money's gone?

Love. Live! How do I live! thou art but a younger Brother, I take it.

Y. Wor.

Y. Wor. Oh, very well, Sir! [illegible] left me but 3000 *l.* one of which [illegible] Place Court, that I ſtill enjoy; the other Pleaſure, as thou ſay'ſt. But beſide by the continual Bounty of an indu[illegible] I am loth to load his good Nature fore have e'en thought fit, like t[illegible] Brotherhood, to purge out my wil[illegible] trimony: By the way, I have taken Care to ſee the Dole well ſweetened with a ſwinging Portion.

Love. Ah! *Will*, you'll find marrying to cure Lewdneſs, is like ſurfeiting to cure Hunger: For all the Conſequence is, you loath what you ſurfeit on, and are only chaſte to her you marry.—— But prithee, Friend, what is thy Wife that muſt be?

Y. Wor. Why, faith, ſince I believe the Matter is too far gone for any Man to poſtpone me, (at leaſt, I am ſure, thou wilt not do me an Injury to do thyſelf no Good) I'll tell thee:——You muſt know, my Miſtreſs is the Daughter of that very Knight to whom you mortgaged your Eſtate, Sir *William Wiſewou'd*.

Love. Why, ſhe's an Heireſs, and has 1000 *l.* a Year in her own Hands, if ſhe be of Age: But I ſuppoſe the old Man knows nothing of your Intentions. Therefore, prithee, how have you had Opportunities of promoting your Love?

Y. Wor. Why thus:— You muſt know, Sir *William* (being very well acquainted with the Largeneſs of my Brother's Eſtate) deſigns his Daughter for him; and to encourage his Paſſion, offers him, out of his own Pocket, the additional Bleſſing of 5000 *l.* This Offer my Brother, knowing my Inclination, ſeems to embrace; but at the ſame time is really in Love with his Niece, who lives with him in the ſame Houſe: And therefore, to hide my Deſign from the old Gentleman, I pretend Viſits to his Daughter, as an Interceſſor for my Brother only; and thus he [illegible]ven me daily Opportunities of advancing my own [illegible]ſt;—— nay, and I have ſo contriv'd it, that I deſign to have the 5000 *l.* too.

Love. How is that poſſible, ſince I ſee no Hopes of the old Man's Con[illegible]r you?

Y. Wor.

Y. Wor. Have a Day's Patience, and you'll ſee the Effects on't: In a Word, 'tis ſo ſure, that nothing but Delays can hinder my Succeſs; therefore I am very earneſt with my Miſtreſs, that to-morrow may be the Day: But a Pox on't, I have two Women to prevail with; for my Brother quarrels every other Day with his Miſtreſs; and while I am reconciling him, I loſe Ground in my own Amour.

Love. Why, has not your Miſtreſs told you her Mind yet?

Y. Wor. She will, I ſuppoſe, as ſoon as ſhe knows it herſelf; for within this Week ſhe has chang'd it as often as her Linen, and keeps it as ſecret too: for, ſhe wou'd no more own her Love before my Face, than ſhe wou'd ſhift herſelf before my Face.

Love. Pſhaw! ſhe ſhews it the more, by ſtriving to conceal it.

Y. Wor. Nay, ſhe does give me ſome Proofs indeed; for ſhe will ſuffer nobody but herſelf to ſpeak ill of me, is always uneaſy till I am ſent for, never pleas'd when I am with her, and ſtill jealous when I leave her.

Love. Well! Succeſs to thee, *Will*; I will ſend the Fiddles, to releaſe thee from your firſt Night's Labour.

Y. Wor. But, hark you; have a Care of diſobliging the Bride though. —— Ha! yonder goes my Brother: I am afraid his walking ſo early, proceeds from ſome Diſturbance in his Love: I muſt after him, and ſet him right. —— Dear *Ned*, you'll excuſe me: Shall I ſee you at the *Blue Poſts* between Five and Six this Afternoon?

Love. With all my Heart: — But, d'ye hear? —— Can'ſt not thou lend me the Fellow to that ſame Guinea you gave my Man? I'll give you my Bond, if you miſtruſt me.

Y. Wor. Oh, Sir, your Neceſſity is Obligation enough: —— There 'tis, and all I have, faith; when I ſee you at Night, you may command me farther. —— Adieu: At Six at fartheſt. [*Exit* Y. Wor.

Love. Without fail. —— So! Now, Raſcal, you are

are hungry, are you? Thou deſerveſt never to eat again —— Rogue! grumble before Fortune had quite forſaken us!

Snap. Ah! dear Sir, the Thoughts of eating again have ſo tranſported me, I am reſolved to live and die with you.

Love. Look ye, Sirrah, here's that will provide us with a Dinner, and a Brace of Whores into the Bargain; at leaſt as * Guineas and Whores go now.

Snap. Ah! good Sir! no Whores before Dinner, I beſeech you.

Love. Well, for once I'll take your Advice; for, to ſay the Truth, a Man is as unfit to follow Love with an empty Stomach, as Buſineſs with an empty Head: Therefore I think a Bit and a Bottle won't be amiſs firſt.

The God of Wine and Love were ever Friends;
For by the Help of Wine, Love gains his ends. [Exeunt.

Enter Elder Worthy *with a Letter.*

El. Wor. How hard it is to find that Happineſs which our ſhort-ſighted Paſſions hope from Women! 'tis not their cold Diſdain or Cruelty ſhould make a faithful Lover curſe his Stars, that is but reaſonable; 'tis the Shadow in our Pleaſure's Picture: Without it, Love could ne'er be heightened. No, 'tis their Pride and vain Deſire of many Lovers, that robs our Hope of its imagined Rapture: The Blind are only happy: For if we look thro' Reaſon's never-erring Perſpective, we then ſurvey their Souls, and view the Rubbiſh we were chaffering for: And ſuch I find *Hillaria*'s Mind is made of. This Letter is an Order for the knocking off my Fetters, and I'll ſend it her immediately.

Enter to him Young Worthy.

Y. Wor. 'Morrow Brother. [*ſeeing the Letter*] What, is your Fit return'd ag[ain]? What Beaux's Box now has *Hillaria*

Guinea went then at 30 *s.*

Hillaria taken Snuff from? What Fool has led her from the Box to her Coach? What Fop has ſhe ſuffered to read a Play or a Novel to her? Or whoſe Money has ſhe indiſcreetly won at *Baſſet?* —— Come, come, let's ſee the ghaſtly Wound ſhe has made in your Quiet, that I may know how much Claret to preſcribe you.

El. Wor. I have my Wound and Cure from the ſame Perſon, I'll aſſure you; the one from *Hillaria*'s Wit and Beauty, and the other from her Pride and Vanity.

Y. Wor. That's what I cou'd never yet find her guilty of: Are you angry at her loving you?

El. Wor. I am angry at myſelf, for believing ſhe ever did.

Y. Wor. Have her Actions ſpoke the contrary? Come, you know ſhe loves.

El. Wor. Indeed ſhe gave a great Proof on't laſt Night here in the *Park*, by faſt'ning on a Fool, and careſſing him before my Face, when ſhe might have ſo eaſily avoided him.

Y. Wor. What! and I warrant, interrupted you in the Middle of your Sermon; for I don't queſtion but you were preaching to her. But, prithee, who was the Fool ſhe faſten'd upon?

El. Wor. One that Heaven intended for a Man; but the whole Buſineſs of his Life is, to make the World believe he is of another Species. A Thing that affects mightily to ridicule himſelf, only to give others a Kind of Neceſſity of praiſing him. I can't ſay he's a Slave to any new Faſhion, for he pretends to be Maſter of it, and is ever reviving ſome old, or advancing ſome new Piece of Foppery; and tho' it don't take, is ſtill as well pleaſed, becauſe it then obliges the Town to take the more Notice of him. He's ſo fond of a public Reputation, that he is more extravagant in his Attempts to gain it, than the Fool that fir'd *Diana*'s Temple to immortalize his Name.

Y. Wor. You have ſaid enough to tell me his Name is Sir *Novelty Faſhion.*

El. Wor. The ſame: But [illegible] which moſt concerns me, he has the Impudence to addreſs *Hillaria*, and ſhe Vanity enough not to diſcard him.

Y. Wor.

Y. Wor. Is this all? Why, thou art as hard to pleaſe in a Wife, as thy Miſtreſs in a new Gown: How many Women have you took in hand, and yet can't pleaſe yourſelf at laſt?

El. Wor. I had need to have the beſt Goods, when I offer ſo great a Price as Marriage for them: *Hillaria* has ſome good Qualities, but not enough to make a Wife of.

Y. Wor. She has Beauty.

El. Wor. Granted.

Y. Wor. And Money.

El. Wor. Too much: Enough to ſupply her Vanity.

Y. Wor. She has Senſe.

El. Wor. Not enough to believe I am no Fool.

Y. Wor. She has Wit.

El. Wor. Not enough to deceive me.

Y. Wor. Why then you are happy, if ſhe can't deceive you.

El. Wor. Yet ſhe has Folly enough to endeavour it: I'll ſee her no more, and this ſhall tell her ſo.

Y. Wor. Which in an Hour's Time you'll repent, as much as ever ——

El. Wor. As ever I ſhould marrying her.

Y. Wor. You'll have a damn'd ſneaking Look, when you are forced to aſk her Pardon for your ungenerous Suſpicion, and lay the Fault upon Exceſs of Love.

El. Wor. I am not ſo much in Love as you imagine.

Y. Wor. Indeed, Sir, you are in Love, and that Letter tells her ſo.

El. Wor. Read it, you'll find it to the contrary.

Y. Wor. Prithee, I know what's in it better than thou do'ſt: You ſay, 'tis to take your Leave of her; but I ſay, 'tis in hopes of a kind, excuſive Anſwer: But, faith, you miſtake her and yourſelf too; ſhe is too high-ſpirited not to take you at your Word; and you are too much in Love, not to aſk her Pardon.

El. Wor. Well, then, I will not be too raſh, but will ſhow my Reſentment by forbearing my Viſits.

Y. Wor. Your Viſits will come. I ſhall ſoon try what a Man of Reſolution you are! ——— for yonder ſhe comes: Now, let's ſee if you have Power to move.

El. Wor. I'll ſoon convince you of that. —— Farewel.

Y. Wor. Ha! Gone! I don't like that: I am ſorry to find him ſo reſolute: But I hope *Hillaria* has taken too faſt hold of his Heart, to let this Fit ſhake him off: I muſt to her, and make up this Breach: for while his Amour ſtands ſtill, I have no hopes of advancing my own. [*Exit.*

Enter Hillaria, Narciſſa, *and* Amanda *in Mourning.*

Hil. Well, dear *Amanda*, thou art the moſt conſtant Wife I ever heard of, not to ſhake off the Memory of an ill Huſband, after eight or ten Years Abſence; nay, to mourn, for aught you know, for the Living too, and ſuch a Huſband, that tho' he were alive, would never thank you for it: Why d'ye perſiſt in ſuch a hopeleſs Grief?

Am. Becauſe 'tis hopeleſs. For if he be alive, he is dead to me. His dead Affections, not Virtue itſelf can e'er retrieve: Wou'd I were with him, tho' in his Grave!

Hil. In my Mind you are much better where you are. The Grave! Young Widows uſe to have warmer Wiſhes. But, methinks, the Death of a rich old Uncle ſhould be a Cordial to your Sorrows.

Am. That adds to 'em; for he was the only Relation I had left, and was as tender of me as the neareſt: He was a Father to me.

Hil. He was better than ſome Fathers to you; for he died juſt when you had occaſion for his Eſtate.

Nar. I have an old Father, and the Duce take me, I think he only lives to hinder me of my Occaſions; but, Lord bleſs me, Madam, how can you be unhappy with 2000 *l.* a Year in your own Poſſeſſion?

Hil. For my Part, the greateſt Reaſon I think you have to grieve is, that you are not ſure your Huſband's dead; for were that confirm'd, then, indeed, there were hopes that one [illegible] might give out another. You might marry again.

Am. All the Comfort of my Life is, that I can tell my Conſcience, I have been true to Virtue.

Hil. And to an extravagant Huſband, that cares not a Farthing for you. But, come, let's leave this unſeaſonable Talk, and pray give me a little of your Advice. What ſhall I do with this Mr. *Worthy*? Wou'd you adviſe me to make a Huſband of him?

Am. I am but an ill Judge of Men; the only one I thought myſelf ſecure of, moſt cruelly deceiv'd me.

Hil. A loſing Gameſter is fitteſt to give Warning: What d'ye think of him?

Am. Better than of any Man I know. I read nothing in him but what is ſome part of a good Man's Character.

Hil. He's jealous.

Am. He's a Lover.

Hil. He taxes me with a Fool!

Am. He wou'd preſerve your Reputation: And a Fool's Love only ends in the Ruin of it.

Hil. Methinks he's not handſome.

Am. He's a Man, Madam.

Hil. Why then ev'n let him make a Woman of me.

Nar. Pray, Madam, what d'ye think of his Brother? [*Smiling.*

Am. I would not think of him.

Nar. O dear, why, pray?

Am. He puts me in mind of a Man too like him, one that had Beauty, Wit, and Falſhood.

Nar. You have hit ſome part of his Character, I muſt confeſs, Madam; but as to his Truth, I'm ſure he loves only me.

Am. I don't doubt but he tells you ſo, nay, and ſwears it too.

Nar. O Lord! Madam, I hope I may without Vanity believe him.

Am. But you will hardly, without Magic, ſecure him.

Nar. I ſhall uſe no Spells or Charms, but this poor Face, Madam.

Am. And your Fortune.

Nar.

Nar. Senseless Malice! [*Aside.*] I know he'd marry me without a Groat.

Am. Then he's not the Man I take him for.

Nar. Why, pray —— what do you take him for?

Am. A wild young Fellow, that loves every thing he sees.

Nar. He never lov'd you yet. [*Peevishly.*

Am. I hope, Madam, he never saw any thing in me to encourage him.

Nar. In my Conscience you are in the right on't, Madam; I dare swear he never did, nor e'er wou'd, tho' he gaz'd till Doom's-day.

Am. I hope, Madam, your Charms will prevent his putting himself to the Trial, and I wish he may never—

Nar. Nay, dear Madam, no more railing at him, unless you wou'd have me believe you love him.

Hil. Indeed, Ladies, you are both in the Wrong: You, Cousin, in being angry at what you desir'd, her Opinion of your Lover; and you, Madam, for speaking Truth against the Man she resolves to love.

Nar. Love him! Prithee, Cousin, no more of that old Stuff.

Hil. Stuff! Why, don't you own you are to marry him this Week? — Here he comes, I suppose you'll tell him another thing in his Ear.

Enter Young Worthy.

Hil. Mr. *Worthy*, your Servant; you look with the Face of Business: What's the News pray?

Y. Wor. Faith, Madam, I have News for you all, and private News too; but that of the greatest Consequence is with this Lady. Your Pardon, Ladies; I'll whisper with you all, one after another.

Nar. Come, Cousin, will you walk? The Gentleman has Business; we shall interrupt him.

Hil. Why really, Cousin, don't say positively you love Mr. *Worthy*; but, this looks very like Jealousy.

Nar. Pish! Lord! *Hillaria*, you are in a very odd Humour

Humour to-day. But to let you ſee I have no ſuch weak Thoughts about me, I'll wait as unconcern'd as yourſelf. (I'll rattle him.) *Aſide.*

Am. Not unpleaſing, ſay you? Pray, Sir, unfold yourſelf, for I have long deſpair'd of welcome News.

Y. Wor. Then in a Word, Madam, your Huſband, Mr. *Loveleſs*, is in Town, and has been theſe three days; I parted with him an Hour ago.

Am. In Town! you amaze me! for Heaven's ſake go on.

Y. Wor. Faith, Madam, conſidering *Italy*, and thoſe Parts have furniſhed him with nothing but an Improvement of that Lewdneſs he carry'd over, I can't properly give you Joy of his Arrival: Beſides, he is ſo very poor, that you wou'd take him for an Inhabitant of that Country. And when I confirm'd your being dead, he only ſhook his Head, and call'd you good-natur'd Fool, or to that Effect; nay, tho' I told him his Unkindneſs broke your Heart.

Am. Barbarous Man! not ſhed a Tear upon my Grave? But why did you tell him I was dead?

Y. Wor. Becauſe, Madam, I thought you had no mind to have your Houſe plunder'd; and for another Reaſon, which, if you dare liſten to me, perhaps you'll not diſlike: In a Word, 'tis ſuch a Stratagem, that will either make him aſham'd of his Folly, or in love with your Virtue.

Am. Can there be a Hope, when ev'n my Death cou'd not move him to a relenting Sigh? Yet, pray inſtruct me, Sir.

Y. Wor. You know, Madam, 'twas not above four or five Months after you were marry'd, but (as moſt young Huſbands do) he grew weary of you. Now, I am confident, 'twas more an Affectation of being faſhionably vicious, than any reaſonable Diſlike he cou'd either find in your Mind or Perſon: Therefore cou'd you, by ſome Artifice, paſs upon him as a new Miſtreſs, I am apt to believe you wou'd find [illegible] of the wonted Coldneſs in his Love, but a younger [illegible] and fierce Deſire.

Am. Suppoſe this done; what would be the Conſequence?

Y. Wor.

Y. Wor. Oh, your having then a just Occasion to reproach him with his broken Vows, and to let him see the Weakness of his deluded Fancy, which even in a Wife, while unknown, cou'd find those real Charms, which his blind, ungrateful Lewdness wou'd ne'er allow her to be Mistress of. After this, I'd have you seem freely to resign him to those fancy'd Raptures, which he deny'd were in a virtuous Woman: Who knows but this, with a little submissive Eloquence, may strike him with so great a Sense of Shame, as may reform his Thoughts, and fix him yours?

Am. You have reviv'd me, Sir; But how can I assure myself he'll like me as a Mistress?

Y. Wor. From your being a new one——Leave the Management of all to me: I have a Trick shall draw him to your Bed; and when he's there, faith, ev'n let him cuckold himself: I'll engage he likes you as a Mistress, though he cou'd not as a Wife. [At least, she'll have the Pleasure of knowing the Difference between a Husband and a Lover, without the Scandal of the former. [*Aside.*

Am. You have oblig'd me, Sir; if I succeed, the Glory shall be yours.

Y. Wor. I'll wait on you at your Lodging, and consult how I may be farther serviceable to you: But you must put this in speedy Execution, lest he should hear of you, and prevent your Design; in the mean time, 'tis a Secret to all the World but yourself and me.

Am. I'll study to be grateful, Sir.

Y. Wor. Now for you, Madam. [*To* Hillaria.

Nar. So! I am to be last serv'd: Very well! [*Aside.*

Y. Wor. My Brother, Madam, confesses he scattered some rough Words last Night; and I take the Liberty to tell you, you gave him some Provocation.

Hil. That may be; but I'm resolved to be Mistress of my Actions before Marriage, and no Man shall usurp a Power over me, till I give it him.

Y. Wor. At least, Madam, consider what he said, as the Effects of an impatient P[illegible]n; and give him leave this Afternoon to set all right again.

Hil. Well, if I don't find myſelf out of Order after Dinner, perhaps I may ſtep into the Garden: But I won't promiſe you neither.

Y. Wor. I dare believe you without it. — Now, Madam, I am your humble Servant. [*To Nar.*

Nar. And every body's humble Servant. [*Walks off.*

Y. Wor. Why, Madam, I am come to tell you ——

Nar. What Succeſs you had with that Lady, I ſuppoſe — I don't mind Intrigues, Sir.

Y. Wor. I like this Jealouſy, however, tho' I ſcarce know how to appeaſe it. [*Aſide.*] 'Tis Buſineſs of Moment, Madam, and may be done in a Moment.

Nar. Yours is done with me, Sir; but my Buſineſs is not ſo ſoon done as you imagine.

Y. Wor. In a Word, I have very near reconcil'd my Brother and your Couſin, and I don't doubt but to-morrow will be the Day; if I were but as well aſſur'd of your Conſent for my Happineſs too ——

Nar. Firſt tell me your Diſcourſe with that Lady; and afterwards, if you can, look me in the Face — Oh, are you ſtudying, Sir?

Y. Wor. 'Sdeath! I muſt not truſt her with it; ſhe'll tell it the whole Town for a Secret — Pox! ne'er a Lie? [*Aſide.*

Nar. You ſaid it was of the greateſt Conſequence too.

Y. Wor. A good Hint, faith. [*Aſide.*] Why, Madam, ſince you will needs force it from me, 'twas to deſire her to advance my Intereſt with you: But all my Intreaties could not prevail; for ſhe told me, I was unworthy of you: Was not this of Conſequence, Madam?

Nar. Nay, now I muſt believe you, Mr. *Worthy*, and I aſk your Pardon; for ſhe was juſt railing againſt you for a Huſband before you came.

Y. Wor. Oh! Madam, a favour'd Lover like a good Poem, for the Malice of ſome few, makes the generous Temper more admire it.

Nar. Nay, what ſhe ſaid, I muſt confeſs, had much the ſame Effect, as the Coffee-Criticks ridiculing Prince *Arthur*; for I found the ceaſing Diſappointment in my reading you; and till I ſee your Beauties equall'd, I ſhan't diſlike you for a few Faults.

Y. Wor.

Y. Wor. Then, since you have bleſt me with your good Opinion, let me beg of you, before theſe Ladies, to compleat my Happineſs to-morrow. Let this be the laſt Night of your lying alone.

Nar. What d'ye mean?

Y. Wor. To marry you to-morrow, Madam.

Nar. Marry me! Who put that in your Head?

Y. Wor. Some Encouragement which my Hopes have form'd, Madam.

Nar. Hopes! Oh, Inſolence! D'ye think I can be mov'd to love a Man, to kiſs and toy with him, and ſo forth?

Y. Wor. 'gad, I find nothing but downright Impudence will do with her. [*Aſide.*] No, Madam, 'tis the Man muſt kiſs, and toy with you, and ſo forth. Come, my dear Angel, pronounce the joyful Word, and draw the Scene of my eternal Happineſs. Ah! methinks I'm there already, eager and impatient of approaching Bliſs! Juſt laid within the Bridal Bed; our Friends retir'd; the Curtains cloſe drawn around us; no Light but *Cælia*'s Eyes; no Noiſe but her ſoft trembling Words, and broken Sighs, that plead in vain for Mercy. And now a trickling Tear ſteals down her glowing Cheek, which tells the happy Lover at length ſhe yields; yet vows ſhe'd rather die; but ſtill ſubmits to the unexperienc'd Joy. [*Embracing her.*

Hil. What Raptures, Mr. *Worthy*!

Y. Wor. Only the Force of Love in Imagination, Madam.

Nar. O Lord! dear Couſin, and Madam, let's be gone! I vow he grows rude. Oh, for Heaven's Sake! I ſhan't ſhake off my Fright theſe ten Days: O Lord! I will not ſtay —— Be gone; for I declare I loath the Sight of you. [*Exit.*

Y. Wor. I hope you'll ſtand my Friend, Madam.

Hill. I'll get her into the Garden after Dinner. [*Exeunt.*

Y. Wor. I find there's nothing to be done with my Lady before Company; 'tis a ſtrange affected Piece —— But there's no Fault in her Blood. A Year, and that's the Loadſtone that attracts my Heart —— The Wife

and Grave may tell us of ſtrange Chimæra's called Virtues in a Woman, and that they alone are the beſt Dowry; but, faith, we younger Brothers are of another Mind.

Women are chang'd from what they were of old:
Therefore let Lovers ſtill this Maxim hold
She's only Worth, that brings her Weight in Gold.
[*Exit.*

ACT II.

The SCENE, *a Garden belonging to Sir* William Wiſewou'd's *Houſe.*

Enter Narciſſa, Hillaria, *and Sir* Novelty Faſhion.

HILLARIA.

O H! for Heaven's Sake! no more of this Gallantry, Sir *Novelty*: For I know you ſay the ſame to every Woman you ſee.

Sir *Nov.* Every one that ſees you, Madam, muſt ſay the ſame. Your Beauty, like the Wrack, forces every Beholder to confeſs his Crime — of daring to adore you.

Nar. Oh! I han't Patience to hear all this. If he be blind, I'll open his Eyes. [*Aſide.*] I vow, Sir *Novelty*, you Men of Amour are ſtrange Creatures: You think no Woman worth your while, unleſs you walk over a Rival's Ruin to her Heart: I know nothing has encourag'd your Paſſion to my Couſin more, than her Engagement to Mr. *Wittmore*.

Hil. Poor Creature! Now is ſhe angry ſhe ha'n't the Addreſs of a Fop! [*Aſide.*

Sir

Sir *Nov.* Oh! Madam, as to that, I hope the Lady will eaſily diſtinguiſh the Sincerity of her Adorers. Tho' I muſt allow, Mr. *Worthy* is infinitely the handſomeſt Perſon.

Nar. O fie! Sir *Novelty*, make not ſuch a prepoſterous Compariſon.

Sir *Nov.* Oh Ged! Madam, there's no Compariſon.

Nar. Pardon me, Sir, he's an unpoliſh'd Animal.

Sir *Nov.* Why, does your Ladyſhip really think me tolerable?

Hil. So! ſhe has ſnapt his Heart already. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Nov.* Pray, Madam, how do I look to-day? — What, curſedly? I'll warrant; with a more helliſh Complexion than a Pale Actreſs in a Morning. —— I don't know, Madam: — 'Tis true — the Town does talk of me, indeed; —— but the Devil take me, in my Mind, I am a very ugly Fellow.

Nar. Now you are too ſevere, Sir *Novelty*.

Sir *Nov.* Not I, burn me: — for Heaven's Sake deal freely with me, Madam; and if you can, tell me —— one tolerable Thing about me.

Hil. 'Twou'd poſe me, I'm ſure. [*Aſide.*

Nar. Oh! Sir *Novelty*, this is unanſwerable; 'tis hard to know the brighteſt Part of a Diamond.

Sir *Nov.* You'll make me bluſh, ſtop my Vitals, Madam. — [I'gad, I always ſaid ſhe was a Woman of Senſe. Strike me dumb, I am in Love with her, —— I'll try her farther. [*Aſide.*] But, Madam, is it poſſible I may vie with Mr. *Worthy?* — Not that he is any Rival of mine, Madam; for I can aſſure you, my Inclinations lie where, perhaps, your Ladyſhip little thinks.

Hil. So! now I am rid of him. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Nov.* But, pray tell me, Madam; for I really love a ſevere Critick: I am ſure you muſt believe he has a more happy Genius in Dreſs: For my Part, I am but a Sloven.

Nar. He is a Genius unſufferable! Why he dreſſes worſe than a Captain of the Militia! But you, Sir *Novelty*, are a true Original, the very Pink of Faſhion:

I'll warrant you there's not a Milliner in Town but has got an Eſtate by you.

Sir *Nov.* I muſt confeſs, Madam, I am for doing good to my Country: For you ſee this Suit, Madam——I ſuppoſe you are not ignorant what a hard time the Ribband Weavers have had ſince the late Mourning: Now my Deſign is to ſet the poor Rogues up again, by recommending this ſort of trimming: The Fancy is pretty well for ſecond Mourning.——By the way, Madam, I had fifteen hundred Guineas laid in my Hand, as a Gratuity to encourage it: But, i'gad, I refus'd 'em, being too well acquainted with the Conſequence of taking a Bribe in a National Concern.

Hil. A very charitable Faſhion, indeed, Sir *Novelty!* But how if it ſhould not take?

Nar. Ridiculous! Take! I warrant you in a Week the whole Town will have it; tho' perhaps Mr. *Worthy* will be one of the laſt of 'em: He's a mere *Valet de Chambre* to all Faſhions; and never is in any till his Betters have left them off.

Sir *Nov.* Nay, Ged, now I muſt laugh; for the Dev'l take me, if I did not meet him, not above a Fortnight ago, in a Coat with Buttons no bigger than Nutmegs.

Hil. There, I muſt confeſs, you out-do him, Sir *Novelty*.

Sir *Nov.* Oh, dear Madam, why mine are not above three Inches Diameter.

Hil. But methinks, Sir *Novelty*, your Sleeve is a little too extravagant.

Sir *Nov.* Nay, Madam, there you wrong me; mine does but reach my Knuckles, but my Lord *Overdo*'s cover his Diamond Ring.

Hil. Nay I confeſs, the Faſhion may be very uſeful to you Gentlemen that make Campaigns for ſhould you unfortunately loſe an Arm, or ſo, that Sleeve might be very convenient to hide the Defect on't.

Sir *Nov.* Hah! I think your Ladyſhip's in the right on't, Madam. [*Hiding his Hand in his Sleeve.*

Nar. Oh! ſuch an Air! ſo becoming a Negligence! Upon my Soul, Sir *Novelty*, you'll be the Envy of the *Beau Monde*. *Hil.*

Hil. Mr. *Worthy!* a good Fancy were thrown away upon him; but you, Sir, are an Ornament to your Clothes.

Sir *Nov.* Then your Ladyship really thinks they are —*Bien entendue?*

Hil. A Merveil, Monsieur.

Sir *Nov.* She has almost as much Wit as her Cousin. [*Aside.*] I must confess, Madam, this Coat has had a universal Approbation; for this Morning I had all the eminent Taylors in Town at my Levee, earnestly petitioning for the first Measure of it: Now, Madam, if you thought it would oblige Mr. *Worthy*, I would let his Taylor have it before any of 'em.

Nar. See, here he comes, and the Duce take me, I think 'twould be a great Piece of Good-nature; for I declare he looks as rough as a *Dutch* Corporal——— Prithee, Sir *Novelty*, let's laugh at him.

Sir *Nov.* O God! no, Madam, that were too cruel: Why, you know he can't help it.—Let's take no notice of him.

Hil. Wretched Coxcomb! [*Aside.*

Enter Elder Worthy.

El. Wor. I find my Resolution is but vain, my Feet have brought me hither against my Will: But sure I can command my Tongue, which I'll bite off ere it shall seek a Reconciliation. Still so familiar there! But 'tis no matter, I'll try if I can wear Indifference, and seem as careless in my Love as she is of her Honour, which she can never truly know the Worth of, while she persists to let a Fool thus play with it. [*Aside.*] Ladies your humble Servant.

Hil. Now I can't forbear fretting his Spleen a little. [*Aside.*] Oh! Mr. *Worthy*, we are admiring Sir *Novelty*, and his new Suit: Did you ever see so sweet a Fancy? He is as full of Variety as a good Play.

El. Wor. He's a very pleasant Comedy, indeed, Madam; and dress with a great deal of good Satire, and, no doubt, may oblige both the Stage and the Town, especially the Ladies.

Hil. So! There's for me——— [*Aſide.*

Sir *Nov.* O Ged! Nay, prithee, *Tom*, you know my Humour —— Ladies (Stop my Vitals) I don't believe there are five hundred in Town that ever took any notice of me.

El. Wor. Oh, Sir, there are ſome that take ſo much notice of you, that the Town takes notice of them for't.

Hil. It works rarely. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Nov.* How of them? *Tom*, upon my Account? O Ged, I wou'd not be the Ruin of any Lady's Reputation, for the World. Stop my Vitals, I'm very ſorry for't: Prithee name but one that has a favourable Thought of me: and to convince you that I have no Deſign upon her, I'll inſtantly viſit her in an unpowder'd Periwig.

El. Wor. Nay, ſhe I mean, is a Woman of Senſe too.

Sir *Nov.* Phoo! Prithee, pox, don't banter me: 'Tis impoſſible: What can ſhe ſee in me?

El. Wor. Oh, a thouſand taking Qualities. This Lady will inform you.—Come, I'll introduce you. [*Pulls him.*

Sir *Nov.* O Ged, no. Prithee——hark you in your Ear ——I am off of her; Demme, if I ben't: I am, ſtop my Vitals———

El. Wor. Wretched Rogue! [*Aſide.*] P'ſhaw, no matter. I'll reconcile you. Come, Madam.

Hil. Sir.

El. Wor. This Gentleman humbly begs to kiſs your Hand.

Hil. He needs not your Recommendation, Sir.

El. Wor. True; a Fool recommends himſelf to your Sex, and that's the reaſon Men of common Senſe live unmarry'd.

Hil. A Fool without Jealouſy, is better than a Wit with Ill-nature.

El. Wor. A friendly Office, ſeeing your Fault, is Ill-nature.

Hil. Believing more than we have, is pitiful. —— You know I hate this Wretch, hate, and ſcorn him.

El. Wor.

El. Wor. Fools have a secret Art of pleasing Women: If he did not delight you, you wou'd not hazard your Reputation by encouraging his Love.

Hil. Dares he wrong my Reputation?

El. Wor. He need not; the World will do it for him, while you keep him Company.

Hil. I dare answer it to the World.

El. Wor. Then why not to me?

Hil. To satisfy you, were a Fondness I never should forgive myself.

El. Wor. To persist in it, is what I'll never forgive.

Hil. Insolence! is it come to this? Never see me more.

El. Wor. I have lost the Sight of you already; there hangs a Cloud of Folly between you and the Woman I once thought you.

[*As* Hillaria *is going off,* *Enter* Young Worthy.

Y. Wor. *What to ourselves in Passion we propose;*
The Passion ceasing, does the Purpose lose.
Madam, therefore, pray let me engage you to stay a little till your Resentment is over, that you may see whether you have reason to be angry, or no.

Sir *Nov.* [To *Nar.*] Pray, Madam, who is that Gentleman!

Nar. Mr. *Worthy*'s Brother, Sir; a Gentleman of no mean Parts, I can assure you.

Sir *Nov.* I don't doubt it, Madam, ——— He has a very good Periwig.

Hil. To be jealous of me with a Fool, is an Affront to my Understanding.

Y. Wor. Tamely to resign your Reputation to the merciless Vanity of a Fool, were no Proof of his Love.

Hil. 'Tis questioning my Conduct.

Y. Wor. Why, you let him kiss your Hand last Night before my Face.

Hil. The Fool diverted me, and I gave him my Hand, as I would lend my Money, Fan, or Handkerchief to a Legerdemain, that I might see him play all his Tricks over.

Y. Wor. O, Madam, no Jugler is so deceitful as a Fop; for while you look his Folly in the Face, he steals

away your Reputation with more eaſe than the other picks your pocket.

Hil. Some Fools indeed are dangerous.

Y. Wor. I grant you, your Deſign is only to laugh at him; but that's more than he finds out: Therefore you muſt expect he will tell the World another Story; and 'tis ten to one but the Conſequence makes you repent your Curioſity.

Hil. You ſpeak like an Oracle: I tremble at the Thoughts on't.

Y. Wor. Here's one ſhall reconcile your Fears —— Brother, I have done your Buſineſs: *Hillaria* is convinc'd of her Indiſcretion, and has a Pardon ready, for your aſking it.

El. Wor. She's the Criminal; I have no occaſion for it.

Y. Wor. See, ſhe comes towards you; give her a civil Word at leaſt.

Hil. Mr. *Worthy*, I'll not be behind-hand in the Acknowledgment I owe you: I freely confeſs my Folly, and forgive your harſh Conſtruction of it: Nay, I'll not condemn your want of Good-nature, in not endeavouring (as your Brother has done) by mild Arguments to convince me of my Error.

El. Wor. Now you vanquiſh me! I bluſh to be outdone in generous Love! I am your Slave, diſpoſe of me as you pleaſe.

Hil. No more; from this Hour be you the Maſter of my Actions, and my Heart.

El. Wor. The Goodneſs gives you the Power, and I obey with Pleaſure,

Y. Wor. So! I find I han't preach'd to no Purpoſe. Well, Madam! if you find him guilty of Love, e'en let to-morrow be his Execution Day; make a Huſband of him, and there's the Extent of Love's Law.

El. Wor. Brother, I am indebted to you.

Y. Wor. Well! I'll give you a Diſcharge, if you'll but leave me half an Hour in private with that Lady.

Hil. How will you get rid of Sir *Novelty*?

Y. Wor. I warrant you; leave him to me.

Hil.

Hil. Come, Mr. *Worthy*, as we walk, I will inform you how I intend to sacrifice that Wretch to your Laughter.

El. Wor. Not, Madam, that I want Revenge on so contemptible a Creature: But I think you owe this Justice to yourself, to let him see (if possible) you never took him for any other than what he really is.

Y. Wor. Well! Pox of your Politicks: Prithee consult of 'em within.

Hil. We'll obey you, Sir.

[*Exeunt* Elder Worthy *and* Hillaria.

Y. Wor. Pray give me leave to beg a Word in private with you, Sir, if you please.

[*To Sir* Novelty, *who is taking Snuff.*

Sir *Nov.* Ay, Sir, with all my Heart.

Y. Wor. Sir——

Sir *Nov.* Nay, 'tis right I'll assure you. [*Offering his Box.*

Y. Wor. Ay, Sir—but now the Lady wou'd be alone.

Sir *Nov.* Sir.

Y. Wor. The Lady wou'd be alone, Sir.

Sir. *Nov.* I don't hear her say any such thing.

Y. Wor. Then I tell you so, and I wou'd advise you to believe me.

Sir *Nov.* I shall not take your Advice, Sir: but if you really think the Lady wou'd be alone, why——you had best leave her.

Y. Wor. In short, Sir, your Company is very unseasonable at present.

Sir *Nov.* I can tell you, Sir, if you have no more Wit than Manners, the Lady will be but scurvily entertain'd.

Nar. Oh, fie, Gentlemen! no quarrelling before a Woman, I beseech you. Pray let me know the Business.

Sir *Nov.* My Business is Love, Madam.

Nar. And yours, Sir.

Y. Wor. What I hope you are no Stranger to, Madam. As for that Spark, you need take no Care of him; for if he stays much longer, I will do his Business myself.

Nar. Well, I vow Love's a pleasant thing, when the Men come to cutting of Throats once. O Gad! I'd fain

fain have them fight a little—Methinks *Narciſſa* wou'd ſound ſo great in an expiring Lover's Mouth——Well, I am reſolv'd Sir *Novelty* ſhall not go yet; for I will have the Pleaſure of hearing myſelf prais'd a little; tho' I don't marry this Month for't. [*Aſide.*] Come, Gentlemen, ſince you both ſay Love's your Buſineſs, e'en plead for yourſelves; and he that ſpeaks the greateſt Paſſion, ſhall have the faireſt Return.

Y. Wor. Oh, the Devil! now is ſhe wrapt with the hopes of a little Flattery. There's no Remedy but Patience. 'Sdeath! What a Piece have I to work upon? [*Aſide.*

Nar. Come, Gentlemen, one at a time. Sir *Novelty*, what have you to ſay to me?

Sir *Nov.* In the firſt place, Madam, I was the firſt Perſon in *England* that was complimented with the Name of *Beau*, which is a Title I prefer before Right Honourable: For that may be inherited; but this I extorted from the whole Nation, by my ſurprizing Mien, and unexampled Gallantry,

Nar. So, Sir.

Sir *Nov.* Then another Thing, Madam: It has been obſerved, that I have been eminently ſucceſsful in thoſe Faſhions I have recommended to the Town; and I don't queſtion but this very Suit will raiſe as many Ribband-Weavers, as ever the clipping or melting Trade did Goldſmiths.

Nar. Piſh! What does the Fool mean! he ſays nothing of me yet. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Nov.* In ſhort, Madam, the Cravat-ſtring, the Garter, the Sword-knot, the Centurine, Bardaſh, the Steinkirk, the large Button, the long Sleeve, the Plume, and full Peruke, were all created, cry'd down, or revived by me: In a Word, Madam, there has never been any thing particularly taking or agreeable for theſe ten Years paſt, but your humble Servant was the Author of it.

Y. Wor. Why the Devil will this end? [*Aſide.*

Nar. This is all extravagant, Sir *Novelty*: But what have you to ſay to me, Sir?

Sir *Nov.*

Sir *Nov.* I'll come to you preſently, Madam, I have juſt done: Then you muſt know, my Coach and Equipage are as well known as myſelf; and ſince the Conveniency of two Play-houſes, I have a better Opportunity of ſhewing them: For between every Act—Whiſk—I am gone from one to th' other: Oh! what Pleaſure 'tis, at a good Play, to get out before half an Act's done?

Nar. Why at a good Play?

Sir *Nov.* O, Madam, it looks particular, and gives the whole Audience an Opportunity of turning upon me at once: Then do they conclude I have ſome extraordinary Buſineſs, or a fine Woman to go to at leaſt: And then again, it ſhews my Contempt of what the dull Town think their chief Diverſion: But if I do ſtay a Play out, I always ſit with my Back to the Stage.

Nar. Why ſo, Sir?

Sir *Nov.* Then every one will imagine I have been tir'd with it before; or that I am jealous Who talks to Who in the King's Box. And thus, Madam, do I take more pains to preſerve a publick Reputation, than ever any Lady took, after the Small-Pox, to recover her Complexion.

Nar. Well, but to the Point: What have you to ſay to me, Sir *Novelty*?

Y. Wor. Now does ſhe expect ſome Compliment ſhall out-flatter her Glaſs. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Nov.* To you, Madam?—Why, I have been ſaying all this to you.

Nar. To what End, Sir?

Sir *Nov.* Why, all this I have done for your ſake.

Nar. What Kindneſs is it to me?

Sir *Nov.* Why, Madam, don't you think it more Glory to be beloved by one eminently particular Perſon, whom all the Town knows and talks of, than to be ador'd by five hundred dull Souls that have lived incognito?

Nar. That, I muſt confeſs, is a prevailing Argument; but ſtill you ha'n't told me, why you love me.

Y. Wor. That's a Taſk he has left for me, Madam.

Sir *Nov.* 'Tis a Province I never undertake. I muſt confeſs,

confeſs: I think 'tis ſufficient, if I tell a Lady why ſhe ſhou'd love me.

Nar. Hang him! he's too conceited: he's ſo in love with himſelf, he won't allow a Woman the bare Comfort of a cold Compliment. [*Aſide.*] Well, Mr. *Worthy.*

Y. Wor. Why, Madam, I have obſerved ſeveral particular Qualities in your Ladyſhip, that I have perfectly ador'd you for; as the majeſtic Toſs of your Head;—your obliging bow Courtſy;—your ſatyrical Smile;—your bluſhing Laugh;—your demure Look;—the careleſs Tie of your Hood;—the genteel Flirt of your Fan;—the deſign'd Accident in your letting it fall, and your agreeable manner of receiving it from him that takes it up.

[*What he ſpeaks, ſhe imitates in dumb Shew.*

[*They both offer to take up her Fan; and in ſtriving* Y. Worthy *puſhes Sir* Novelty *on his Back.*

Sir *Nov.* [*adjuſting himſelf*] I hope your Ladyſhip will excuſe my Diſorder, Madam——How now!

Enter a Footman to Sir Novelty.

Foot. Oh, Sir! Mrs. *Flareit*——

Sir. *Nov.* Ha! ſpeak lower: What of her?

Foot. By ſome unlucky Accident has diſcover'd your being here, and raves like a mad Woman: She's at your Lodging, Sir, and had broke you above forty Pounds worth of China before I came away. She talk'd of following you hither; and if you don't make haſte, I'm afraid will be here, before you can get through the Houſe, Sir.

Sir *Nov.* This Woman's certainly the Devil; her Jealouſy is implacable; I muſt get rid of her, tho' I give her more for a ſeparate Maintenance, than her Conſcience demanded for a Settlement before Enjoyment.——See the Coach ready; and if you meet her, be ſure you ſtop her with ſome pretended Buſineſs, 'till I'm got away from hence——Madam, I aſk your Ladyſhip ten thouſand Pardons; there's a Perſon of Quality expects me at my Lodging, upon extraordinary Buſineſs.

Nar. What, will you leave us, Sir *Novelty?*

Sir *Nov.*

Sir *Nov.* As unwilling as the Soul the Body; but this is an irreſiſtible Occaſion—Madam, your moſt devoted Slave.——Sir, your moſt humble Servant.——Madam, I kiſs your Hand.——O Ged, no farther, dear Sir; upon my Soul I won't ſtir if you do ——

[Y. Worthy *ſees him to the Door.*

[*Exit Sir* Nov.

Y. Wor. Nay then, Sir, your humble Servant. So! this was a lucky Deliverance.

Nar. I overheard the Buſineſs.—You ſee, Mr. *Worthy*, a Man muſt be a Slave to a Miſtreſs ſometimes, as well as a Wife; yet all can't perſuade your Sex to a favourable Opinion of poor Marriage.

Y. Wor. I long, Madam, for an Opportunity to convince you of your Error; and therefore give me leave to hope to-morrow you will free me from the Pain of farther Expectation, and make a Huſband of me.—Come, I'll ſpare your Bluſhes, and believe I have already ham'd the Day.

Nar. Had not we better conſider a little?

Y. Wor. No, let's avoid Conſideration, 'tis an Enemy both to Love and Courage: They that conſider much, live to be old Batchelors, and young Fighters. No, no; we ſhall have time enough to conſider after Marriage.—But why are you ſo ſerious, Madam?

Nar. Not but I do conſent to-morrow ſhall be the Day, Mr. *Worthy*; but I am afraid you have not lov'd me long enough to make our Marriage be the Town-talk: For 'tis the Faſhion now to be the Town-talk; and you know, one had as good be out of the World, as out of the Faſhion.

Y. Wor. I don't know, Madam, what you call Town-talk; but it has been in the News-Letters above a Fortnight ago, that we were already married. Beſide, the laſt Song I made of you, has been ſung at the Muſick Meeting: and you may imagine, Madam, I took no little Care to let the Ladies and the Beaux know who 'twas made on.

Nar. Well, and what ſaid the Ladies?

Y. Wor. What was moſt obſervable, Madam, was, that while it was ſinging my Lady *Manlove* went out in a great Paſſion.

Nar.

Nar. Poor jealous Animal! On my Conſcience, that charitable Creature has ſuch a Fund of kind Compliance for all young Fellows, whoſe Love lies dead upon their Hands, that ſhe has been a great Hindrance to us virtuous Women, as ever the *Bank* of *England* was to the City Goldſmiths.

Y. Wor. The Reaſon of that is, Madam, becauſe you virtuous Ladies pay no Intereſt; I muſt confeſs the Principal, our Health, is a little ſecurer with you.

Nar. Well; and is not that an Advantage worth entring into Bonds for? Not, but I vow, we virtuous Devils do love to inſult a little; and to ſay Truth, it looks too credulous and eaſy in a Woman, to encourage a Man before he has ſigh'd himſelf to a Skeleton.

Y. Wor. But Heaven be thank'd, we are pretty even with you in the End; for the longer you hold us off before Marriage, the ſooner we fall off after it.

Nar. What, then you take Marriage to be a kind of Jeſuit's Powder, that infallibly cures the Fever of Love?

Y. Wor. 'Tis indeed a Jeſuit's Powder, for the Prieſts firſt invented it; and only abſtained from it, becauſe they knew it had a bitter Taſte; then gilded it over with a pretended Bleſſing, and ſo palm'd it upon the unthinking Laity.

Nar. Prithee don't ſcrew your Wit beyond the Compaſs of good Manners. —— D'ye think I ſhall be tun'd to Matrimony by your railing againſt it? If you have ſo little Stomach to it, I'll e'en make you faſt a Week longer.

Y. Wor. Ay, but let me tell you, Madam, 'tis no Policy to keep a Lover at a thin Diet, in hopes to raiſe his Appetite on the Wedding Night; for then

We come like ſtarving Beggars to a Feaſt,
Where, uncontin'd, we feed with eager haſte,
Till each repeated Morſel palls the Taſte.
Marriage gives Prodigals a boundleſs Treaſure,
Who ſquander that, which might be laſting Pleaſure;
And Women think they ne'er have Over-meaſure.

ACT

ACT III.

The SCENE, *Sir* William Wiſewou'd's *Houſe.*

Enter Amanda *and* Hillaria, *meeting.*

AMANDA.

MY Dear, I have News for you.

Hil. I gueſs at it, and fain wou'd be ſatisfied of the Particulars? Your Huſband is return'd, and, I hear, knows nothing of your being alive: Young *Worthy* has told me of your Deſign upon him.

Am, 'Tis that I wanted your Advice in: What think you of it?

Hil. O! I admire it: Next to forgetting your Huſband, 'tis the beſt Counſel was ever given you; for under the Diſguiſe of a Miſtreſs, you may now take a fair Advantage of indulging your Love; and the little Experience you have had of it already, has been juſt enough not to let you be afraid of a Man.

Am. Will you never leave your mad Humour?

Hil. Not till my Youth leaves me: Why ſhould Women affect Ignorance among themſelves? When we converſe with Men indeed, Modeſty and good Breeding oblige us not to underſtand what, ſometimes, we can't help thinking of.

Am. Nay, I don't think the worſe of you for what you ſay: For 'tis obſerv'd, that a bragging Lover, and an over-ſhy Lady, are the fartheſt from what they would ſeem; the one is as ſeldom known to receive a Favour, as the other to reſiſt an Opportunity.

Hil

Hil. Moſt Women have a wrong Senſe of Modeſty, as ſome Men of Courage; if you don't fight with all you meet, or run from all you ſee, you are preſently thought a Coward, or an ill Woman.

Am. You ſay true; and 'tis as hard a Matter, now-a-days, for a Woman to know how to converſe with Men, as for a Man to know when to draw his Sword: For many times both Sexes are apt to over-act their Parts. To me, the Rules of Virtue have been ever ſacred; and I am loth to break 'em by an unadviſed Undertaking: Therefore, dear *Hillaria*, help me, for I am at a loſs. —Can I juſtify, think you, my intended Deſign upon my Huſband?

Hil. As how, prithee?

Am. Why, if I court and conquer him as a Miſtreſs, am not I acceſſary to his violating the Bonds of Marriage? For tho' I'm his Wife, yet while he loves me not as ſuch, I encourage an unlawful Paſſion; and tho' the Act be ſafe, yet his Intent is criminal: How can I anſwer this?

Hil. Very eaſily; for if he don't intrigue with you, he will with ſomebody elſe in the mean time, and I think you have as much Right to his Remains as any one.

Am. Ay, but I am aſſured, the Love he will pretend to me is vicious: And 'tis uncertain that I ſhall prevent his doing worſe elſewhere.

Hil. 'Tis true, a certain Ill ought not to be done for an uncertain Good. But then again, of two Evils, chuſe the leaſt; and ſure 'tis leſs criminal to let him love you as a Miſtreſs, than to let him hate you as a Wife. If you ſucceed, I ſuppoſe you will eaſily forgive your Guilt in the Undertaking.

Am. To ſay Truth, I find no Argument yet ſtrong enough to conquer my Inclination to it. But is there no Danger, think you, of his knowing me?

Hil. Not the leaſt, in my Opinion: In the firſt place, he confidently believes you are dead: Then he has not ſeen you theſe eight or ten Years: Beſides you were not above ſixteen when he left you: This, with the Alteration the Small-Pox have made you (tho' not for the

the worſe) I think, are ſufficient Diſguiſes to ſecure you from his Knowledge.

Am. Nay, and to this I may add, the conſiderable Amendment of my Fortune; for when he left me, I had only my bare Jointure for a Subſiſtence: Beſides my ſtrange Manner of receiving him ——

Hil. That's what I wou'd fain be acquainted with.

Am. I expect farther Inſtructions from Mr. *Worthy* every Moment; then you ſhall know all, my Dear.

Hil. Nay, he will do you no ſmall Service: For a Thief is the beſt Thief-catcher.

Enter a Servant to Amanda.

Serv. Madam, your Servant is below, who ſays young Mr. *Worthy*'s Man waits at your Lodgings with earneſt Buſineſs from his Maſter.

Am. 'Tis well.—Come, my Dear, I muſt have your Aſſiſtance too.

Hil. With all my Heart, I love to be at the Bottom of a Secret: For they ſay, the Confidant of an Amour, has ſometimes more Pleaſure in the Obſervation than the Parties concerned in the Enjoyment. But, methinks, you don't look with a good Heart upon the Buſineſs.

Am. I can't help a little Concern in a Buſineſs of ſuch Moment. For tho' my Reaſon tells me my Deſign muſt proſper, yet my Fears ſay 'twere Happineſs too great.—Oh! to reclaim the Man I'm bound by Heaven to love, to expoſe the Folly of a roving Mind, in pleaſing him with what he ſeem'd to loath, were ſuch a ſweet Revenge for ſlighted Love, ſo vaſt a Triumph of rewarded Conſtancy, as might perſuade the looſer Part of Womankind ev'n to forſake themſelves, and fall in love with Virtue.

Re-enter the Servant to Hillaria.

Serv. Sir *Novelty Faſhion* is below in his Coach, Madam, and enquires for your Ladyſhip, and Madam *Narciſſa*.

Hil. You know my Couſin is gone out with my Lady *Tattle-tongue*: I hope you did not tell him I was within.

Serv.

Serv. No, Madam, I did not know if your Ladyship wou'd be spoke with, and therefore came to see.

Hil. Then tell him I went with her.

Serv. I shall, Madam. [*Exit* Servant.

Hil. You must know, my Dear, I have sent to that Fury, Mrs. *Flareit*, whom this Sir *Novelty* keeps, and have stung her to some Purpose with an Account of his Passion for my Cousin: I ow'd him a Quarrel, for that he made between Mr. *Worthy* and me, and I hope her Jealousy will severely revenge it; therefore I sent my Cousin out of the Way, because (unknown to her) her Name is at the Bottom of my Design.—Here he comes: Prithee, my Dear, let's go down the Back-stairs, and take Coach from the Garden——— [*Exeunt* Am. *and* Hill.

Re-enter the Servant, *conducting Sir* Novelty.

Sir *Nov.* Both the Ladies abroad, say you? Is Sir *William* within?

Serv. Yes, Sir; if you please to walk in, I'll acquaint him that you expect him here.

Sir *Nov.* Do so, prithee;—and in the mean time let me consider what I have to say to him.—Hold—in the first place, his Daughter is in love with me.—Wou'd I marry her? No; Demn it, 'tis mechanical to marry the Woman you love; Men of Quality should always marry those they never saw—But I hear *Young Worthy* marries her to-morrow; which if I prevent not, will spoil my Design upon her. Let me see——I have it——I'll persuade the old Fellow, that I wou'd marry her myself; upon which he immediately rejects *Young Worthy*, and gives me free Access to her—Good—What follows upon that? Opportunity, Importunity, Resistance, Force, Entreaty, Persisting——Doubting, Swearing, Lying,——Blushes, Yielding, Victory, Pleasure—Indifference——O! here he comes *in ordine ad*———

Enter Sir William Wisewoud.

Sir *Wil.* Sir *Novelty*, your Servant. Have you any Commands for me, Sir?

Sir *Nov.*

Sir *Nov.* I have ſome Propoſals to make, Sir, concerning your Happineſs and my own, which, perhaps, will ſurprize you. In a word, Sir, I am upon the very brink of Matrimony.

Sir *Will.* 'Tis the beſt thing you can purſue, Sir, conſidering you have a good Eſtate.

Sir *Nov.* But whom do you think I intend to marry?

Sir *Will.* I can't imagine. Dear Sir, be brief, leſt your Delay tranſport me into a Crime I wou'd avoid, which is Impatience. Sir, pray go on.

Sir *Nov.* In fine, Sir, 'tis to your very Daughter, the fair *Narciſſa*.

Sir *Will.* Humh——Pray, Sir, how long have you had this in your Head?

Sir *Nov.* Above theſe two Hours, Sir.

Sir *Will.* Very good! then you ha'n't ſlept upon't?

Sir *Nov.* No, nor ſhan't ſleep, for thinking on't. Did not I tell you I wou'd ſurprize you?

Sir *Will.* O! you have indeed, Sir: I am amaz'd! I am amaz'd!

Sir *Nov.* Well, Sir, and what think you of my Propoſal?

Sir *Will.* Why truly, Sir, I like it not: but if I did, 'tis now too late; my Daughter is diſpos'd of to a Gentleman that ſhe and I like very well: At preſent, Sir, I have a little Buſineſs: If this be all, your humble Servant, I am in haſte.

Sir *Nov.* Demme, what an inſenſible Blockhead's this! Hold, Sir; D'ye hear?——Is this all the Acknowledgment you make, for the Honour I deſign'd you?

Sir *Will.* Why truly, Sir, 'tis an Honour that I am not ambitious of: In plain Terms, I do not like you for a Son-in-law.

Sir *Nov.* Now you ſpeak to the Purpoſe, Sir: But prithee, what are thy Exceptions to me?

Sir *Will.* Why, in the firſt place, Sir, you have too great a Paſſion for your own Perſon, to have any for your Wife's: In the next Place, you take ſuch an extravagant Care in the Clothing your Body, that your Underſtanding

ing goes naked for't: Had I a Son ſo dreſs'd, I ſhou'd take the liberty to call him an egregious Fop.

Sir *Nov.* I'gad, thou art a comical old Gentleman, and I'll tell thee a Secret: Underſtand then, Sir, from me, that all young Fellows hate the Name of Fop, as Women do the Name of Whore; but, i'gad, they both love the Pleaſure of being ſo: Nay, faith, and 'tis as hard a Matter for ſome Men to be Fops, as you call 'em, as 'tis for ſome Women to be Whores.

Sir *Wil.* That's pleaſant, i'faith. Can't any Man be a Fop, or any Woman be a Whore, that has a mind to't?

Sir *Nov.* No, faith, Sir; for let me tell you, 'tis not the Coldneſs of my Lady *Freelove*'s Inclination, but her Age and Wrinkles that won't let her cuckold her Husband. And again, 'tis not Sir *John Wou'dlook*'s Averſion to Dreſs; but his want of a fertile Genius, that won't let him look like a Gentleman: Therefore in Vindication of all well-dreſs'd Gentlemen, I intend to write a Play, where my chiefeſt Character ſhall be a *downright Engliſh Booby*, that affects to be a Beau, without either Genius or foreign Education, and to call it, in Imitation of another famous Comedy, *He Wou'd if he Cou'd*: And now, I think, you are anſwer'd, Sir. Have you any Exceptions to my Birth or Family, pray Sir?

Sir *Wil.* Yes, Sir, I have; you ſeem to be the Offſpring of more than one Man's Labour; for certainly no leſs than a Dancing, Singing, and Fencing-Maſter, with a Taylor, Milliner, Perfumer, Peruke-Maker, and a *French Valet de Chambre*, cou'd be at the begetting of you.

Sir *Nov.* All theſe have been at the finiſhing of me ſince I was made.

Sir *Wil.* That is, Heaven made you a Man, and they have made a Monſter of you; And ſo farewel to ye.

[*Is going.*

Sir *Nov.* Hark ye, Sir, Am I to expect no farther Satisfaction in the Propoſals I made you?

Sir *Wil.* Sir—nothing makes a Man loſe himſelf like Paſſion: Now I preſume you are young, and conſequently raſh upon a Diſappointment; therefore to prevent any

Difference

Difference that may arise by repeating my Refusal of your Suit, I do not think it convenient to hold any farther Discourse with you.

Sir *Nov.* Nay, faith, thou shalt stay to hear a little more of my Mind first.

Sir *Wil.* Since you press me, Sir, I will rather bear with, than resist you.

Sir *Nov.* I doubt, old Gentleman, you have such a Torrent of Philosophy running thro' your *Pericranium*, that it has wash'd your Brains away.

Sir *Wil.* Pray, Sir, why do you think so?

Sir *Nov.* Because you chuse a beggarly, unaccountable sort of a Younger brotherish Rake-hell for your Son-in-law, before a Man of Quality, Estate, good Parts and Breeding, Demme.

Sir *Wil.* Truly, Sir, I know neither of the Persons to whom these Characters belong; if you please to write their Names under 'em, perhaps I may tell you if they be like or no.

Sir *Nov.* Why then, in short, I wou'd have been your Son-in-law; and you, it seems, prefer *Young Worthy* before me. Now are your Eyes open?

Sir *Wil.* Had I been blind, Sir, you might have been my Son-in-law; and if you were not blind, you wou'd not think that I design my Daughter for *Young Worthy*? His Brother, I think, may deserve her.

Sir *Nov.* Then you are not jealous of *Young Worthy*? Humh!

Sir *Wil.* No, really, Sir, nor of you neither.

Sir *Nov.* Give me thy Hand: Thou art very happy, stop my Vitals! for thou'dst not see thou art blind—— Not jealous of *Young Worthy*? Ha! Ha; How now?

Enter Sir Novelty's *Footman, with a Porter.*

Serv. Sir, here's a Porter with a Letter for your Honour.

Porter. I was order'd to give it into your own Hand, Sir, and expect an Answer.

Sir *Nov.* reads.] *Excuse, my dear Sir* Novelty, *the seem'd Indifference I have shewn you, and let me recompense your past Sufferings with an Hour's Conversation, after the Play is*

at

at Roſamond's Pond, *where you will find an hearty Welcome to the Arms of your* Narciſſa——Unexpected Happineſs! the Arms of your *Narciſſa!* I'gad, and when I am there, I'll make myſelf welcome. Faith, I did not think ſhe was ſo far gone neither—But I don't queſtion, there are five hundred more in her Condition.—I have a good mind not to go, faith—Yet, hang it, I will too, only be reveng'd of this old Fellow. Nay, I'll have the Pleaſure of making it publick too: For I will give her the Muſick, and draw all the Town to be Witneſs of my Triumph——Where is the Lady? [*To the* Porter.

Porter. In a Hackney-Coach at the Corner of the Street.

Sir *Nov*. Enough; tell her I will certainly be there.—[*Exit* Porter.] Well, old Gentleman, then you are reſolv'd I ſhall be no kin to you? Your Daughter is diſpoſed of! Humh!

Sir *Wil*. You have your Anſwer, Sir; you ſhall be no kin to me.

Sir *Nov*. Farewel, old Philoſophy: And (d'ye hear?) I wou'd adviſe you to ſtudy nothing but the Art of Patience; you may have an unexpected Occaſion for it. Mark you; wou'd it not nettle you damnably, to hear my Son call you Grandfather?

Sir *Wil*. Sir—notwithſtanding this Provocation, I am calm; but were I like other Men, a Slave to Paſſion, I ſhou'd not forbear calling you Impertinent. How I ſwell with riſing Vexation!—— Leave me, leave me; go, Sir, go, get you out of my Houſe. [*Angrily*.

Sir *Nov*. Oh! have a Care of Paſſion, dear *Diogenes*: Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Sir *Wil*. So! [*Sighs*.] I have conquer'd it: Pray, Sir, oblige me [illegible] preſence, [*taking off his Hat*.] I proteſt I [illegible] you; pray leave my Houſe. [*Submiſſively*.

Sir *Nov*. Deny [illegible] your Family, your Anceſtors, your Generation, [illegible] your eternal Poſterity. [*Exit*.

Sir *Wil*. Ah! a fair Riddance. Now I bleſs myſelf, that it was not in this fool's Power to provoke me beyond that Serenity of Temper which a wiſe Man ought to be Maſter of! How near are Men to Brutes, when their unruly

ruly Passions break the Bounds of Reason? And of all Passions, Anger is the most violent; which often puts me in mind of that admirable Saying,

He that strives not to stem his Anger's Tide,
Does a wild Horse without a Bridle ride.

The SCENE *changes to St.* James's Park.

Enter Young Worthy *and* Loveless, *as from the Tavern*; Snap *following.*

Y. Wor. What a sweet Evening 'tis! ——— Prithee, *Ned*, let's walk a little ——Look how lovingly those Trees are join'd, since thou wert here, [illegible] design'd this Walk for the private Shelter of forbidden Love. [*Several cressing the Stage.*] Look, here are some for making use of the Conveniency.

Love. But, hark ye, Friend, are the Women as tame and civil as they were before I left the Town? Can they endure the Smell of Tobacco, or vouchsafe a Man a Word with a dirty Cravat on?

Y. Wor. Ay, that they will; for Keeping is almost out of Fashion: So that now an honest Fellow, with a promising Back, need not fear a Night's Lodging for bare good Fellowship.

Love. If Whoring be so poorly encouraged, methinks the Women shou'd turn honest in their own Defence.

Y. Wor. Faith, I don't find there's a Whore the less for it; the Pleasure of Fornication is still the same; all the Difference is, Lewdness is not so barefac'd as heretofore.—Virtue is as much debased as our Money; for Maidenheads are as scarce as our mill'd Half-crowns; and faith, *Dei Gratia* is as hard to be found in a Girl of Sixteen, as Jesus round the Brim of an old Shilling.

Love. Well, I find, in spite of Law and Duty, the Flesh will get the better of the Spirit. But I see no Game yet.—Either *Will*, let's go and take t'other Bumper to enliven Assurance, that we may come downright to the Business.

Y. Wor. No, no; what we have in our Bellies already, by the help of a little freſh Air, will ſoon be in our *Pericraniums*, and work us to a right Pitch to taſte the Pleaſures of the Night.

Love. The Day thou mean'ſt; my Day always breaks at Sun-ſet. We wiſe Fellows, that know the Uſe of Life, know too, that the Moon lights Men to more Pleaſures than the Sun;—the Sun was meant to dull Souls of Buſineſs, and poor Rogues that have a mind to ſave Candles.

Y. Wor. Nay, the Night was always a Friend to Pleaſure, and that made *Diana* run a Whoring by the light of her own Horns.

Love. [illegible]: And, prithee, what made *Daphne* run away [illegible] but that he wore ſo much Day-light about his Ears?

Y. Wor. Ha! Look out *Ned*, there's the Enemy before you!

Love. Why then, as *Cæſar* ſaid, Come follow me.

[*Exit* Loveleſs.

Y. Wor. I hope 'tis his Wife, whom I deſir'd to meet me here, that ſhe might take a View of her Soldier before ſhe new mounted him. [*Exit.*

Enter Mrs. Flareit *and her Maid.*

Ma. I wonder, Madam, Sir *Novelty* don't come yet: I am ſo afraid he ſhou'd ſee *Narciſſa*, and find out the Trick of your Letter.

Fla. No, no: *Narciſſa* is out of the Way: I am ſure he won't be long; for I heard the Hautboys, as they paſs'd by me, mention his Name: I ſuppoſe, to make the Intrigue more faſhionable, he intends to give me the Muſick.

Ma. Suppoſe he take you for *Narciſſa*, what Advantage do you propoſe by't?

Fla. I ſhall then have a juſt Occaſion to quarrel with him for his Perfidiouſneſs, and ſo force his Pocket to make his Peace with me: Beſides, my Jealouſy will not let me reſt till I am reveng'd.

Ma. Jealouſy! why, I have often heard you ſay, you loath'd him.

Fla.

Fla. 'Tis my Pride, not Love, that makes me jealous: For, tho' I don't love him, yet I am incens'd to think he dares love another.

Ma. See, Madam, here he is, and the Musick with him.

Fla. Put on your Mask, and leave me. [*They mask.*

Enter Sir Novelty *with the Musick.*

Sir *Nov.* Here, Gentlemen, place yourselves on this Spot, and pray oblige me with a Trumpet *Sonata* —— This taking a Man at his first Word, is a very new way of preserving Reputation, stop my Vitals —— nay, and a secure one too; for now may we enjoy and grow weary of one another, before the Town can take any Notice of us. [Flareit *making towards him.*] Ha [redacted] must be she —— I suppose, Madam, you are no Stranger to the Contents of this Letter.

Fla. Dear Sir, this Place is too public for my Acknowledgment; if you please to withdraw to a more private Conveniency. [*Exeunt.*

[*The Musick prepares to play, and all sorts of People gather about it.*

Enter at one Door Nar. Hil. Am. El. Worthy, *and* Y. Worthy; *at another* Loveless *and* Snap, *who talk to the Masks.*

El. Wor. What say you, Ladies, shall we walk homewards? It begins to be dark.

Y. Wor. Prithee don't be so impatient, it's light enough to hear the Musick, I'll warrant ye.

Am. Mr. *Worthy*, you promis'd me a Sight I long for: Is Mr. *Loveless* among all those?

Y. Wor. That's he, Madam, surveying that mask'd Lady.

Am. He! Is't possible? Methinks I read his Vices in his Person. Can he be insensible, ev'n to the Smart of pinching Poverty? Pray Sir, your Hand; —— I find myself disorder'd. It troubles me to think I dare not speak to him after so long a Separation.

Y. Wor. Madam, your staying here may be dangerous, therefore let me advise you to go home, and get all things

in order to receive him: About an Hour hence will be a convenient Time to set my Design a going; till then, let me beg you to have a little Patience. Give me Leave, Madam, to see you to your Coach.

Am. I'll not trouble you, Sir; yonder's my Cousin *Wellbred*, I'll beg his Protection. [*Exit.*

[*The Musick plays; after which* Nar. *speaks.*

Nar. I vow 'tis very fine, considering what dull Souls our Nation are; I find 'tis a harder matter to reform their Manners, than their Government or Religion.

El. Wor. Since the one has been so happily accomplish'd, I know no reason why we shou'd despair of the other; I hope in a little time to see our Youth return from Tr[illegible]g with Praises of their own Country. But co[illegible], the Musick's done, I suppose; shall we walk?

Nar. Time enough; why, you have no Taste of the true Pleasure of the Park: I'll warrant you hate as much to ridicule others, as to hear yourself prais'd: For my part, I think a little harmless Railing's half the Pleasure of one's Life.

El. Wor. I don't love to create myself Enemies, by observing the Weakness of other People; I have more Faults of my own than I know how to mend.

Nar. Protect me! how can you see such a Medley of human Stuff as are here, without venting your Spleen? —— Why look there now; is not it comical, to see that wretched Creature there with her autumnal Face, dress'd in all the Colours of the Spring?

El. Wor. Pray, who is she, Madam!

Nar. A Thing that won't believe herself out of date, tho' she was a known Woman [illegible] *Restoration.*

Y. Wor. O! I know her [illegible] *Holdout*, one that is proud of being an Or[illegible] fashionable Fornication, and values herself mi[illegible] being one of the first Mistresses that ever kept [illegible] publickly in *England.*

Hil. Pray who's that impudent young Fellow there?

El. Wor. Oh! that's an eternal Fan-tearer, and a constant Persecutor of Womankind: He had a great Misfortune lately.

Nar.

Nar. Pray what was it?

El. Wor. Why, impudently presuming to cuckold a *Dutch* Officer, he had his Foreteeth kick'd out.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Nar. There's another too, Mr. *Worthy*: Do you know him?

Y. Wor. That's Beau *Noisy*; one that brags of Favours from my Lady, tho' refused by her Woman; that sups with my Lord, and borrows his Club of his Footmen; and beats the Watch, and is kick'd by his Companions: that is one Day at Court, and the next in Gaol; that goes to Church without Religion, is Valiant without Courage, Witty without Sense, and Drunk without Measure.

El. Wor. A very compleat Gentleman.

Hil. Prithee, Cousin, who's that over-my-Lady there, that won't seem to understand what that brisk young Fellow says to her?

Nar. Why, that's my Lady *Shylove*: The other ceremonious Gentleman is her Lover. She is so over-modest, that she makes a Scruple of Shifting herself before her Woman, but afterwards makes none of doing it before her Gallant.

Y. Wor. Hang her, she is a Jest to the whole Town: For tho' she has been the Mother of two By-blows, she endeavours to appear as ignorant in all Company, as if she did not know the Distinction of Sexes.

Nar. Look, look, Mr. *Worthy*, I vow, there's the Countess of *Inceg.* out of her Dishabillee, in a high Head, I protest!

Y. Wor. 'Tis as great a Wonder to see her out of a Hackney-Coach, as out of Debt, or ——

Nar. Or out of Countenance.

Y. Wor. That indeed she seldom changes; for she is never out of a Mask, and is so well known in't, that when she has a mind to be private, she goes barefac'd ——

Nar. But come, Cousin, now let's see what Monsters the next Walk affords.

El. Wor. With all my Heart; 'tis in our way home.

Y. Wor. Ladies, I must beg your Pardon for a Moment; yonder comes one I have a little Business with, I'll dispatch it immediately, and follow you.

Hil. No, no; we'll ſtay for you.

Nar. You may, if you pleaſe, Couſin; but, I ſuppoſe, he will hardly thank you for't.

Hil. What, then you conclude 'tis a Woman's Buſineſs, by his promiſing a quick Diſpatch?

Y. Wor. Madam, in three Minutes you ſhall know the Buſineſs: If it diſpleaſe you, condemn me to an eternal Abſence.

El. Wor. Come, Madam, let me be his Security.

Nar. I dare take your Word, Sir——

[*Exeunt* El. Wor. Hil. *and* Nar.

[illegible] Sly, *Servant to* Young Worthy.

Y. W. [illegible] how goes Matters? Is ſhe in Readineſs to receive him?

Sly. To a Hair, Sir; every Servant has his Cue, and all are impatient till the Comedy begins.

Y. Wor. Stand aſide a little, and let us watch our Opportunity.

Snap. (*to a Maſk.*) Enquire about half an Hour hence for Number *Two*, at the *Gridiron*.

Maſk. To-morrow with all my Heart, but to-night I am engaged to the Chaplain of Colonel *Thunder*'s Regiment.

Snap. What, will you leave me for a Mutton Chop? for that's all he'll give you, I'm ſure.

Maſk. You are miſtaken, faith, he keeps me.

Snap. Not to himſelf, I'll engage him: Yet he may too, if nobody likes you better than I do. Hark you, Child, prithee, when was your Smock waſh'd?

Maſk. Why, doſt thou pretend to freſh Linen, that never wore a clean Shirt but of thy Mother's own waſhing? [*Goes from him.*

Love. What, no Adventure, no Game, *Snap*?

Snap. None, none, Sir; [illegible] prevail with any, from the Poiſe Head-Cloaths to the Horſe-Guard Whore.

Love. What a Pox! ſure the Whores can't ſmell an empty Pocket?

Snap. No, no, that's certain, Sir, they muſt ſee it in our Faces.

Sly.

Sly. *(to Loveless)* My dear Boy, how is't? I'gad, I am glad thou art come to Town: My Lady expected you above an Hour ago, and I am overjoy'd I have found thee: Come, come, come along, she's impatient till she sees you.

Snap. Odsbud, Sir, follow him, he takes you for another.

Love. Ygad, it looks with the Face of an Intrigue—I'll humour him—Well, what, shall we go now?

Sly. Odsheart, she longs to see thee; and she is a curious fine Creature, ye Rogue; such Eyes! such Lips!—and such a Tongue between 'em! ah, the Tip of it will set a Man's Soul on fire!

Love. The Rogue makes me impatient. [*Aside.*

Sly. Come, come, the Key, the Key, the Key, you dear Rogue;

Snap. O Lord! the Key, the Key. [*Aside.*

Love. The Key! Why sh— sh— sh— shou'd yo— yo— you have it?

Sly. Ay, ay, quickly give's it?

Love. Why—what the Devil—sure I ha'n't lost it:—Oh! no Gad, it is not there; What shall we do?

Sly. Oons, ne'er stand fumbling; if you have lost it we must shoot the Lock, I think.

Love. I'gad, and so we must, for I ha'n't it.

Sly. Come, come along, follow me.

Love. *Snap*, stand by me, you Dog.

Snap. Ay, ay, Sir. [*Exeunt* Sly, Love. *and* Snap.

Y. Wor. Ha! ha! the Rogue manag'd him most dexterously. How greedily he chopt at the Bait. What the Event will be, Heaven knows; but thus far 'tis pleasant; and since he is safe, I'll venture to divert my Company with the Story. Poor *Amanda*, thou well deserv'st a better Husband: Thou wer't never wanting in thy Endeavours to reclaim him: And faith, considering how long a Despair has worn thee,

'Twere pity now thy Hopes shou'd not succeed,
This new Attempt is Love's Last Shift *indeed.*

ACT IV.

The SC[illegible]

Enter El. Worthy, Y.[illegible]thy, Hillaria and Narciſſa.

Elder[illegible]

WELL, Ladies, I believe 'tis time for us to be walking.

Hil. No, pray let me engage you to ſtay a little longer: Yonder comes Sir *Novelty* and his Miſtreſs, in purſuance of the Deſign I told you of; pray have a little Patience, and you will ſee the Effects on't.

El. Wor. With all my Heart, Madam. [*They ſtand aſide.*

Enter Sir Novelty, *embracing* Flareit, *maſk'd.*

Sir *Nov.* Generous Creature! this is an unexampled Condeſcenſion, to meet my Paſſion with ſuch early Kindneſs. Thus let me pay my ſoft Acknowledgments.

[*Kiſſes her Hand.*

Hil. [illegible] muſt know he has miſtaken her for another.

Fla. For Heav'n ſake let me go; if *Hillaria* ſhou'd be at home before me, I am ruin'd for ever.

Nov. Hillaria! what does he mean?

Sir *Nov. Narciſſa*'s Reputation ſhall be ever ſafe, while my Life and Fortune can protect it.

Nar. O Gad, let me go, leſt the impudent Creature take my Name upon her!—Pull off her Headcloaths.

Hil. O! fie! Couſin, what an ungenteel Revenge wou'd that be! Have a little Patience.

Nar. O! I am in a Flame.

Fla. Will you never leave that common Creature *Flareit* more?

Sir

Sir *Nov.* Never, never, feed on such homely Fare, after so rich a Banquet.

Fla. Nay, but you must hate her too.

Sir *Nov.* That I did long ago. 'Tis true, I have been led away; but I detest a Strumpet: I am inform'd she keeps a Fellow under my Nose, and for that reason I would not make the Settlement I lately gave her some hopes of: but let her please herself, for now I am wholly yours.

Fla. Oh how you charm me! But will you love me ever?

Sir *Nov.* Will you be ever kind?

Fla. Before you never see *Flareit* more.

Sir *Nov.* When I do, may this soft Hand revenge my Perjury.

Fla. So it shall, Villain!

[*Strikes him a Box on the Ear, and unmasks.*

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir *Nov.* *Flareit!* the Devil!

Flar. What, will nothing but a Maid go down with you, thou miserable conceited Wretch? — Poh, I'm a homely Puss! a Strumpet not worth your Notice! Devil, I'll be reveng'd.

Sir *Nov.* Damn your Revenge, I'm sure I feel it.

[*Holding his Cheek.*

Nar. Really, Sir *Novelty*, I am oblig'd to you for your kind Thoughts of me, and your extraordinary Care of my Reputation.

Sir *Nov.* 'Sdeath, she's here! Expos'd to half the Town! — Well, I must brazen it out however. [*Walks unconcern'd.*

Fla. What, no Pretence? no Evasion now?

Sir *Nov.* There's no occasion for any, Madam.

Fla. Come, come, swear you knew me all this while.

Sir *Nov.* No, faith, Madam, I did not know you: For if I had, you wou'd not have found me so furious a Lover.

Fla. Furies and Hell! dares the Monster own his Guilt? This is beyond all Sufferance. Thou Wretch! thou Thing! thou Animal! that I (to the everlasting Forfeiture of my Sense and Understanding) have made a Man. For till thou kneweſt me, 'twas doubted if

thou wert of human kind: And doſt thou think I'll ſuffer ſuch a Worm as thee to turn againſt me? No! when I do, may I be curs'd to thy Embraces all my Life, and never know a Joy beyond thee.

Sir *Nov.* Wh—wh—wh— what will [illegible] Ladyſhip's Fury do, Madam? *ſmiling.*

Fla. Only change my L[illegible]

Sir *Nov.* I ſhal[illegible] may know where to find [illegible] ſee I am good-natu[illegible]

Fla. This Braver[illegible] me: and I'll pierce him to [illegible] yet a juſter way to fool him. [*Aſide.*

Hil. Methinks the Knight bears it bravely.

Nar. I proteſt the Lady weeps.

Y. Wor. She knows what ſhe does, I'll warrant you.

El. Wor. Ay, ay, the Fox is a better Politician than the Lion.

Fla. [*With Tears in her Eyes.*] Now, Woman. [*Aſide.*] Sir *Novelty*, pray, Sir, let me ſpeak with you.

Sir *Nov.* Ay, Madam.

Fla. Before we part (for I find I have irrecoverably loſt your Love) let me beg of you, that from this Hour, you ne'er will ſee me more, or make any new Attempts to deceive my eaſy Temper: For I find my Nature's ſuch, I ſhall believe you, tho' to my utter Ruin.

Sir *Nov.* Pray Heav'n ſhe be in earneſt. [*Aſide.*

Fla. One thing more, Sir: Since our firſt acquaintance, you have receiv'd ſeveral Letters from me; I hope you will be ſo much a Gentleman as to let me have 'em again: Thoſe I have of yours ſhall be return'd to-morrow Morning. And now, Sir, wiſhing you as much Happineſs in her you love, as you once pretended I cou'd give you,— I take of you my everlaſting Leave —Farewell, and may your next Miſtreſs love you till I hate you. [*Is going.*

Sir *Nov.* So, now muſt I ſtrain to perſuade her. [*Aſide.*] Nay, prithee, my Dear! why do you ſtruggle ſo? Whither would you go?

Fla. Pray, Sir, give me leave to paſs, I can't bear to ſtay. [*Going.*

Sir

Sir *Nov.* What is't that frightens you?

Fla. Your barbarous Usage: Pray let me go.

Sir *Nov.* Nay, if you are resolv'd, Madam, I won't press you against your Will. Your humble Servant; [*Leaves her*] and a happy Riddance, stop my Vitals.

[Flareit *looks back.*

Fla. Ha! not move to call me back! so unconcern'd! Oh! I could tear [illegible] Flesh, stab every Feature in this [illegible] saying [illegible] wants a Charm to hold him. [illegible] him, I loath him too: But shall my Pride now fall [illegible] an height, and bear the Torture unrevenge'd? No, my very Soul's on fire; and nothing but the Villain's Blood shall quench it. Devil, have at thee.

[*Snatches* Y. Worthy's *Sword, and runs at him.*

Y. Wor. Have a care, Sir.

Sir *Nov.* Let her alone, Gentlemen, I'll warrant you.

[*Draws, and stands upon his Guard.*

[Y. Worthy *takes the Sword from her, and holds her.*

Fla. Prevented! Oh, I shall choke with boiling Gall. Oh! oh! humh! Let me go; I'll have his Blood, his Blood, his Blood.

Sir *Nov.* Let her come, let her come, Gentlemen.

Fla. Death and Vengeance! am I become his Sport! He's pleas'd, and smiles to see me rage the more; but he shall find no Fiend in Hell can match the Fury of a disappointed Woman.—Scorn'd! slighted! dismiss'd without a parting Pang! O torturing Thought! May all the Racks Mankind e'er gave our easy Sex, neglected Love, decaying Beauty, and all the Dotage of [illegible] Desire light on me, if e'er I cease to be the eternal Plague of his remaining Life, nay, after Death;

When his black Soul lies howling in Despair,
I'll plunge to Hell, and be his Torment there. [Exit.

El. Wor. Sure, Sir *Novelty*, you never lov'd this Lady, if you are so indifferent at parting.

Sir *Nov.* Why, faith *Tom*, to tell you the Truth, her Jealousy has been so troublesome and so expensive to me of late, that I have these three Months sought an Opportunity to leave her: But faith, I had always more respect to my Life, than to let her know it before.

Bil-

Hil. Methinks, Sir *Novelty*, you had very little respect to her Life when you drew upon her.

Sir *Nov*, Why, what wou'd you have had me done, Madam, complimented her with my naked Bosom? No, no. Look ye, Madam, if she had made any [illegible]es, I cou'd have disarm'd her in Second [illegible] Pass. —But come, Ladies, [illegible] in a particular nice Fancy, [illegible] he very first Week the Cou[illegible]

El. Wor. With all m[illegible] dies, I think 'twere Cha[illegible] ger. See the Coaches ready a[illegible] *Tobis Servants.* [*Exeunt.*

The SCENE Amanda's *House.*

Enter two Servants.

1st. Serv. Come, come, make haste: Is the Supper and the Musick ready?

2d Serv. It is, it is. Well, is he come?

1st Serv. Ay, ay, I came before to tell my Lady the News. The Rogue *Sly* managed him rarely; he has been this half Hour pretending to pick the Lock of the Garden Door. Well, poor Lady, I wish her good Luck with him, for she's certainly the best Mistress living. Hark ye, is the Wine strong as she order'd? Be sure you pry him home, for he must have two or three Bumpers to [illegible] him for her Design. See, here he comes; away to your Post. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Loveless *conducted by* Sly [illegible] *stealing after him.*

Love. Where the D[illegible] Fellow lead me?—Nothing but Silence and [illegible] the House is haunted, and he has brou[illegible] to face the Spirit at his wonted Hour.

Sly. There, there; —in, in—Slip on your Night-Gown, and refresh yourself. In the mean time, I'll acquaint my Lady that you are here. [*Exit.*

Love. Snap!

Snap.

Snap. Ay, ay, Sir, I'll warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

The SCENE *changes to an Anti-chamber; a Table, Light, a Night-Gown, and a Peruque lying by.*

They re-enter.

Love. Ha! [illegible] Sweet Lodgings are here! Where this [illegible]?

Snap. Egad, Sir, I long to know.—Pray Heav'n we are [illegible] hither to be ſtarv'd.—Methinks, I wiſh I had [illegible] the Remnants of my Dinner with me.

Love. Hark! I hear ſomebody coming: Hide yourſelf, Raſcal; I wou'd not have you ſeen.

Snap. Well, Sir, I'll line this Trench, in caſe of your being in danger. [*Gets under the Table.*

Love. Ha; this Night-Gown and Peruque don't lie here for nothing. I'll make myſelf agreeable—I have baulk'd many a Woman in my Time for want of a clean Shirt. ——— [*Puts 'em on.*

Enter Servants with a Supper; after them a Man and Woman.

Love. Ha! a Supper! Heaven ſend it be no Viſion. If the Meat be real, I ſhall believe the Lady may prove Fleſh and Blood—Now am I damnably puzzled to know whether this be ſhe or not. Madam——— [*Bows.*

Wom. Sir, my Lady begs your Pardon for a Moment.

Love. Humh! her Lady! Good.

Wom. She's unfortunately detain'd by ſome Female Viſitors, which ſhe will diſpatch with all the haſte imaginable: In the mean time be pleas'd to refreſh yourſelf with what the Houſe affords——Pray, Sir, ſit down.

Love. Not alone; Madam, you muſt bear me Company.

Wom. To oblige you, Sir, I'll exceed my Commiſſion.

Snap. [*Under the Table.*] Was there ever ſo unfortunate a Dog? What the Devil put it in my Head to hide myſelf before Supper? Why this is worſe than being lock'd into a Cloſet while another Man's a-bed with my Wife. I ſup-

I ſuppoſe my Maſter will take as much Care of me as I ſhould of him, if I were in his Place.

Wom. Sir, my humble Service to you.

Love. Madam, your humble Servant: In *Snap*, when there's any Danger mean time lie ſtill, d've

Snap. I'gad, I'll *unſeen.*] So, now

Love. Madam, yo

Snap. Ay, ay, let

Wom. Well, really, has got looſe from her teazing her about you

Come, Sir, Succeſs to bo

Love. Give me a Glaſs: Methinks this Health inſpires me.—My Heart grows lighter for the Weight of Wine.—Here, Madam,—Proſperity to the Man that ventures moſt to pleaſe her.

Wom. What think of a Song to ſupport this Gaiety?

Love. With all my Heart.

A Song here.

Love. You have oblig'd me, Madam.—[I'gad, I like this Girl: She takes off her Glaſs ſo feelingly, I am half perſuaded ſhe's of a thirſty Love: If her Lady don't make a little haſte, I find I ſhall preſent my humble Service to her. [*Aſide.*

Enter a Servant, who whi

Wom. Sir, I aſk your Par ſome Commands for me; I will re

Love. Your Servant—— Method of Intriguing.

Snap. Pray Heaven it be n commonly ended in a good Beating I ſay, and ſo here's good Luc

Love. Take heed, Rogue, diſcover yourſelf.

Snap. It muſt be with a expired. *Supernaculum.*

Love.

Love. Lie close, you Dog; I hear somebody coming; I'm impatient till I see this Creature. This Wine has arm'd me against all Thoughts of Danger. Pray Heav'n she be young, for then she can't want Beauty. Ha! here she comes. Now, never-failing Impudence, assist me.

Enter Amanda *loosely dress'd.*

Am. Where's my Love? O, let me fly into his Arms, and [illegible] for ever there.

Love. My Life! my Soul! [*Runs and embraces her.*] By Heav'n a tempting Creature! Melting, soft and warm,—as my Desire——Oh, that I cou'd hide my Face for ever thus, that, undiscovered, I might reap the Harvest of a ripe Desire, without the lingring Pains of growing Love.

[*Kisses her Hand.*

Am. Look up, my Lord, and bless me with a tender Look; and let my talking Eyes inform thee how I have languished for thy Absence.

Love. Let's retire, and chase away our fleeting Cares with the Raptures of untir'd Love.

Am. Bless me! your Voice is strangely alter'd—Ha! defend me! Who's this? Help! help! within there?

Love. So! I am discover'd. A Pox on my Tatling! that I could not hold my Tongue till I got to her Bedchamber.

Enter Sly, *and other Servants.*

Sly. Did your Ladyship call Help, Madam? What's the Matter?

Am. Villain! Slave! who's this? What Barbarian have you brought here?——Dog, I'll have you murder'd.

[Sly *looks in his Face.*

Sly. Bless me! O Lord! Dear Madam, I beg your Pardon: As I hope to be sav'd, Madam, 'tis a Mistake: I took him for Mr.——

Am. Be dumb, eternal Blockhead!—Here, take this Fellow, toss him in a Blanket, and let him be turn'd out of my Doors immediately.

Sly. O pray; dear Madam, for Heaven's sake; I am a ruin'd Man——

Snap. Ah! *Snap*, what will become of thee? Thou art

art fall'n into the Hand of a Tygress that has lost her Whelp. I have no hopes, but in my Master's Im[illegible]dence: Heaven strengthen it.

Am. I'll hear no more; away with him. [*Exeunt the Servants with* Sly.] Now, Sir, for you: I expe[illegible]

Love. A Man, Madam, did [illegible]

Am. Not a Stranger, [illegible] and Title to that Welco[illegible] given to you.

Love. Not an Husba[illegible] have been so privately c[illegible] in the Dark too.

Am. Whoever it was, S[illegible] mine: But, if you wou'd [illegible] age, pray be gone.

Love. To be used civilly, I must stay, Madam: There can be no Danger in so fair a Creature.

Am. I doubt you are mad, Sir.

Love. While my Senses have such luscious Food before 'em, no Wonder if they are in some Confusion, each striving to be foremost at the Banquet; and sure my greedy Eyes will starve the rest. [*Approaching her.*

Am. Pray Sir, keep your Distance, lest your Feeling too be gratify'd.

Snap. O Lord! wou'd I were a hundred Leagues off at Sea.

Love. Then briefly thus, Madam: Know, I like and love you: Now, if you have s[illegible] Co[illegible]sity as to let me know what Title my pre[illegible]ded Rival has to your Person, or your Inclinations; p[illegible] the little Hopes I then may have of supplanting h[illegible] make me leave your House; If not, my Love shall [illegible] pursue you, tho' to the hazard of my Life; which I shall not easily resign, while this Sword can guard it.

Am. Oh, were this Courage shown but in a better Cause, how worthy were the Man that own'd it! [*Aside.*] What is it, Sir, that you purpose, by this unnecessary Trifling? Know then, that I did expect a Lover: a Man perhaps more brave than you: One, that if present, wou'd have given you a shorter Answer to your Question.

Love. I am glad to hear he's brave, however: It be[illegible]

trays

no Weakneſs in your Choice. But if you'd ſtill ...ve or raiſe the Joys of Love, remove him from your Thoughts a Moment, and in his room receive a warmer Heart; a Heart which muſt admire you more than he, becauſe my Paſſion's of a freſher Date.

Ann. What d'ye take me for?

Love. A Woman, and the moſt charming of your Sex: One, whoſe pointed Eyes declare you form'd for Love. And tho' your Words are ſhy, your every Look and Motion all confeſs there's a ſecret Fire within you, which muſt ſparkle, when the Steel of Love provokes it. Come, now pull away your Hand, to make me hold it faſter.

Ann. Nay, now you are rude, Sir.

Love. If Love be Rudeneſs, let me be impudent: When we are familiar, Rudeneſs will be Love. No Woman ever thought her Lover rude, after ſhe had once granted him the Favour.

Ann. Pray Sir, forbear.

Love. How can I, when my Deſire's ſo violent? Oh, let me ſnatch the roſy Dew from thoſe diſtilling Lips; and as you ſee your Power to charm, ſo chide me with your Pity. Why do you thus cruelly turn away your Face? I own the Bleſſing's worth an Age's Expectation; but if refuſed till merited, 'tis eſteemed a Debt. Wou'd you oblige your Lover, let looſe your early Kindneſs.

Ann. I ſhall not take your Counſel, Sir, while I know a Woman's early Kindneſs is as little a Sign of her Generoſity, as her Generoſity is a Sign of her Diſcretion: Nor wou'd I have you believe I am ſo ill provided for, that I need liſten to any Man's firſt Addreſſes.

Love. Why, Madam, wou'd you not drink the firſt time you had a Thirſt?

Ann. Yes; but not before I had.

Love. If you can't drink, yet you may kiſs the Cup; and that may give you Inclination.

Ann. Your Pardon, Sir; I drink out of nobody's Glaſs but my own; as the Man I love confines himſelf to me, ſo my Inclination keeps me true to him.

Love. That's a Cheat impoſed upon you by your own Vanity: For when your Back's turn'd, your very Chamber-Maid ſips of your Leavings, and becomes your Rival.

Conſtancy

Conſtancy in Love is all a Cheat! Women of your Underſtanding know it. The Joys of Love are only [illegible] when they are new; and to make 'em laſting, [illegible] often change.

Am. Suppoſe 'twere a freſh Lover I [illegible] expected.

Love. Why then, Madam, you [illegible] anſwer? For I muſt confeſs, I don't [illegible] Acquaintance, tho' ſomewhere [illegible] ſuch upon like you. Come, you [illegible] they are ſo charmingly deliver'd [illegible] the more, as Blows in Battle raiſe the [illegible] Man's Courage. Come, every thing pleads for me [illegible] Beauty, Wit, Time, Place, Opportunity, and my own Exceſs of burning Paſſion.

Am. Stand off, diſtant as the Globes of Heav'n and Earth, that like a falling Star I may ſhoot with greater Force into your Arms, and think it Heav'n to lie expiring there. [*Runs into his Arms.*

Snap. Ah! ah! ah! Rogue, the Day's our own.

Love. Thou ſweeteſt, ſofteſt Creature Heav'n e'er form'd! Thus let me twine myſelf about thy beauteous Limbs, till ſtruggling with the Pangs of painful Bliſs, motionleſs and mute we yield to conquering Love; both vanquiſh'd, and both Victors.

Am. Can all this Heat be real? Oh, why has hateful Vice ſuch Power to charm, while poor abandon'd Virtue lies neglected? [*Aſide.*

Love. Come, let us ſurfeit on our new-born Raptures: let's waken ſleeping Nature with Delight, till we may juſtly ſay, Now, now, we live?

Am. Come on; let's ino[illegible] ſports of our preſent Bliſs, and bid Defia[illegible]re Change of Fate. Who waits there?

Enter Aman[illegible]

Am. Bring me Word imm[illegible] Apartment's ready, as I order'd it. O, I am [illegible] have found the Man to pleaſe me now; one [illegible] maintain the noble Rapture of a lawleſs Love. I own myſelf a Libertine, a mortal Foe to the dull Thing call'd Virtue, that mere Diſeaſe of ſickly Nature. Pleaſure's the End of Life;

Life; and while I'm Mistress of myself, and Fortune, I will enjoy it to the height. Speak freely then (not that I expect, like other Women, the nauseous Pleasure of a little Flattery) but answer me like a Man that scorns a Lye: Does my Face invite you, Sir? May I, from what you see of me, propose a Pleasure to myself in pleasing you?

Love. By Heaven you may: I have seen all the Beauties that the Sun shines on, but never saw the Sun outshin'd before: I measured half the World in search of Pleasure; but not returning home, had ne'er been happy.

Am. Spoken like the Man I wish'd might love me.—Pray Heaven his Words prove true. [*Aside.*] Be sure you never flatter me; and when my Person tires you, confess it freely: For change whenever you will, I'll change as soon. But while we chance to meet, still let it be with raging Fire: No matter how soon it dies, provided the small time it lasts, it burns the fiercer.

Love. Oh! wou'd the blinded World, like us, agree to change, how lasting might the Joys of Love be! For thus Beauty, tho' stale to one, might somewhere else be new; and while this Man were bless'd in leaving what he loath'd, another were new bless'd in receiving what he ne'er enjoyed.

Re-enter Amanda's *Woman.*

Wom. Madam, every thing is according to your Order.

Love. Oh! lead me to the Scene of unsupportable Delight; wrack me with Pleasures never known before, till I lie gasping with convulsive Passion: This Night let us be lavish to our unbounded Wishes.

Give all our Stock at once to raise the Fire,
And revel to the height of loose Desire. [Exeunt.

Wom. Ah! what an happy Creature's my Lady now! There's many an unsatisfy'd Wife about Town wou'd be glad to have her Husband as wicked as my Master, upon the same Terms my Lady has him. Few Women, I'm afraid, wou'd grudge an Husband the laying out his Stock of Love, that could receive such considerable Interest for it. Well — now shan't I take one wink of sleep, for thinking

thinking how they'll employ their Time to-night.—Faith I muſt liſten, if I were to be hang'd for't.

[*Liſtens at the Door.*

Snap. So! my Maſter's provided for, therefore it's time for me to take care of myſelf: I have no mind to be lock'd out of my Lodging; I fancy there's Room for two in the Maid's Bed, as well as my Lady's.—This ſame Flaſk was plaguy ſtrong Wine:—I find I ſhall ſomething, if ſhe don't ſurrender fairly. By your leave, Damſel.

Wom. Bleſs me! who's this? O Lord! what wou'd you have? who are you?

Snap. One that has a Right and Title to your *Body*; my Maſter having already taken Poſſeſſion of your Lady's.

Wom. Let me go, or I'll cry out.

Snap. Ye lye; ye dare not diſturb your Lady: But the better to ſecure you, thus I ſtop your Mouth. [*Kiſſes her.*

Wom. Humh!—Lord bleſs me! is the Devil in you, tearing one's Things?

Snap. Then ſhew me your Bed-chamber.

Wom. The Devil ſhall have you firſt.

Snap. A' ſhall have both together then! Here will I fix, (*takes her about the Neck*) juſt in this Poſture till to-morrow Morning. In the mean time, when you find your Inclination ſtirring, prithee give me a call, for at preſent I am very ſleepy. (*Seems to ſleep.*

Wom. Foh! how he ſtinks. Ah! what a Whiff was there! The Rogue's as drunk as a Sailor with a Twelve-month's Arrears in his Pocket; or a *Jacobite* upon a Day of ill News. I'll ha' nothing [illegible]n.—Let me ſee, how ſhall I get rid of him? [illegible] I'll ſoon make him ſober. I'll warrant him [illegible]ar. What d'ye call'um, where do you inte[illegible]ght!

Snap. Humh—why, wher[illegible] Night, unleſs you change your Lodging.

Wom. Well, for once I'll [illegible] of you: make no noiſe, but put out the Candle, [illegible] follow me ſoftly, for fear of diſturbing my Lady.

Snap. I'll warrant ye, there's [illegible] of ſpoiling her Muſick, while we are playing the [illegible]

The

SCENE changes to a dark Entry, and they re enter.

Wom. Where are you? Lend me your Hand.

Snap. Here, here: make haste, my dear Concupiscence.

Wom. Hold; stand there a little, while I open the Door gently, without waking the Footmen.

[*She feels about, and opens a Trap-Door.*

Wom. Come along softly this way.

Snap. Whereabouts are you?

Wom. Here, here, come strait forward.

[*He goes forward, and falls into the Cellar.*

Snap. O Lord! O Lord! I have broke my Neck.

Wom. I am glad to hear him say so however, I should be loth to be hang'd for him. How d'ye, Sir?

Snap. D'ye Sir! I am a League under Ground.

Wom. Whereabouts are you?

Snap. In Hell, I think.

Wom. No, no; you're but in the Road to it. I dare say, Ah, dear! why will you follow lewd Women at this rate, when they lead you to the very Gulph of Destruction? I knew you wou'd be swallow'd up at last. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Snap. Ah, ye sneering Whore!

Wom. Shall I fetch you a Pray'r Book, Sir, to arm you against the Temptations of the Flesh?

Snap. No! you need but shew your damn'd ugly Face, to do that. Hark ye, either help me out, or I'll hang myself, and swear you murder'd me.

Wom. Nay, if you are so bloody-minded, good Night to ye, Sir.

[*She offers to shut the Door over him, and he catches hold on her.*

Snap. Ah, ah, ah! have I caught you? Come we'll pin together now.

Wom. O Lord! pray let me go, and I'll do any thing.

Snap. And so you shall before I part with you.

[*Pulls her into Cellar.*

And now, Master, my humble Service to you.

[*He shuts the Door over them.*

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE, *Sir* Will. Wisewoud's *House*.

Enter E. Wor. Y. Wor. *and a Lawyer with a Writing.*

El. WORTHY.

ARE the Ladies ready?

Y. Wor. Hillaria is just gone up to hasten her Cousin, and Sir *William* will be here immediately.

El. Wor. But hark you, Brother; I have consider'd of it, and pray let me oblige you not to pursue your Design on his five thousand Pounds: for in short, 'tis no better than a Cheat, and what a Gentleman shou'd scorn to be guilty of. Is it not sufficient that I consent to your wronging him of his Daughter?

Y. Wor. Your Pardon, Brother, I ca[illegible]w that a Wrong: For his Daughter loves me [illegible]une, you know, he has nothing to do with [illegible]rd case a young Woman shall not h[illegible]r Heart. Love's a Fever of the Mind [illegible]our own Wishes can assuage; and [illegible]we shall find Marriage a very cooling [illegible]s to the five thousand Pounds, 'tis n[illegible] has endeavour'd to cheat his Niece [illegible]

El. Wor. What d'ye mean [illegible] honest Man.

Y. Wor. Oh! very honest! [illegible] Agent to a new-rais'd Regiment.—No, [illegible] for him, he will not do an ill thing, unle[illegible] In a word, this so very honest Sir *William*, [illegible] you take him to be, has offer'd me the refusal of your M[illegible]: And upon Condition

tion I will secure him five thousand Pounds upon my Day of Marriage with her, he will secure me her Person, and [illegible] thousand Pounds, the remaining part of her Fortune: [illegible] a Guardian for ye! What think ye now, Sir?

El. Wor. Why, I think he deserves to be serv'd in the same kind. I find Age and Avarice are inseparable; therefore e'en make what you can of him, and I will stand by you. But hark you, Mr. *Forge*, are you sure it will stand good in Law, if Sir *William* signs the Bond?

Law. In any Court in *England*, Sir.

El. Wor. Then there's your fifty Pieces; and if it succeeds, here are as many more in the same Pocket to answer 'em. But, mum,—here comes Sir *William* and the Ladies.

Enter Sir William Wisewou'd, Hillaria, *and* Narcissa.

Sir *Wil.* Good-morrow, Gentlemen. Mr. *Worthy*, I give you Joy. Odso! if my Heels were as light as my Heart, I shou'd ha' much ado to forbear dancing.——Here, here, take her, Man. [*Gives him* Narcissa's *Hand.*] she's your's, and so is her thousand Pounds a Year, and my five thousand Pounds shall be your's too.

Y. Wor. You must ask me leave first. [*Aside.*

Sir *Wil.* Odso! is the Lawyer come?

El. Wor. He is, and all the Writings are ready, Sir.

Sir *Wil.* Come, come, let's see, Man——What's this? Odd! this Law is a plaguy troublesome thing; for now-a-days it won't let a Man give away his own, without repeating the Particulars five hundred times over; when, in former times, a Man might have held his Title to twenty thousand Pounds a Year in the Compass of an Horn-book.

Law. That is, Sir, because there are more Knaves now-a-days, and this Age is more treacherous and distrustful than heretofore.

Sir *Wil.* That is, Sir, because there are more Lawyers than heretofore. But, come, what's this, prithee?

Law. These are the old Writings of your Daughter's Fortune.—This is Mr. *Worthy*'s Settlement upon her, and this, Sir, is your Bond for five thousand Pounds to him:

There

There wants nothing but filling up the Blanks with the Parties Names; if you pleaſe, Sir, I'll do it immedi—

Sir *Wil.* Do ſo.

Law. May I crave your Daughter's Chriſtian [illegible] the reſt I know, Sir.

Sir *Wil. Narciſſa*: Prithee, make haſte ———

Y. Wor. You know your Buſineſs.—[*aſide to the* Lawyer.

Law. I'll warrant you, Sir. [*Sits to writing.*

Sir *Wil.* Mr. *Worthy*, methinks your Brother does not reliſh your Happineſs as he ſhou'd do; Poor Man! I'll warrant he wiſhes himſelf in his Brother's Condition.

Y. Wor. Not I, I'll aſſure you, Sir.

Sir *Wil.* Niece, Niece, have you no Pity? Prithee look upon him a little. Odd! he's a pretty young Fellow.—I am ſure he loves you, or he wou'd not have frequented my Houſe ſo often. D'ye think his Brother cou'd not tell my Daughter his own Story without your Aſſiſtance? Pſhaw-waw! I tell you, you were the Beauty that made him ſo aſſiduous: Come, come, give him your Hand, and he'll ſoon creep into your Heart. I'll warrant you: Come, ſay the Word, and make him happy.

Hil. What, to make myſelf miſerable, Sir? marry a Man without an Eſtate!

Sir *Wil.* Hang an Eſtate; true Love's beyond all Riches. 'Tis all Dirt—mere Dirt——Beſide, ha'n't you fifteen thouſand Pounds to your Portion.

Hil. I doubt, Sir, you wou'd be loth to give him your Daughter, tho' her Fortune's [illegible]

Sir *Wil.* Odd, if he [illegible] half ſo well [illegible] loves you, he ſhou'd ha[illegible] ſpeaking.

Hil. But, Sir, this a[illegible]

Nar. You ſee, Mr. [illegible] extraordinary Kindneſs my Father ha[illegible]

Y. Wor. Ay, Madam [illegible] too. I hope, with a little o[illegible] we ſhall be both able, very ſhortly, to r[illegible]

Nar. Nay, I was alw[illegible] Heaven knows, I only [illegible] my Father: I cannot [illegible] to ſell her [illegible]

Y. Wor. Oh, you need not take such Pains, Madam, to conceal your Passion for me; you may own it without Shame, upon your Wedding-Day.

Val. My Passion! When did you hear me acknowledge it? If I thought you cou'd believe me guilty of such a Weakness, tho' after I had marry'd you, I'd never look you in the Face.

Y. Wor. A very pretty Humour this, faith! What a world of unnecessary Sins have we two to answer for! For she has told more Lies to conceal her Love, than I have sworn false Oaths to promote it. [*Aside.*] Well, Madam, I'll content myself with your giving me leave to love.

Nar. Which if I don't give, you'll take, I suppose.

Hill. Well, Uncle, I won't promise you, but I'll go to Church, and see them marry'd; when we come back, 'tis ten to one but I surprize you where you least think on.

Sir *Wil.* Why, that's well said—Mr. *Worthy*, now, now's your time: Odd! I have so fir'd her, 'tis not in her power to deny you, Man.—To her, to her; I warrant her thy own, Boy—You'll keep your Word; five thousand Pounds upon the Day of Marriage.

Y. Wor. I'll give you my Bond on Demand, Sir.

Sir *Wil.* O! I dare take your Word, Sir——Come, Lawyer, have you done? is all ready?

Law. All, Sir. This is your Bond, Mr. *Worthy:* Will you be pleas'd to sign that first, Sir?

Sir *Wil.* Ay, ay; let's see: *The Condition of this Obligation (Reads)* Hum, um—Come, lend me the Pen.—There—Mr. *Worthy* I deliver this as my Act and Deed to you, and Heaven send you a good Bargain.—Niece, will you witness it? *(Which she does.)*—Come, Lawyer, your Fist too. [*Lawyer witnesses it.*

Law. Now, Sir, if you please to sign the Jointure.

El. Wor. Come on.—Sir *William*, I deliver this to you for the Use of your Daughter. Madam, will you give yourself the Trouble once more? *(Hillaria sets her hand.)* Come, Sir. *(The Lawyer does the same.)* So, now let a Coach be call'd as soon as you please, Sir.

Sir *Wil.* You may save that Charge, I saw you [illegible] at the Door.

El. Wor. Your Pardon, Sir; that would mak[illegible] Business too publick: For which reason, Sir *Will*[illegible] hope you will excuse our not taking you along wi[illegible]

[*Ex. Servant.*

Sir *Wil.* Ay, ay, with all my Heart; the more Privacy, the less Expence. But pray, what time may I expect you back again? For *Amanda* has sent to me for the Writings of her Husband's Estate: I suppose she intends to redeem the Mortgage, and I am afraid she will keep me there till Dinner-time.

Y. Wor. Why about that time she has oblig'd me to bring some of her nearest Friends to be Witnesses to her good or evil Fortune with her Husband: Methinks I long to know of her Success; if you please, Sir *William*, we'll meet you there.

Sir *Wil.* With all my Heart.——(*Enter a Servant.*) Well, is the Coach come?

Serv. It is at the Door, Sir.

Sir *Wil.* Come, Gentlemen, no Ceremony, your time's short.

El. Wor. Your Servant, Sir *William*.

[*Ex.* El. Worthy, Y. Worthy, Narcissa, *and* Hillaria.

Sir *Wil.* So, here's five thousand Pounds got with a wet Finger? This 'tis to read Mankind! I knew, a young Lover wou'd never think he gav[illegible] for his Mistress. Well, if I don't sudden[illegible] with some Misfortune, I shall never be able [illegible] his Tranquility of Mind.

[*Exit.*

The SCENE *chang*[illegible] *House.*

Enter A[illegible]

Am. Th[illegible] far my Hop[illegible] all [illegible]een answer'd, and my Disguise of vicious L[illegible] ev'n to a Madness of impure Desir[illegible] but now I tremble to pull off the Mask, lest barefac[illegible] Virtue should fright him from my Arms for ever. Ye[illegible] in Virtue, nay, stronger and more [illegible] far than [illegible] Vice can boast

boast of; else why have holy Martyrs perish'd for its sake? Lewdness ever gives severe Repentance and unwilling death.—Good Heaven inspire my Heart, and hang in my Tongue the Force of Truth and Eloquence, that I may lure this wand'ring Falcon back to Love and Virtue.—He comes, and now my dreadful Task begins.

Enter Loveless *in new Cloaths.*

Am. How fare you, Sir? D'ye not already think yourself confin'd? Are you not tir'd with my easy Love?

Love. O never, never; you have so fill'd my Thoughts with Pleasures past, that but to reflect on 'em is still new Rapture to my Soul, and the Bliss must last while I have Life or Memory.

Am. No Flattery, Sir: I lov'd you for your plain dealing: and to preserve my good Opinion, tell me, what think you of the Grape's persuading Juice? Come, speak freely, wou'd not the next Tavern Bush put all this out of your Head?

Love. Faith, Madam, to be free with you, I am apt to think you are in the right on't. For tho' Love and Wine are two very fine Tunes, yet they make no Musick, if you play them both together; separately they ravish us: Thus the Mistress ought to make room for the Bottle, the Bottle for the Mistress, and both to wait the Call of Inclination.

Am. That's generously spoken—I have observ'd, Sir, in all your Discourse, you confess something of a Man that has thoroughly known the World—Pray give me leave to ask of you, of what Condition you are, and whence you came?

Love. Why, in the first place, Madam,—by Birth I am a Gentleman; by ill Friends, good Wine, and false Dice, almost a Beggar: But by your Servant's mistaking me, the happiest Man that ever Love and Beauty smil'd on.

Am. One thing more, Sir: Are you marry'd?—Now my Fears.— [*Aside.*

Love. I was, but very young.

Am. What was your Wife?

Love. A foolish loving Thing, that built Castles in the Air, and thought it impossible for a Man to forswear himself when he made Love.

Am. Was not she virtuous?

Love. Umph—Yes, faith, I believe she might, [illegible] ne'er jealous of her.

Am. Did you ne'er love her?

Love. Ah, most damnably at first, for she was [illegible] two Women of my Maidenhead.

Am. What's become of her?

Love. Why, after I had been from her beyond Sea [illegible] bout seven or eight Years, like a very loving Fool she dy'd of the Pip, and civilly left me the World to range in.

Am. Why did you leave her?

Love. Because she grew stale, and I cou'd not whore in quiet for her: Besides she was always exclaiming against my Extravagances, particularly my Gaming, which she so violently oppos'd, that I fancy'd a Pleasure in it, which since I never found; for in one Month I lost between eight and ten thousand Pounds, which I had just before call'd in to pay my Debts. This Misfortune made my Creditors come so thick upon me, that I was forc'd to mortgage the remaining Part of my Estate to purchase new Pleasure; which I knew I cou'd not do on this side of the Water, amidst the Clamours of insatiate Duns, and the more hateful Noise of a complaining Wife.

Am. Don't you wish you had taken her Counsel, tho'?

Love. Not I, faith, Madam.

Am. Why so?

Love. Because 'tis to no Purpose: I am Master of more Philosophy, than to be concern'd at what I can't help.—But now, Madam, —— pray give [illegible] self as far in your Condition.

Am. In a Word, Sir, till you k[illegible] thoroughly, I must own myself a perfect Riddle [illegible]

Love. Nay, nay, I know yo[illegible] what Circumstances, Wife or Wi[illegible]

Am. A Wife, Sir; a true, a f[illegible], and a virtuous Wife.

Love. Umph—truly, Madam, your [illegible] begins something like a Riddle: A virtuous Wife, say you? What, and was you never false to your H[illegible]

Am.

. I never was, by Heaven! for him and only him ve above the World.

. Good again! Pray, Madam, don't your Me- ail you ſometimes? becauſe I fancy you don't re- me er what you do over-night.

Am. I told you, Sir, I ſhould appear a Riddle to you: But if my Heart will give me leave, I'll now unlooſe your ſtar'd Apprehenſion: —— But I muſt firſt amaze you more.—Pray Sir, ſatisfy me with one Particular;— 'Tis this,—What are your undiſſembled Thoughts of Virtue? Now, if you can, ſhake off your looſe unthinking Part, and ſummon all your Force of manly Reaſon to reſolve me.

Love. Faith, Madam, methinks this is a very odd Queſtion for a Woman of your Character. I muſt confeſs you have amaz'd me.

Am. It ought not to amaze you. Why ſhou'd you think I make a Mock of Virtue? But laſt Night you allow'd my Underſtanding greater than is uſual in our Sex: If ſo, can you believe I have no farther Senſe of Happineſs, than what this empty, dark, and barren World can yield me? No, I have yet a Proſpect of a ſublimer Bliſs, an Hope that carries me to the brighter Regions of eternal Day.

Love. Humh! I thought her laſt Night's Humour was too good to hold. I ſuppoſe, by and by ſhe will aſk me to go to Church with her. [*Aſide.*] Faith, Madam, in my mind this Diſcourſe is a little out of the Way. You told me I ſhould be acquainted with your Condition, and at preſent that's what I had rather be inform'd of.

Am. Sir, you ſhall: But firſt, this Queſtion muſt be anſwer'd: Your Thoughts of Virtue, Sir? —— By all my Hopes of Bliſs hereafter, your anſwering this, pronounces half my good or evil Fate for ever: But on my Knees I beg you, do not ſpeak till you have weigh'd it well:— Anſwer me with the ſame Truth and Sincerity, as you wou'd anſwer Heav'n at your latest Hour.

Love. Your Words confound me, Madam: ſome wondrous Secret ſure lies ripen'd in your Breaſt, and ſeems to ſtruggle for its fatal Birth. What is it I muſt anſwer you?

Am. Give me your real Thoughts of Virtue, Sir: Can you believe there ever was a Womantruly Mistre[illegible] of it, or is it only Notion?

Love. Let me consider, Madam. [*Aside.* Wh[illegible] this mean? Why is she so earnest in her Demands, [illegible] begs me to be serious, as if her Life depended upo[illegible] my Answer?——I will resolve her as I ought, as Truth, and Reason, and the strange Occasion seems to press me.]—— Most of your Sex confound the very Name of Virtue: for they wou'd seem to live without Desires; which, cou'd they do, that were not Virtue, but the Defect of unperforming Nature, and no Praise to them: For who can boast a Victory, when they have no Foe to conquer? Now she alone gives the fairest Proofs of Virtue, whose Conscience, and whose Force of Reason can curb her warm Desires, when Opportunity would raise 'em: That such a Woman may be found, I dare believe.

Am. May I believe, that from your Soul you speak this undissembled Truth?

Love. Madam, you may. But still you rack me with Amazement! Why am I ask'd so strange a Question?

Am. I'll give you ease immediately.—Since then you have allow'd a Woman may be virtuous,—how will you excuse the Man who leaves the Bosom of a Wife so qualify'd, for the abandon'd Pleasures of deceitful Prostitutes? ruins her Fortune, contemns her Counsel, loaths her Bed, and leaves her to the lingring Miseries of Despair and Love? While, in return of all these Wrongs, she, his poor forsaken Wife, meditates no Revenge, but what her piercing Tears, and secret Vows t[illegible] Conversion yields her; yet still loves [illegible] shaken to the last. Can you believ[illegible] live without the Stings of Conscie[illegible] of his Senses? Conscience? did yo[illegible] the Checks of it? Did it never, never tell you [illegible] broken [illegible]

Love. That you shou'd ask m[illegible] confound [illegible] Reason:——And yet your Words [illegible] her'd with such a powerful Accent, they have awaken'd my Soul, and strike my Thoughts with Horror and Remorse.——

[*Stands in a fix'd Posture.*

Am.

Am. Then let me strike you nearer, deeper yet.—— I arm your Mind with gentle Pity first, or I am lost ever.

Love. I am all Pity, all Faith, Expectation, and confus'd Amazement: Be kind, be quick, and ease my Wonder.

Am. Look on me well: Revive your dead Remembrance: And oh! for Pity's sake [*Kneels*] hate me not for loving long and faithfully; forgive this innocent attempt of a despairing Passion, and I shall die in quiet.

Love. Hah! speak on! [*Amazed.*

Am. It will not be — The Word's too weighty for my faultering Tongue, and my Soul sinks beneath the fatal Burden. Oh! —— [*Falls to the Ground.*

Love. Ha! she faints! Look up, fair Creature! behold a Heart that bleeds for your Distress, and fain wou'd share the Weight of your oppressive Sorrows. Oh! thou hast rais'd a Thought within me, that shocks my Soul.

Am. 'Tis done—[*Rising.*] The Conflict's past, and Heav'n bids me speak undaunted. Know then, ev'n all the boasted Raptures of your last Night's Love, you found in your *Amanda*'s Arms;—I am your Wife.

Love. Hah!

Am. For ever bless'd or miserable, as your next Breath shall sentence me!

Love. My Wife! impossible! Is she not dead? How shall I believe thee?

Am. How Time and my Afflictions may have alter'd me, I know not: but here's an indelable Confirmation. [*Bares her Arms.*] These speaking Characters, which in their cheerful Bloom our early Passions mutually recorded.

Love. Hah! 'tis here;—'tis no Illusion, but my real Name; which seems to upbraid me as a Witness of my perjur'd Love:—Oh, I am confounded with my Guilt, and tremble to behold thee.—— Pray give me leave to think. [*Turns from her.*

Am. I will; [*Kneels*] but you must look upon me: For only Eyes can hear the Language of the Eyes; and mine have only the tenderest Tale of Love to tell, that ever Misery, at the dawn of rising Hope, cou'd utter.

Love.

Love. I have wrong'd you, (Oh riſe!) baſely w
you. And can I ſee your Face?

Am. One kind, one pitying Look, cancels thoſe W
for ever. And oh! forgive my fond preſuming P
for from my Soul I pardon and forgive you all;
but this, the greateſt, your unkind Delay of Lov

Love. Oh! ſeal my Pardon with thy trembling Lips,
while with this tender Graſp of fond reviving Love I
ſeize my Bliſs, and ſtifle all thy Wrongs for ever.
[*Embraces her.*

Am. No more; I'll wash away their Memory in Tears
of flowing Joy.

Love. Oh! thou haſt rouz'd me from my deep Lethar-
gy of Vice. For hitherto my Soul has been enſlav'd to
looſe Deſires, to vain deluding Follies, and Shadows of
ſubſtantial Bliſs: But now I wake with Joy, to find my
Rapture real.—Thus let me kneel and pay my Thanks
to her, whoſe conquering Virtue has at laſt ſubdu'd me.
Here will I fix, thus proſtrate, ſigh my Shame, and waſh
my Crimes in never ceaſing Tears of Penitence.

Am. O riſe! this Poſture heaps new Guilt on me:
Now you overpay me.

Love. Have I not uſed thee like a Villain? For almoſt
ten long Years deprived thee of my Love, and ruin'd all
thy Fortune? But I will labour, dig, beg, or ſtarve, to
give new Proofs of my unfeign'd Affection.

Am. Forbear this Tenderneſs, leſt I repent of having
mov'd your Soul ſo far. You ſhall not need to beg, Hea-
ven has provided for us beyond its common Care. 'Tis
now near two Years ſince my Uncle, Sir *William Wealthy*,
ſent you the News of my pretended Death; knowing
the Extravagance of your Temper, he thought it fit you
you ſhou'd believe no other of me: and about a Month
after he had ſent you that Advice, poor Man he dy'd,
and left me in full Poſſeſſion of Ty[illegible] and Pounds
a Year, which I now cannot offer a [illegible] because my
Duty, and your lawful Right, ma[illegible] the undiſpu-
ted Maſter of it.

Love. How have I labour'd fo[illegible] own undoing!
[illegible] while

while in despite of all my Follies, kind Heav'n resolv'd my Happiness.

Enter a Servant to Amanda.

Serv. Madam, Sir *William Wisewou'd* has sent your Ladyship the Writings you desir'd him, and says he'll wait on you immediately.

Am. Now, Sir, if you please to withdraw a while, you may inform yourself how fair a Fortune you are Master of.

Love. None, none that can outweigh a virtuous Mind; while in my Arms I thus can circle thee, I grasp more Treasure, than in a Day the posting Sun can travel o'er. Oh! why have I so long been blind to the Perfections of thy Mind and Person? Not knowing thee a Wife, I found thee charming beyond the Wishes of luxuriant Love. Is it then a Name, a Word, shall rob thee of thy Worth? Can Fancy be a surer Guide to Happiness than Reason? Oh, I have wander'd like a benighted Wretch, and lost myself in Life's unpleasing Journey!

'Twas heedless Fancy first that made me stray,
But Reason now breaks forth, and lights me on my Way.

[Exeunt.

The SCENE *changes to an Entry.*

Enter three or four Servants.

1st Serv. Prithee, *Tom*, make haste below there; my Lady has order'd Dinner at half an Hour after One, precisely. Look out some of the Red that came in last.

[*Two of the Servants howl* Snap *and* Amanda's *Woman out of the Cellar.*

2d Serv. Come, Sir, come out here, and shew your Face.

Wom. Oh! I am undone! ruin'd!

2d Serv. Pray, Sir, who are you; and what was your Business? and how, in the Devil's Name, came you here?

Snap. Why, truly, Sir, the Flesh led me to the Cellar Door; but I believe the Devil push'd me in. — That Gentlewoman can inform you better.

3d Serv. Pray, Mrs. *Anne*, how
ther in the Cellar?

Wom. Why, he—he—pu—pu—pul

3d Serv. But how the Devil came he

Wom. He ſe—ſe—ſe—fell in?

2d Serv. How came he into the Houſe?

Wom. I don—do—don't know.

2d Serv. Ah! you are a Crocodile; I thought what was the Reaſon I cou'd never get a good Word from you. What, in a Cellar too? But come, Sir, we will take Care of you, however. Bring him along; we will firſt carry him before my Lady, and then toſs him in a Blanket.

Snap. Nay, but Gentlemen, dear Gentlemen—[*Exeunt.*

Enter Loveleſs, Amanda, Elder Worthy, Young Worthy, Narciſſa, *and* Hillaria.

El. Wor. This is indeed a joyful Day; we muſt all congratulate your Happineſs.

Am. Which while our Lives permit us to enjoy, we muſt ſtill reflect with Gratitude on the generous Author of it. Sir, we owe you more than Words can pay you.

Love. Words are indeed too weak, therefore let my Gratitude be dumb till it can ſpeak in Actions.

Y. Wor. The Succeſs of the Deſign I thought on, ſufficiently rewards me.

Hil. When I reflect upon *Amanda*'s paſt Afflictions, I cou'd almoſt weep to think of her unexpected Change of Fortune.

El. Wor. Methinks her fair Example ſhou'd perſuade all conſtant Wives ne'er to repine at unrewarded Virtue. Nay, ev'n my Brother being the firſt Adviſer of it, has aton'd for all the Looſeneſs of his Character.

Love. I never can return his Kindneſs.

Nar. In a ſhort time, Sir, I ſuppoſe you'll meet with an Opportunity, if you can find a Receipt to preſerve Love, after the Honey-Moon's over.

Love. The Receipt is eaſily found, Madam; Love's a tender Plant, which can't live out [illegible] Bed: You muſt take Care, with undiſſembled Kindneſs, to keep him from the Northern Blaſt of J[illegible]

But I have heard your experienc'd Lovers make [illegible] Coldneſs, and that's more agreeable to my Inclination.

Love. Coldneſs, Madam, before Marriage, like throwing a little Water upon a clear Fire, makes it burn the fiercer: but after Marriage, you muſt ſtill take Care to lay on freſh Fuel.

Nar. O fie, Sir! How many Examples have we of Mens hating their Wives for being too fond of 'em?

Love. No Wonder, Madam: You may ſtifle a Flame, by heaping on too great a Load.

Nar. Nay, Sir, if there be no other way of deſtroying his Paſſion for me, he may love till Doomſday.

El. Wor. Humh! don't you ſmell Powder, Gentlemen? Sir *Novelty* is not far off.

Love. What, not our Fellow-Collegian, I hope, that was expell'd the Univerſity for beating the Proctor?

El. Wor. The ſame.

Love. Does that Weed grow ſtill?

El. Wor. Ay, faith, and as rank as ever, as you ſhall ſee; for here he comes.

Enter Sir Novelty.

Sir *Nov.* Ladies, your humble Servant. Dear *Loveleſs*, let me embrace thee, I am overjoy'd at thy good Fortune; Stop my Vitals—the whole Town rings of it already—My Lady *Tattle-tongue* has tir'd a pair of Horſes in ſpreading the News about. Hearing, Gentlemen, that you were all met upon an extraordinary good Occaſion, I cou'd not reſiſt this Opportunity of joining my Joy with yours: For you muſt know I am ——

Nar. Marry'd, Sir?

Sir *Nov.* To my Liberty, Madam; I have juſt parted from my Miſtreſs.

Nar. And pray, Sir, how do you find yourſelf after it?

Sir *Nov.* The happieſt Man alive, Madam; Pleaſant, eaſy, gay, light, and free as Air: Ha! [*Capers.*] I beg your Ladyſhip's Pardon, Madam, but upon my Soul I cannot confine my Rapture.

Nar. Are you ſo indifferent, Sir?

Sir

Sir *Nov.* O Madam! ſhe's engag'd already t[illegible] ple Beau: I ſaw 'em in a Coach together, ſo [illegible] bore it with as unmov'd a Countenance, as *Tom [illegible]by* does a thund'ring Jeſt in a Comedy, when the [illegible] Houſe roars at it.

Y. Wor. Pray Sir, what occaſion'd your Separation?

Sir *Nov.* Why, this Sir:—You muſt know, ſhe being ſtill poſſeſs'd with a brace of implacable Devils, call'd Revenge and Jealouſy, dogg'd me this Morning to the Chocolate-houſe, where I was obliged to leave a Letter for a young fooliſh Girl, that—(you'll excuſe me, Sir) which I had no ſooner deliver'd to the Maid of the Houſe, but, whip, ſhe ſnatches it out of her Hand, flew at her like a Dragon, tore off her Headcloaths, flung down three or four Sets of Lemonade Glaſſes, daſh'd my Lord *Whiffle*'s Chocolate in his Face, cut him over the Noſe, and had like to have ſtrangled me in my own Steinkirk.

Love. Pray, Sir, how did this end?

Sir *Nov.* Comically, ſtop my Vitals; for in the Cloud of Powder that ſhe had batter'd out of the Beau's Periwig, I ſtole away: After which, I ſent a Friend to her with an Offer, which ſhe readily accepted (three hundred Pounds a Year during Life) provided ſhe wou'd renounce all Claims to me, and reſign my Perſon to my own Diſpoſal.

El. Wor. Methinks, Sir *Novelty*, you were a little too extravagant in your Settlement, conſidering how the Price of Women is fallen.

Sir *Nov.* Therefore I did it—— to be the firſt Man ſhou'd raiſe their Price: For the Devil take me, the Women of the Town now come down ſo low, that my very Footman, while he kept my Place t'other Day at the Playhouſe, carry'd a Maſk out of the Side-box with him, and, ſtop my Vitals, the Rogue is now taking Phyſick for't.

Enter the Servants with Snap.

1ſt Serv. Come, bring him along there.

Love. How now? hah! *Snap* in hold? Pray let's know the Buſineſs; releaſe him.

1ſt Serv. Why, an't pleaſe you [illegible] Fellow was taken

taken in the Cellar with my Lady's Woman: She says he kept her in by Force, and was rude to her: She stands crying here without, and begs her Ladyship to do her Justice.

Am. Mr. *Loveless*, we are both the Occasion of this Misfortune; and for the poor Girl's Reputation sake something should be done.

Love. Snap, answer me directly, have you lain with this poor Girl?

Snap. Why truly, Sir, imagining you were doing little less with my Lady, I must confess I did commit Familiarity with her, or so, Sir.

Love. Then you shall marry her, Sir. No Reply, unless it be your Promise.

Snap. Marry her? O Lord, Sir, after I have lain with her? Why, Sir, how the Devil can you think a Man can have any Stomach to his Dinner, after he has had three or four Slices off the Spit?

Love. Well, Sirrah, to renew your Appetite, and because thou hast been my old Acquaintance, I'll give thee an hundred Pounds with her, and thirty Pounds a Year during Life, to set you up in some honest Employment.

Snap. Ah, Sir, now I understand you: Heaven reward you. Well, Sir, I partly find that the genteel Scenes of our Lives are pretty well over; and I thank Heav'n, that I have so much Grace left, that I can repent, when I have no more Opportunities of being wicked.—Come, Spouse, [*She enters*] here's my Hand, the rest of my Body shall be forthcoming.—Ah! little did my Master and I think last Night that we were robbing our own Orchards. [*Exeunt.*

El. Wor. Brother, stand upon your Guard; here comes Sir *William.*

Enter Sir William Wisewou'd.

Sir *Will.* Joy, Joy to you all. Madam, I congratulate your good Fortune. Well, my dear Rogue, must not I give thee Joy too, ha?

Y. Wor. If you please, Sir: But I confess I have more than I desire already.

Sir

Sir *Will.* And art thou marry'd?

Y. Wor. Yes, Sir, I am marry'd.

Sir *Will.* Odſo, I am glad on't: I dare ſwe doſt not grudge me the five thouſand Pounds.

Y. Wor. Not I, really Sir: You have given m my Soul could wiſh for, but the Addition of a Father's Bleſſing. [*Kneels with* Narciſſa.

Sir *Will.* Humh! what doſt thou mean? I am none of thy Father.

Y. Wor. This Lady is your Daughter, Sir, I hope.

Sir *Will.* Prithee get up, prithee get up, thou art ſtark mad. True, I believe ſhe may be my Daughter: Well, and ſo, Sir——

Y. Wor. If ſhe be not, I am certain ſhe's my Wife, Sir.

Sir *Will.* Humh! Mr. *Worthy*, pray, Sir, do me the Favour to help me to underſtand your Brother a little—Do you know any thing of his being marry'd?

El. Wor. Then, without any Abuſe, Sir *William*, he marry'd your Daughter this very Morning, not an Hour ago, Sir.

Sir *Will.* Pray, Sir, whoſe Conſent had you? Who adviſ'd you to it?

Y. Wor. Our mutual Love, and your Conſent, Sir; which theſe Writings, entitling her to a thouſand Pounds a Year, and this Bond, whereby you have oblig'd yourſelf to pay me five thouſand Pounds on our Day of Marriage, are ſufficient Proofs of.

Sir *Will.* He, he! I gave your Brother ſuch a Bond, Sir.

Y. Wor. You did ſo; but the Obligation is to me: Look there, Sir.

Sir *Will.* Very good, this is my Han ſeſs, Sir: And what then?

Y. Wor. Why then, I expect my five th Pounds, Sir: Pray, Sir, do you know my Name?

Sir *Will.* I am not drunk, Sir; I am ſ *thy*, and *Jack*, or *Tom*, or *Dick*, or ſo

Y. Wor. No Sir, I'll ſhew you—'ti you there, Sir: You ſhou'd have take the Lawyer, Sir, that fill'd up the Blan

El. Wor. So, now his Eyes are open.

Sir *Will.* And have you marry'd my Daughter againſt my Conſent, and trick'd me out of five thouſand Pounds, Sir?

Hil. His Brother, Sir, has marry'd me too with my Conſent, and I am not trick'd out of five thouſand Pounds.

Sir *Will.* Inſulting Witch! Look ye, Sir, I never had a ſubſtantial Cauſe to be angry in my Life before: But now I have Reaſon on my Side. I will indulge my Indignation moſt immoderately: I muſt confeſs, I have not Patience to wait the ſlow Redreſs of a tedious Law-ſuit; therefore am reſolv'd to right myſelf the neareſt Way;——Draw, draw, Sir; You muſt not enjoy my five thouſand Pounds, tho' I fling as much more after it, in procuring a Pardon for killing you. [*They hold him.*] Let me come at him; I'll murder him; I'll cut him; I'll tear him; I'll broil him, and eat him; a Rogue! a Dog! a curſed Dog! a Cut-throat, murdering Dog!

El. Wor. O fie: Sir *William*, how monſtrous is this Paſſion!

Sir *Will.* You have diſarm'd me, but I ſhall find a time to poiſon him.

Love. Think better on't, Sir *William*; your Daughter has marry'd a Gentleman, and one whoſe Love entitles him to her Perſon.

Sir *Will.* Ay, but the five thouſand Pounds, Sir—Why the very Report of his having ſuch a Fortune, will ruin him. I'll warrant you, within this Week, he will have more Duns at his Chamber in a Morning, than a Gaming Lord after a good Night at the Groom-Porter's, or a Poet upon the fourth Day of his new Play. I ſhall never be pleaſed with paying it againſt my own Conſent, Sir.

Hil. Yet you wou'd have had me done it, Sir *William*: But, however, I heartily wiſh you wou'd as freely forgive Mr. *Worthy*, as I do you, Sir.

Sir *Will.* I muſt confeſs, this Girl's Good-nature makes me aſhamed of what I have offered: But, Mr. *Worthy*, I did not expect ſuch Uſage from a Man of your Character: I always took you for a Gentleman.

El.

El. Wor. You shall find me no other, S[illegible] a Word with you.

Love. Sir *William*, I have some Oblig[illegible] Gentleman, and have so great a Confidence in your Daughter's Merit, and his Love, that I here promise to return you your five thousand Pounds, if after the Expiration of one Year, you are then dissatisfy'd in his being your Son-in-law.

Y. Wor. But see, Brother, he has forestall'd your Purpose.

El. Wor. Mr. *Loveless*, you have been beforehand with me, but you must give me leave to offer Sir *William* my joint Security for what you promis'd him:

Love. With all my Heart, Sir: Dare you take our Bonds, Sir *William?*

Y. Wor. Hold, Gentlemen; I shou'd blush to be oblig'd to that Degree: Therefore, Sir *William*, as [illegible] first Proof of that Respect and Duty I owe a [illegible] here, unask'd, return your Bond, and w[illegible] expect nothing from you, but as my Con[illegible] serve it.

Am. This is indeed a generous Act; meth[illegible] twere Pity it should go unrewarded.

Sir *Will.* Nay, now you vanquish me; after this, I can't suspect your future Conduct: There, Sir, 'tis yours; I acknowledge the Bond, and wish you all the Happiness of a bridal Bed. Heaven's Blessings on you both: Now rise, my Boy; and let the World know 'twas I set you upon your Legs again.

Y. Wor. I'll study to deserve your Bounty, Sir.

Love. Now Sir *William*, your have shewn yourself a Father. This prudent Action has secur'd your Daughter from the usual Consequence [illegible] Marriage, a Parent's Curse. Now she must [illegible] her Love, while you have such a tender C[illegible]

Am. This is indeed a happy [illegible] We all of have drawn our several Prizes [illegible] of human Life; therefore I beg our Joys [illegible] Not one [illegible] of

[illegible] part this Day. The Ladies I'll intreat my [illegible] he reſt are mine, and I hope will often be ſo.

Am. 'Tis yet too ſoon to dine: therefore, to divert us in the mean time, what think you of a little Muſick? the Subject perhaps not improper to this Occaſion.

El. Wor. 'Twill oblige us, Madam; we are all Lovers of it.

The SCENE draws, and diſcovers LOVE ſeated on a Throne, attended with a CHORUS.

Fame. HAIL! *Hail! victorious* Love!
To whom all Hearts below,
With no leſs Pleaſure bow,
Than to the thund'ring Jove,
The happy Souls above.
Cho. *Hail!* &c.

Enter Reaſon.

Reaſon. *Ceaſe, ceaſe, fond Fools, your empty Noiſe,*
And follow not ſuch idle Joys:
Love *gives you but a ſhort-liv'd Bliſs,*
But I beſtow immortal Happineſs.

Love. *Rebellious* Reaſon, *talk no more;*
Of all my Slaves, I thee abhor:
But thou, alas! doſt ſtrive in vain
To free the Lover from a pleaſing Chain;
In ſpite of Reaſon, Love *ſhall live and reign.*
Cho. *In ſpite,* &c.

A Martial Symphony.

Enter Honour.

Hon. *What Wretch would follow* Love's *Alarms,*
When Honour's *Trumpet ſounds to Arms?*
Hark!

Hark! how the warlike Notes inſpire
In ev'ry Breaſt a glowing Fire.

Love. *Hark! how it ſwells with Love and ſoft Deſire.*

Hon. *Behold, behold the marry'd State,*
By thee too ſoon betray'd,
Repenting now too late.

Enter Marriage, *with his Yokes*

Marr. *O! tell me, cruel* God of Love,
Why didſt thou my Thoughts poſſeſs
With an eternal Round of Happineſs?
And yet, alas! I lead a wretched Life,
Doom'd to this galling Yoke,—the Emblem of a Wife.

Love. *Ungrateful Wretch! how dar'ſt thou Love upbraid?*
I gave thee Raptures in the bria[illegible]

Marr. *Long ſince, alas! the airy Vi[illegible]*
And I with wand'ring Flames m[illegible] feed.
O! tell me, pow'rful God,
Where I ſhall find
My former Peace of Mind?

Love. *Where firſt I promiſ'd thee a happy Life,*
There thou ſhalt find it, in a virtuous Wife.

Love *and* Fame.

Go home, unhappy Wretch, and mourn
For all thy guilty Paſſion paſt;
There thou ſhalt find t[illegible]
Which ſhall for eve[illegible]

End with the [illegible]

Love. 'Twas generouſly d[illegible] my Life to
come ſhall ſhew how I appro[illegible] Oh *Amanda!*
once more receive me to thy A[illegible] while I am there,

let all the World confeſs my Happineſs. By my Example taught, let every Man, whoſe Fate has bound him to a marry'd Life, beware of letting looſe his wild Deſires: For if Experience may be allow'd to judge, I muſt proclaim the Folly of a wand'ring Paſſion. The greateſt Happineſs we can hope on Earth,

And ſure the neareſt to the Joys above,
Is the chaſte Rapture of a virtuous Love.

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Miſs CROSS, who ſung CUPID.

NOW, Gallants, for the Author. Firſt, To you
Kind City Gentlemen o'th' Middle Row;
He hopes you nothing to his Charge can lay,
There's not a Cuckold made in all his Play.
Nay, you muſt own, if you believe your Ey
He draws his Pen againſt your Enemies:
For he declares, to-day, he merely ſtrives
To maul the Beaux——becauſe they maul yo
Nor, Sirs, To you whoſe ſole Religion's
Whoring, Roaring, without the Pain of thi
He fears he's made a Fault you'll ne'er forgi
A Crime beyond the Hopes of a Reprieve:
An honeſt Rake forego the Joys of Life,
His Whores and Wine, t' embrace a dull chaſte Wife!
Such out-of-faſhion Stuff! But then again,
He's lewd for above four Acts, Gentlemen.
For faith, he knew, when once he'd chang'd his Fortune,
And reform'd his Vice, 'twas time—to drop the Curtain.
Four Acts for your coarſe Palate's were deſign'd,
But then the Ladies Taſte is more refin'd,
They, for Amanda's *ſake, will ſure be kind.*
Pray let this Figure once your Pity move:
Can you reſiſt the pleading God of L
In vain my Pray'rs the other Sex ap
Unleſs your conqu'ring Smiles their ſtu

WOMAN's WIT:

OR,

The LADY in Faſhion.

A

COMEDY.

—— *Careat ſucceſſibus opto,*
Quiſquis ab Eventu, Facta notanda putat. Ovid.

THE PREFACE.

THIS Play not having anſwered the Ends of my Writing it, the Reader, I preſume, may reaſonably expect that (according to Cuſtom) I ſhould endeavour to demonſtrate that they who diſlik'd it are either Fools, or Poets: Now my ſole Dependence being the Judgment of an Audience, 'twere Madneſs in me to provoke them. And I may with more Safety, and leſs Trouble, perſuade them into a good Opinion of their Senſe, than my own. 'Tis dangerous to quarrel with a whole Town, as 'tis difficult to pleaſe 'em; there is no appealing to *Apollo*'s Court, after an illegal Sentence from them; their Will is Law, and 'tis but reaſonable it ſhould be ſo, ſince they pay for their Power.

I am willing to ſtand to my Prayer in my *Prologue*, and to acknowledge it has had a favourable Fate: I intended (but I had ſome con-

conſiderable Hindrances, (which the Reader ſhall know preſently) to have made the Town ſome Amends in this Play for their extraordinary Favours to my Firſt: For I am ſo far from that Vanity of thinking myſelf conſiderable enough to have receiv'd any Prejudice from my Enemies, that I am ready to acknowledge 'twas Want of Merit in the Play, not Underſtanding in its Audience, that made it meet with no kind Reception. All I propoſe is to lay down ſome Excuſes why it is not more deſerving. But tho' I am ready to confeſs its Defects, yet I would [illegible]y be thought able to mend them. M[illegible]drance was my Want of Tim[illegible] than loſe a Winter (the Prof[illegible]r being ſo conſiderable) I forc'd [illegible] invent a Fable: Now my firſt was ſpo[illegible]eous, and conſequently more eaſy: The one was the kindly Product of my Fancy, this of my Judgment: (I mean of that little Judgment I have;) That was a Cherry gathered in *July*. this was merely ripen'd by Artifice in *April*; 'twill hardly admit of a Diſpute, which muſt of Conſequence have the more natural and pleaſing Taſte.

Another Hindrance was my [illegible] nice Obſervation of Regularity (which tho' I pretend not exactly to have follo[illegible]'d, yet perhaps I am ſomething nearer than moſt of our late Comedies) the Scene never breaking in any Act but the Third, and [illegible] not to an unreaſonable

reasonable Distance, nor without a necessitous Occasion: The Time I think is obviously comprehended in five Hours. But this Confinement is a great Hindrance to Variety of Incidents, which provided they are natural after they are brought in, I think may very reasonably divert us, without observing that Strictness. And tho' I am ready to grant that a good Play is much the better for being regular; yet on the other side, it must be allow'd a double Art and Labour to make it both regular and diverting; and of the Two, truly I don't see but Men of the greatest Sense had rather have their Fancy pleased, than their Judgment; and I can't help wishing, tho' too late, that I had given a looser Rein to the former.

Another Inconvenience was, that during the Time of my writing the two first Acts, I was entertain'd at the New Theatre, and of course prepar'd my Characters to the Taste of those Actors, and they having the two most experienc'd, I might there (without discouraging the People of this House) have expected a more masterly Performance. In the Middle of my Writing the Third Act, not liking my Station there, I return'd again to the Theatre Royal, and was then forc'd, as I could with Nature, to confine the Business of my Persons to the Capacity of different People; and not to miss the Advantage of Mr. Dogget's excellent Action, I prepar'd a

low Character, which (tho' I dare not recommend it to the Reader) I knew from him cou'd not fail of diverting. I have ſeen him play with more Succeſs I own, but ne'er ſaw any Man wear a truer Face of Nature; and indeed the two laſt Acts were much better perform'd than I cou'd have propos'd in that other Houſe; the Difference is only this, had it been there, I had propos'd ſome Scenes more of a Piece with the former Acts. But, however, the Performance of the Whole was better than my Expectation from ſo thin, and I may add, ſo uncertain a Company: For we are no more ſure of the honeſt E[illegible] of ſome that are honeſtly paid, tha[illegible] of Bread when they leave us. I w[illegible] o write to the Mouths of thoſe I[illegible] 'd ſpeak as well as they cou'd, and not think themſelves above Inſtruction. Every one did their beſt, and I thank them: But however a Fort is in a very poor Condition, that (in a Time of General War) has but an Handful of raw young Fellows to maintain it.

PROLOGUE.

MOST Authors, when their barren Labours fail,
Still let their secret Vanity prevail;
And when they're damn'd by you, turn Wits, and rail.
'Tis not, say they, our writing well or ill,
But as the Town's i' th' Mood, of damning still;
Sense, Humour, Wit, and Plot, tho' ne'er so nice,
All take the Tincture from their vain Caprice:
Their weak Digestion, and their sickly Taste,
Nauseates this Hour, what feasted 'em the last.
Our generous Soul now's of another Mind,
He thinks you are to Mercy well inclin'd;
Shows you a Beauty, and you'll soon be kind.
Nor do you care from whence the Charmer springs,
Let her soft Voice but please you while she sings.
By blest Experience this our Author knows,
Tho' from the Stage his humble Muse arose.
Your Approbation was so kindly shewn,
It swell'd so high,—— you swore 'twas not his own.
But tho' it were, you still thought fit to share
The Tree, for what it may hereafter bear;
Nor damn'd the Poet for the worthless Player.
This Thought confirms him, if he fails you now,
He must his Fate to want of Merit owe,
And thinks the greatest Merit is in pleasing you.
You'll pay him well, if you approve the Feast,
And you are sure best Judges of your Taste;
If he can please——
You'll hardly starve 'im by a spiteful Fast.
He hopes the best, but does your Judgements trust,
Or save, or damn his Play, he'll think you just.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Lord *Lovemore*, in Love with *Leonora*,	Mr. *Harchan.*
Longville, in Love with *Olivia*,	Mr. *Cibber.*
Major *Rakiſh*, an old Rake-hell,	Mr. *Penkethman.*
Jack Rakiſh, his Son and Companion,	Mr. *Powel.*
Maſs Johnny, Lady *Manlove*'s Son, a diſobedient School-boy,	Mr. *Dogget.*
Father *Benedic*, his Governor, a Prieſt,	Mr. *Smeaton.*
Laguerre, Valet to *Longville*,	

WOMEN.

Lady *Manlove*, a deſigning old Lady,	Mrs. *Powel.*
Leonora, her Daughter, a Coquet,	Mrs. *Knight.*
Emilia, *Longville*'s Siſter, ſecretly in Love with Lord *Lovemore*,	Mrs. *Rogers.*
Olivia, her Friend, engag'd to *Longville*,	Mrs. *Cibber.*
Tilly, Woman to *Leonora*,	
Lettice, Woman to Lady *Manlove*,	Mrs. *Kent.*

Servants and Waiters.

The SCENE St. *James*'s, [illegible] Action
Five H[illegible]

WOMAN's WIT:

OR, THE

LADY in FASHION.

ACT I.

SCENE, *an Anti-Chamber.*

Enter Longville *in his Night-Gown, his Valet waiting.*

Lon. LAGUERRE!

La. Sir!

Lon. Is my Sister ſtirring?

La. I ſaw her in the Garden above an Hour ago, Sir. I believe ſhe is now in her Cloſet.

Lon. Leave Word with her Woman I am alone, and when ſhe comes out deſire to ſpeak with her. [*Exit* Laguerre.] I have obſerved of late, ſhe has loſt her Gaiety, is much alone, and laſt Night, when I informed her of my Lord *Lovemore*'s Conſtancy to the ungrate-

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ful *Leonora*, ſhe expreſs'd a ſoft Concern, that ſeem'd to flow from ſomewhat more than common Pity. 'Twould trouble me to know ſhe lov'd a Man, who every Moment begs that Pity from another, ſhe wants from him; a Man whoſe Virtues are his Ruin, who never doing ill himſelf, thinks it the higheſt Crime to doubt the Conduct of his Miſtreſs. I have often ſtrove to wake him from his Lethargy, and am ſtill reſolv'd while there is Hopes, never to give him over. About this Time I expect to hear from him——Who's there?

Re-enter Laguerre.

La. Sir, my Lady will wait on you.

Lon. 'Tis well! has no one been to ſpeak with me this Morning?

La. Only Mr. *Pertwit*, Sir, the *Author* of the laſt new *Play*; he has left his *Dedication*, and ſays he will dine with you.

Lon. The Devil's in that Fellow: I find it's as dangerous to ſay a civil Thing to a *dull Poet*, as to an old Lady: For they are equally ſure to libel your Judgment, by telling the World, you like both their Face and Fancy. When he comes, give him Ten Guineas, and let me hear no more of him.

Enter a Footman.

Foot. Sir, here is a Letter for you.

Lon. Who brought it?

Foot. A Servant, from Madam *Olivia*.

Lon. Bid him ſtay. [*Exit Footman.*

(Reads.)

"*I ſhall be in Town about Three o'Clock, (if my Lady* "Manlove *can ſpare you) you will know where to find*

Kenſington, Wedneſday *Morning*. "OLIVIA."

If my Lady Manlove *can ſpare me!* ſo, if ſhe grudges another my Company, 'tis a Sign that ſhe has a Mind

to

to it herſelf. I'll appoint her a Meeting, and laugh at her groundleſs Jealouſy: Nay, I know ſhe won't ſpare herſelf, when ſhe reflects how fair a Declaration ſhe has made made me. [*Exit.*

Enter Emilia *ſola.*

Emi. Neither Devotion, Honour, Reaſon, Patience, or Complaints, can ſtop the *Fever* of my diſtemper'd Thoughts: Deſpair and Love, like double Poiſons, ſwell my Soul, yet with alternate Heat and Cold refuſe to kill, and ſpitefuly ſupport a wretched Being!—Was ever Maid thus cruelly purſu'd by an unhappy Paſſion! To ſee the Man ador'd, ſtill proſtrate at my Rival's Feet, while her diſſembled Coyneſs but inflames me more!—They talk of Mens Deſpair! their Racks, and Tortures! thoſe are Pleaſures, to the Torments of a Woman's ſecret Love! for they have ſtill the Privilege of Speech, of ſoft Complaints, and dying Murmurs: But we, (hard Fate!) are ev'n condemned by Nature's Laws, to an eternal Secrecy. For Love can never break the Priſon of a Virgin's Breaſt, while Modeſty and rigid Honour are its Goalers. O *Lovemore!* why wert thou born to wrong thyſelf, and ruin me?

Enter Longville.

Lon. Siſter, good Morrow! I have a Preſent for you. [*Gives her a Writing.*] ——*Laguerre*, give this Letter to the Servant below. [*Exit* Laguerre.

Emi. What's here? Pray, Brother, double the Favour, and without giving me the Trouble of a tedious Peruſal, let me know the Contents of it.

Lon. 'Tis your Portion, Siſter.

Emi. My Portion!

Lon. 'Tis true, my Father left you to my Care, and by his Will, gave you Ten Thouſand Pounds, provided my Conſent were not wanting to your Marriage. Now, I know there muſt be an Uneaſineſs, where there is the leaſt Conſtrement: Therefore, to free you from all Doubt, and that your fear of my Conſent may no way check your Inclinations, I here reſign my Intereſt in your

your Fortune; when you can find a Man, whose Merit challenges your Esteem, or whose faithful Passion claims your Pity, be lavish in your Gratitude, and crown his Wishes with your Bed and Fortune.

Emi. In every Thing, you shew yourself the best and kindest Brother still: But yet, I hope, 'twill not displease you, if I return your Present: Marriage is a dangerous Journey; Love's a blind Guide, and those that follow him, too often lose their Way. No! when I love, it shall be with Security, your Opinion shall first encourage and protect me.

Lon. But Love, *Emilia*, is a Tyrant absolute, and never waits for saucy Counsel: The Time may come when you will wish your Fortune at your own Disposal! do ye believe it impossible you shou'd ever love?

Emi. Ha! I am betray'd! his Words, his Looks, have quite disarmed me! [*Aside*] Why, Brother, do you ask so strange a Question, that I shou'd ever love! You know I am a Woman, not cruel in my Nature, and have a Heart, which when you advise me to dispose of, I shall not rather die than part with it.

Lon. And are you sure you have not? Did you never love, *Emilia*?

Emi. That Word has ruin'd me! Oh never let me see the Day again! [*Aside.*

Lon. Ha! she is disorder'd! Then my Fears are true: [*Aside.*] Why are you surpriz'd? I charge you with no Guilt, *Emilia.*

Emi. O! I beg you ask no more. [*Turns away.*

Lon. Ha! no more! nay, then I must have all! Dear *Emilia*, think me not a faithless Guardian, that wou'd take a base Advantage of thy Love: Look on me as I am, thy careful Brother, that thinks his Life no longer useful, than in serving thee; Nay, ev'n in thy Love I'll serve thee, and hope 'tis in my Power too. Come, lay aside thy Fears, and reason calmly with

Emi. [illegible] in deep [illegible] Despair be[illegible]

Lon. Do not indulge these melancholy Thoughts; name me the Man, that thus disturbs thee!

Emi. Then indeed, you will pity me!—— I owe my Weakness to your nearest Friend.

Lon. I think, my Lord *Lovemore* is my nearest!

Emi. Indeed, he best deserves that Happiness.

Lon. But such a Friend will never make my Sister wretched.

Emi. Alas! his Love, which sure out-weighs his Friendship, aims every Hour to make another pappy.

Lon. His Love, *Emilia*, is grounded on your Rival's Virtue, and judge yourself, how weak is that Foundation.

Emi. I grant she is inconstant, loose, and dangerous, as the Sand; yet his Eyes, the false Optick of his Love, presents her as a fixt unshaken Rock, whereon he vows to build his Happiness.

Lon. But I shall shortly turn the friendly End of the Tube, and draw her Failings nearer to his View: Of which this very Day, I have engag'd to give him a clear convincing Prospect.

Emi. Which Way, I beg you let me know; for 'twere a second Happiness not to see him wretched.

Lon. Thus it is —— In a Dispute yesterday with my Lord, concerning *Leonora*, I urg'd his Weakness home, and laid her Falshood clear before him. At length, my friendly Arguments brought him to this Conclusion. About an Hour hence, by his free Consent, I am to visit her, and have leave to feign myself her Lover, and urge my Passion with all the seeming Tenderness that Friendship can inspire; and if my Art can drag from her the least Acknowledgment of Love for me, or but an ungenerous Contempt of his unwearied Constancy, he vow'd his deep Resentment should for ever tear her from his Heart.

Emi. It has a Face, indeed; but how will my Lord be Witness of her Falshood?

Lon. I have already brib'd her Servant, who is to place him where unseen, he shall both hear, and see it all.

Emi. There's Danger in the Attempt: Be[illegible] ther, for ſhou'd her artful Eyes enſnare you too, [illegible] I were doubly wretched.

Lon. Nouriſh no ſuch Fear, *Emilia*, I have a treble Guard upon my Heart, the Baſeneſs of her Soul, my own Honour, and a Siſter's Peace.

Enter Laguerre.

La. Sir, my Lord *Lovemore*!

Emi. Farewel! I'll ſtudy to deſerve your Care: I dare not ſtay; excuſe me, leſt my Guilt betray me.

Enter Lord Lovemore.

Brother, your Servant, I'll leave you to your Buſineſs.

L. *Lov.* We have none of that Conſequence, Madam, to be preferr'd to your Company.

Emi. My Lord! I beg you will excuſe me. I am in haſte, 'tis Chapel-time.

L. *Lov.* 'Twere a Sacrilege unpardonable, Madam, to hinder your Devotion, an univerſal Bleſſing to the World.

Emi. My Lord, your Servant. [*Exit* Emilia.

L. *Lov.* Your Siſter, *Charles*, is a very agreeable Woman: Why don't you look out a Match for her? you are her Guardian.

Lon. I have her Fortune to diſpoſe of, my Lord; but not her Inclination. When ſhe has choſen, I am ready to pay down the Money.

L. *Lov.* Her Money may raiſe many a falſe pretended Paſſion, and young Women ſeldom want a little harden'd Vanity to ſtamp it into current Love.

Lon. I hope, my Lord, in a little Time to give you a very fair Proof of her Judgment.

L. *Lov.* Prithee, let me underſtand you.

Lon. 'Tis yet an infant Secret; in a Day or two it may ſpeak plainer: In the mean time, my Lord, how [illegible] upon *Leonora*?

L. *Lov.*

L. *Lov.* Faith, *Charles*, I have yet ſome Scruples; but as they riſe, my Confidence in thy Friendſhip ſtill removes 'em: What Time do you propoſe to viſit her? [*Looking on his Watch.*

Lon. Now, this Morning.

L. *Lov.* You will be too late, 'tis within Half an Hour of Twelve.

Lon. Time enough! We ſhall find her at her Toilet till Two, I'll warrant you.

L. *Lov.* That's ſcarce Time enough to ſet your Peruke: For I ſuppoſe you deſign to comb her into Compliance. A firſt Rate Beau at leaſt? Do you conſider how much Time is requir'd in the making ſuch an Animal?

Lon. Half an Hour does it as well as Half a Score, Man.

L. *Lov.* You wou'd be of another Opinion, if you were at my Lord *Tiffle Top*'s Levee.

Lon. No no! 'Tis not that his Lordſhip has occaſion to employ Half the Morning at his Glaſs: But the ſoft Rogue can't part with his own dear Image under ſix Hours Admiration; for a powder'd Wig is as ſoon put on as an uncomb'd one. 'Tis not a fine Coat, but Affectation that makes a Fop; and that you know is a Kind of Surtout, a Man may ſlip it over his Cloaths.

L. *Lov.* Then you think a little Affectation will certainly recommend you.

Lon. Take the Boxes round upon the full third Day of a favour'd Poet, you'll ſcarce find three Beauties will allow you a Gentleman without it. I never knew your fine ſet-up Woman of Quality, that did not ſpend three Parts of her Life in ſtudying the Art of *Je-ne-ſcais-Quoyity!*

L. *Lov.* Well, I yet hope you are miſtaken in *Leonora*: What you call Affectation, to me has always been the Height of Breeding, a modeſt Freedom, an agreeable Gaiety, and an invincible Coldneſs.

Lon. I am ſorry, my Lord, your Diſeaſe is ſo deſperate, that nothing but the expoſing her can cure you. For I own 'tis much againſt my Nature to triumph o'er

a Woman's Weakneſs: But if Wome[illegible] ſhall truſt them? And if I ſee my F[illegible] ſhall not I ſhow the Snare prepar'd for him?

L. *Lov.* 'Twas thus I had excus'd you to myſelf before: But do you believe her falſe through Weakneſs or Deſign?

Lon. O ſhe wants not Wit, my Lord.

L. *Lov.* How then do you pro[illegible] to win her by an affected Paſſion, when my S[illegible]nnot move her?

Lon. Your Sincerity ne[illegible] Lord: She is light by Nature, hates a M[illegible]es Virtue by Example, and ſhews the B[illegible] Principles by the Firmneſs of his own; ſhe [illegible]etch that joins with her in Vanity, your gay [illegible]king Spark, by the Compariſon of whoſe Nonſenſe ſhe admires her own Wit Beſides, I have ſome Reaſon to believe ſhe likes me.

L. *Lov.* What Reaſon?

Lon. By her publickly declaring an Averſion to me.

L. *Lov.* She will not deny it to your Face, I warrant you.

Enter a Footman.

Foot. Sir, my Lady *Manlove* is in a Chair below, and deſires to know if you have any Company with you?

Lon. Though I am loth to truſt my Perſon with her, I wou'd be civil to the Mother of your Miſtreſs, my Lord: Deſire her Ladyſhip to walk up, and tell her I am alone: It won't be amiſs firſt to expoſe the Mother's Character [*Aſide*] This is the third Viſit I have had from her this Week, my Lord.

L. *Lov.* How came you ſo intimate?

Lon. One Day unfortunately commending the Fulneſs of her Eye, or ſo, ſhe cou'd not reſt till ſhe had taken me aſide, to aſk me, if my Deſigns were honourable? And ever ſince ſhe is eternally labouring to convince me, that ſhe has no real Averſion to Matrimony.

[illegible] *Charles.*

[illegible] you may [illegible] However, [illegible] there [illegible] upon the Table.

L. *Lov.*

'll oblige me.

e comes! away, my Lord.

[*L.* Lov. *goes into the Cloſet.*

Enter Lady Manlove.

Lon. Madam! your moſt humble Servant, this is an unexpected Favour.

L. *Man.* Why a Favour, Sir! do you think I'll ever grant a Favour to any Man? I'll ſwear we Women of Quality had need live lock'd up in a Cloſet, if we wou'd avoid Scandal. Can one pay an harmleſs Viſit, but you muſt immediately conclude one deſigns you a Favour? I vow to Gad I came with a Deſign to beg a Favour of you.

Lon. 'Tis a Favour, Madam, that you will make uſe of me.

L. *Man* Uſe you! Really, Sir, I don't underſtand you! What do you mean? —— But come! —— I'll let you ſee I dare rely upon my own Conduct. —— Come, Sir, I will venture to ſit down by you.

Lon. Oh! Madam, you honour me. [*They ſit.*

L. *Man.* Well! Mr. *Longville*, you little think what a ſecret Buſineſs I have to communicate to you! I hope we are private! Pray let us be private, and I will lay it open to you.

Lon. —— [to *Laguerre*] Wait without! —— Now Madam!

L. *Man.* You muſt know, Sir, that I came to adviſe with you about! — about a — I'll ſwear, Mr. *Longville*, you look mighty well to day.

Lon. —— That might be ſaid more juſtly of your Ladyſhip, Madam!

L. *Man.* O Lord! I! Oh! Jeſu! I am all in a Flame! ſuch a Colour! prithee do but feel my Pulſe a little! — So, if I can but get into Diſcourſe with him, I may ſave my Buſineſs for another Viſit To-morrow.

[*Aſide.*

Lon. They are very high indeed, Madam; but you look the better for it.

L. *Man.*

L. *Man.* Is't possible! Well! Mr. [illegible] inclin'd in real Charity, to encourage all your Offers, if it were only to keep you from ill Women; for I know there are some so ravenous of you, that they follow you to your Chamber in a Morning, and have the Confidence to force themselves upon you. Now, dear [illegible] Mr. *Longville*, don't encourage these [illegible] tures; let me beg it of you for [illegible]

Lon. So! I find n[illegible] own Glass. [illegible]

L. *Man.* I'll swear [illegible] my Heart to visit you every Morning, [illegible] to prevent those wicked Creatures having their Ends of you.

Lon. That were too great a Trouble! No! Madam, I have an admirable Way to avoid 'em: Shall I show you how I wou'd use such a Woman? I ask your Pardon, Madam, but supposing you were such a one!

L. *Man.* Oh! foh! I hate to act an odious Part.

[*Holding his Hand.*

Lon. Why, you can't miss it, Madam, you need but sit as you do! —— Now, Madam, squeeze my Hand a little.

L. *Man.* O! Jesu! I cou'd not do it for the Universe.

[*Lets it go suddenly.*

Lon. Then I must suppose you had done it, Madam: Upon which I flatly tell her, that ——

L. *Man.* Pish, [*Rises*] Lord! What care I what you tell her: If you will let me tell you my Business, say so!

Lon. [*Walking after her.*] I say, Madam, I tell her, that my Inclinations lie elsewhere; that she flings away her Time; that her Fondness is more disagreeable than her Person; that I wonder at her Impudence, in taking Civility for Love; that she is ugly, without Exception; [illegible] without Offers, [illegible] without Youth; kind, without Courtship; and [illegible] without Conscience.

L. *Man.* Well! Well! have you done yet? —— Pish!

Lon.

keeping Company is Design; that her [illegible]; that her Man is every Body; that no Body is hers; that her Charms are quite exhausted; and Time writes upon her Forehead, —— *Pray remember the Poor!*

L. *Man.* Prithee! What a Humour's this?

Lon. That her Modesty is more painted than her Face; and both so much, that no Man can see either of them.

L. *Man.* [illegible]*ville.*

Lon. That her Company is worse than Sickness; and that I had as lieve be visited by the Small-Fox.

L. *Man.* Pish! will you never ha' done?

Lon. That in short she is so detestable, that ev'n the Pleasure of Revenge cou'd not raise me to give her a Clap. The Devil's in't if this won't undeceive her! [*Aside.*

L. *Man.* I don't understand him! Sure, he can't mean all this to me! I find I must tell him my Business to put him out of this Humour! Prithee, Mr. *Longville*, sit down a little, I want some of your Advice, Man: Lord! you have quite tir'd yourself!

Lon. Now, Madam, your Commands! [*They sit.*

L. *Man.* Suppose, Sir, you are not ignorant of my Lord *Lovemore*'s Passion for my Daughter: Now, Sir, he being your particular Friend, and I having a particular Inclination to serve any one that is your Friend, Mr. *Longville*, I have resolv'd to make my Daughter marry my Lord out of hand; and have contriv'd a Way to make her sole Heiress of my Husband's Estate.

Lon. This is obliging, Madam; but how can it be while you have a Son living?

L. *Man.* Ah! don't call him my Son, Mr. *Longville*; Education can't polish him! he is of such a slovenly Nature; he is fit for Nothing but a Clergyman: Now you must know all my Family being Catholicks, I have a Mind to make a Priest of him, and have accordingly provided him a Governor to go with him to St. *Omers*: Then, Sir, I being his Guardian, and having the Estate all in my own Hands——

Lon.

Lon. Will take Care it shall never come to his. [*Aside.* But why a Priest, Madam?

L. *Man.* To prevent his marrying, Man; and then his Estate comes of Course to my Daughter, and so to my Lord, and his Heirs. —— Besides, one is not sure of his getting safe to St[illegible]

Lon. Inhuman De[illegible] ing to ship him to *B*[illegible] wherein can I be ser[illegible]

L. *Man.* You! W[illegible] Can you do one no [illegible]

Lon. Not the Kin[illegible] she's puzzled for a P[illegible]

L. *Man.* Pish! —— O Gad! I had like to have forgot! you must know my Business hither was to get you to—to—a! O! to persuade the Boy to go.

Lon. So! Now she has found it. [*Aside.*

L. *Man.* Now, dear Mr. *Longville*, [*Pressing his Hand*] let me beg of you to use all Means possible to persuade him; for I know the Boy will do any thing at your bidding.

Lon. Well! Madam, I'll use my Interest to serve you —— in your Kind. [*Aside.*

L. *Man.* Will you give me your Word and Honour?

Lon. Both, to have my Hand again. [*Aside.*

L. *Man.* Nay! but you must give me your Hand upon't!

Lon. Why you have it, you have it, Madam!

L. *Man.* Pshah! but you don't give it me heartily!

Lon. Um! She will have a squeeze, I find. [*Aside*] There, Madam, 'tis heartily.

Enter Laguerre.

La. Sir, young Mr. *Rabish* desires to speak with you immediately.

Lon. At last I am deliver'd. [*Aside.*] —— Bid him walk up.

L. *Man.* O! [illegible] *Longville*! I wou'd not be [illegible]

[illegible] O! you [illegible] Madam, here's a Back-way.

L. *Man.*

L. *Man.* Well! but my dear *Charles*, when ſhall I ſee you about this Buſineſs?

Lon. In a Quarter of an Hour, Madam, at your own Houſe. I have ſome private Buſineſs with your Daughter: When I have diſpatch'd it, I am at your Service. [*Preſſing her to go.*

L. *Man.* Well! I have the prettieſt Cloſet to ſhow you, Mr. *Longvill!* —— I'll ſwear I have no Mind to leave you yet: Can't I ſtep in there, till he is gone a little? [*Offering towards the Cloſet.*

Lon. The Devil! [*Aſide.*] Madam, upon my Honour, I will but dreſs and wait upon you. Here he comes! away Madam!

L. *Man.* Well! Adieu, my Dear, dear, dear Creature! [*Exit L.* Man.

Lon. Come, my Lord, now I'll releaſe you.

Enter Lord Lovemore.

Did you hear me?

L. *Lov.* Yes, and am amaz'd! Prithee! what does ſhe mean by St. *Omers*, and her Son, it can't be real?

Lon. Too ſure, my Lord, I have heard of it before.

L. *Lov.* I am ſorry ſhe ſhou'd make me her Pretence for ſo baſe an Action! How ſhall we prevent it?

Lon. That I will undertake. But firſt I will let you ſee your Miſtreſs has a Hand in't. [*Aſide.*] *Laguerre*, my Cloatne.

Enter Young Rakish.

Lon. How now, *Jack!* What's the Matter?

Y. *Ra.* O! *Charles*, I am undone, if you don't ſtand by me! my Father's juſt at my Heels—my Lord, your humble Servant.

L. *Lov.* Poor *Jack!* What haſt thou done to him now, Man!

Y. *Ra.* Done, my Lord! Pox take him, nothing but a Piece of Juſtice; for the old Rogue had the Conſcience laſt Night to offer to cheat me of Fifty Pounds, tho' he knew 'twas all I had in the World; and,

and, in return, I very fairly nick'd him of Five Hundred upon the Square.

L. *Lov.* Prithee how was it?

Y. *Ra.* Why you muſt know, my Lord, he wou'd have put the Doctor upon me, and communicated his Deſign to *Ned Friendly*, who immediately told me [illegible] upon which (unknown to him) I flung away the [illegible] and clapt into the Box a Pair of the [illegible] Fortune was on my Side, and [illegible] fairly nick'd him of Five Hundred.

L. *Lov.* Well! and what wou[illegible] have?

Y. *Ra.* When the Buſineſs was [illegible] *Ned* laugh'd at him, and told him what I had done; upon which he whip'd out his Sword, and, in a great Paſſion, ſwore, if I did not refund the Money, he wou'd diſinherit me before To-morrow Morning.

L. *Lov.* What Anſwer did you make him?

Y. *Ra.* Why, faith, ev'n took no notice of him; but very fairly ſlunk away to his Goldſmith, to haſten his paying the Money, politickly told him, I had juſt killed a Man: Egad the inhuman Son of a Whore took hold of the Opportunity, and made me pay Fifteen *per Cent.* for Expedition.

L. *Lon.* The reſt you ſecur'd in Specie, I ſuppoſe!

Y. *Ra.* Ay! ay! here it is, all in Gold, my Boy! Prithee, dear *Charles*, ſecure it for me; as for my Life, which I know he will purſue, I'll venture to defend that myſelf.

Enter a Footman to young Rakiſh.

Foot. Sir, your Father's juſt coming up! one of the Servants ignorantly told him you were in the Houſe, and he immediately drew his Sword, and has ſearch'd every Room below for you.

Y. *Ra.* Ounds! the Money! the Money, *Charles!*

L. *Lon.* There! into that Cloſet! and take the Key on the Inſide, [illegible] *goes into the* [illegible] *the Money.*

Enter Major Rakish *with his Sword drawn, he searches the Room.*

Maj. Where is this Rogue! this Villain! this sharp-Dog?

Lon. Why how now, Major! What, in a Passion, Man?

Lon. and L. Lov. Ha! ha! ha! What's the Matter, Major? ha! ha! ha!

Maj. No! no! nothing but Murder, nothing but Murder shall satisfy me.

L. *Lov.* What is it you look for, Major?

Maj. Only a Highwayman, my Lord; was not he here with you just now?

L. *Lov.* A Highwayman with us, Sir!

Maj. One that is in the Road to the Highway; do you know *Jack Rakish*, my Lord?

L. *Lov.* I know him for a very honest Fellow, Sir.

Maj.—Why I got him—That very Dog did I get.

L. *Lov.* I don't question that, Sir.

Maj. But you wou'd, Sir, if you knew how he has serv'd me—Nothing vexes me, but that I can't swear a Robbery against the Dog; for then a Man might have had some Hopes of the Forty Pounds upon his Conviction.

L. *Lov.* Fie! Major, you should give him a better Allowance, that his Necessity might not force him to such Extremity?

Maj. Allowance! a Dog! has not Nature given him a strong Back? let him live by that; let him turn Beau, and live upon Tick: Let him lye with his Laundress, get in with his Semstress, help his Taylor to Custom, dine with me, bilk his Lodging,—— and now and then sharp a Play in the Side-Box.

L. *Lov.* This I know he is very often forc'd to do: But faith, Major, it don't answer the Character of a Gentleman.

Maj. A Gentleman!—Ounds! don't I see fifty there every Day, that have no Income but their Wits, and yet have very good Cloaths upon their Backs!

L. *Lov.*

L. *Lov.* And carry all they have upon their Backs! Come, come, you muſt allow him better, Man.

Maj. Allow him! What a Pox! Don't I allow him to drink, and whore, and fight, and roar where he pleaſes, provided he keeps me Co[illegible] a Stroke elſe—I co'd —I [illegible] I live, old Boy —No! no [illegible] for a Bit of Wickedneſs by th[illegible] Care of old *Jack!*—Old *Jack* [illegible] Allow him, quotha'! What a [illegible] needs be a Bubble? Can't he take th[illegible] neſs, without the Folly of paying [illegible] ſometimes break half a Dozen Commandments in a Day, and it ne'er coſts me a Farthing.

L. *Lov* Say you ſo, Major? Faith I wou'd adviſe you to publiſh your Receipt, it may reform moſt of our young Fellows about Town.

Maj. How do ye mean reform! Ha! Old Politick of the World?

L. *Lov.* Why look ye! if we cou'd once leſſen the Charge of Lewdneſs, you long-liv'd niggardly Fathers wou'd certainly take it up; and Vice wou'd look ſo nauſeous in Sixty odd, that One and Twenty wou'd grow aſham'd on't.

Maj. But, Sir, my Son is not aſham'd o' his Vice, and I'd have you to know that I am a — a very lewd old Fellow! But I don't pay for't, I don't pay for't, like a raw Inn of Court Beau, that is juſt ſet up for Iniquity.

L. *Lov.* Prithee Major, how do you manage your Pleaſures, that you ſay they coſt you nothing?

Maj. I'll tell you, my Lord; I'll tell you how I ſpent the Day before Yeſterday: I got up, and din'd with Sir *Bartholomew Bumper*, drank my two Bottles and Half with him by Five o'Clock—Then call'd in at Play, (Impudence my Ticket) pick'd up a Parſon's Wife, gave her the Remains of an old Clap, and ſo pawn'd her at *Philip*'s, for three Pints of Spirit of Clary: —After this, I call'd in at the *Roſe*, found three or four young ſtrong Dogs damnably hungry, ſent a Porter for

a Slice

a Slice of Sir *Bartholomew*'s Brawn, drank my two Bottles more, call'd for a Bill, Brawn paid old *Jack*'s Club, old *Jack* reels into a Coach, bilks him, slips into Bed, wakes in five Hours with a steady Hand, and no aching Head, by the Lord *Harry*.

L. *Lov.* Well said, Major!

Maj. There's Management for you! Why cou'd not my Dog rogue of a Son do this? He wants a Thousand Pounds, [illegible] a Pox to him! Odsbud, I lose Time, I must ferret the Dog —— Hey! where-abouts are you? Soho! Goal-bird! [*Looks about.*

Y. *Ra.* [*Peeping.*] I Gad I had as good shew myself, while I have a Friend or two to stand by me.

[*He steals behind the Major, and walks softly after him.*

Lon. and L. *Lov.* Ha! ha! ha!

Maj. Unconscionable Rogue, a Thousand Pounds at one Clap! [*Aside.*

Lon. Why you that spend no Money, Major, methinks shou'd have no Occasion for it: But was it a full Thousand Pounds, say you?

Maj. Um! not a full Thousand Pounds. Look ye, I won't lie neither: But may I never more hear the dear Glugg, Glugg of a full Flask, if it was not above Eight Hundred.

Y. *Ra.* That's a Lie! [*Claps him on the Back.*

Maj. O Dog! Villain! Rogue! Sirrah, how dare you look me in the Face? Draw! draw! Rascal!

[*They hold him.*

Y. *Ra.* Yes, Sir! [*Draws and stands on his Guard.*

Maj. What will you murder me in cool Blood! will you, Dog!

Y. *Ra.* Yes, Sir, I believe I shall: For I don't find myself angry yet.

Maj. Why, Sirrah! *Newgate!* Am not I your Father, ha!

Y. *Ra.* Look you, Sir! if you are my Father, I draw in Obedience to your Commands; if not, upon my Enemy —— stand off.

Maj. Now, have not I one Word to say to him —— This Impudence melts my very Soul—There's a Look!

There's

There's a Forehead! There's Braſs for you! The Rogue wou'd make an admirable Player in the Old Houſe. Odsbud! I have more Mind to kiſs him, than to be angry by Half ——— Well! Sirrah! What have you to ſay for yourſelf?

Y. *Ra.* Nay, firſt old Gentle[illegible] hear what you have to ſay againſt me?

Maj. Have you not bit me, m[illegible]

Y. *Ra.* Have you not ſtarv'd n[illegible]

Maj. Have not I lov'd you——

Y. *Ra.* Have not I return'd it[illegible]

Maj. Have you return'd it—Sa[illegible]

Y. *Ra.* Yes, Sir! By this ge[illegible] your Love, in taking the Freed[illegible] Hundred Pounds, well knowing that ſo trivial a Sum cou'd not hurt me in your Favour.

Maj. Um! Here's a Rogue! ——— Well! and ſo! you think I will forgive you!

Y. *Ra.* Damn me! Sir, who dares ſay to the contrary?

Maj. Ah! the Rogue has me now! That Look has quite diſſolv'd me; Odsbud, I can no more reſiſt him, than a Patentee can a pretty Wench, when ſhe demands an unconſcionable Salary in the Playhouſe. Well! I muſt forgive you then! Um!

Y. *Ra.* I knew you wou'd, or elſe I had ne'er nick'd you.

Maj. Why, look you, Sir, then ev'n ſet your Heart at reſt: For, before theſe Gentlemen, I ſolemnly declare that—— that —— I do forgive you, upon Condition ——

Y. *Ra.* What Condition?

Maj. Um! That I have my Money again!

Y. *Ra.* The Devil!

Lov. Come, Gentlemen, you ſhall leave the Conditions to me. My Lord and I have juſt an Hour's Buſineſs together. I'll bring the Money with me to *Locket's*, between One and Two; where we'll d[illegible] all to Rights again!

Maj.

Maj. Say no more, my little *Charles*; I'll go before, and beſpeak Dinner! But hark you, had not you as good let me take the Money along with me?

V. Ra. I bar that, old Gentleman! No! no! Poſſeſſion is eleven Points in the Law!

Maj. A rare Look that! — it's a good Look! — the Dog has a good Look!

V. Ra. Come, old *Jack!* let's you and I take a — of racy Canary before they come — My Lord, your humble Servant; bye *Charles.*

Maj. Hold! hold! my little *Jacky*, not too faſt — *Cede Majoribus.*

[*Pulls Young* Rakiſh *back, and goes out before him.*

L. Lov. A pleaſant Couple theſe!

Lon. Ay, and only pleaſant, when they are coupled.

L. Lov. Right! they are like the two Parts of a drunken Song, very indifferent Muſic, unleſs you hear 'em both together.

Lon. But now and then they may be endured, the better to reliſh the Harmony of a refin'd Converſation. Come, my Lord, now for *Leonora.*

L. Lov. You remember the Conditions: If you fail in your Attempt, you are never to ſpeak againſt her more.

Lon. Agreed: If I ſucceed, the Conſequence will reward me.

L. Lov. You ſee, *Charles*, how fond I am of being ſtill your Friend; that I dare hazard all my Happineſs in *Leonora*, merely to ſatisfy your Jealouſy, not my own.

Lon. You wou'd be jealous too, my Lord, were you leſs a Lover; and I more favourable, were I leſs your Friend: 'Tis my Care of you that makes me jealous; and the Generoſity of your Love, that will not let you doubt your *Leonora.*

When Beauty gives the Lover warm Deſire,
Loves drives him blind and headlong to the Fire:
But jealous Friendſhip does his Power deſpiſe;
Awakes his Reaſon, and unſeals his Eyes. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT

SCENE, *Lady* M

Leonora, *at her Toilet, ho*

LEONORA.

TRIFLE!

Tri. Madam!

Leo. Let's see this Morning's Letters.

Tri. There are only these Half Dozen, Madam.

Leo. No more! Barbarity! This it is to go to *Hyde-Park* upon a windy Day, when a well-dress'd Gentleman can't stir Abroad. The Beaus were forc'd to take Shelter in the Playhouse, I suppose: I was a Fool I did not go thither, I might have made ten Times the Havock in the Side Boxes.

Tri. Your Ladyship's being out of Humour with the *Exchange* Woman, for shaping your Ruffles so odiously, I am afraid made you a little too reserv'd, Madam.

Leo. Prithee; Was there a Fop in the whole Ring, that had not a Side Glance from me! Nay, ev'n that insensible Wretch *Longville*, watch'd the Circulation of my Chariot, with an unusual Assiduity. The Humility of his Bow, has given me some Hopes of revenging the Affront he put upon me last Week.

Tri. O dear, Madam! I always took him for a well-bred Gentleman! Cou'd he affront

Leo. O in the grossest Manner! [illegible] Hours alone with me in my Dressing [illegible] as far from making me any Offers of Lo[illegible], as if I had been his Mother.

Tri.

Tri. Perhaps your Ladyſhip gave him no Encouragement, Madam.

Leo. Quite contrary! I languiſh'd in my Glaſs, laid my Neck bare, ſmil'd on him, talk'd of Love, made him draw on my Gloves, tie on my Necklace; nay, take my *Dormouſe* out of my very Boſom: But all in vain, he did it with all the Coldneſs of a Brother, no more mov'd, than if he had been my Huſband. O he ſtung me ſo I could not bear him!

Tri. I am afraid, Madam, by this Uneaſineſs, your Ladyſhip likes him!

Leo. No, Fool! But 'twere an Uneaſineſs not to have him like me.

Tri. You know, Madam, he's engag'd to *Olivia*, and I am confident can have no good Meaning any where elſe.

Leo. His Meaning cou'd do me no Prejudice; let him be once my Lover, I'll ſoon lead him into the Road of Honour.

Tri. I ſuppoſe, Madam, your Ladyſhip wou'd not have him travel as far as Marriage.

Leo. Marriage! No, no! This Face is not to be flung away upon a Huſband yet. I love, as your great Generals fight, not for Peace, but Glory: Marriage is a mere Ceſſation of Arms. When I can hold out no longer, I am ſecure of an honourable Retreat in my Lord *Lovemore*: The Reputation of his Senſe, and his ſix Years Conſtancy, ſufficiently ſatisfies the World, that I am not at a Loſs for a Huſband.

Tri. Your Ladyſhip, Madam, has a very working Brain. You were born to conquer.

Leo. And bred ſo too! I began my little Wars of Love before Thirteen, heav'd my Breaſts at Twelve, and entertain'd my Train of dangling Beaus, with all the affected Coldneſs of One and Twenty: Nay, ev'n then had a Soul ſo ſenſible of Glory, I fought my three Duels a Week, kill'd now and then my Man; and, as one fell, was ſtill deſigning on another.

Tri. For Heaven's Sake, Madam, did your Ladyſhip uſe to fight Duels?

Leo. Stupid Creature! 'twas *Leonora* fought: Her Eyes inflam'd the Combat; she drew the Sword, secure of Conquest; for both the Victor, and the Victim were *Leonora*'s still.

Tri. Madam, my Lady *Manlove*'

Enter Lady Manlo

L. *Man* Good Morrow, Child; W[illegible] dress'd y[illegible]

Leo. I am just ready, Madam; [illegible] been Abroad?

L. *Man.* Ay, I have been with [illegible] your Brother *Jonny*. He will be here [illegible] And just as I had left him, whom should I [illegible] ing out of his Lodgings but Mr. *Lo[illegible]* he has some private Business with you, Child: He will be here in a Moment. Prithee, make what Haste you can with him, that I may talk with him further about your Brother's Journey.——I long to have the dear Creature in private again. [*Aside.*

Leo. I'll observe you, Madam; I will soon dispatch him.

L. *Man.* Prithee do, Child! in the mean time, I'll go and prepare your Brother. [*Ex.* L. Man.

Leo. Some private Business with me!——Nay then. ——[*She prides, and sets herself in her Glass.*] Oh, Jesu! this is a frightful Head! Here, *Trifle!* fetch me that with the blue Knots. [*Takes off her Commode.*]——D'ye hear! my Crimson Gown and Petticoat.—— O! I can't contain myself! Methinks, I see him at my Feet! Despairing, dying! breathing out his last Complaint of Love!——Why don't you stir, you senseless Creature! Hold! hold! stay a little! lay down the Head! go you and wait below, to give me Notice of his coming: And d'ye hear, send *Lettice* to dress me in the next Room, here he may surprize me.——Go! go! make Haste, Lump! for my Revenge is [illegible] impatient than another's Love. [*She runs off ba[illegible]headed, her Gown loose about her*; &c.] *Exit* Trifle *at the other Door*: *And then*——

Enter

Enter Lettice, *who in haſte takes up the Things, and follows* Leonora; *after which, enter* Trifle, *with Lord* Lovemore, *and* Longville.

Lon. Where's your Lady?

Tri. Hearing you were to be here, Sir, ſhe went immediately into the next Room to change her Dreſs.

Lon. D'ye hear that, my Lord?

L. Lov. Is her Decency a Fault?

Lon. Her Deſign is.

L. *Lov.* Prithee no more, I am impatient till thou haſt prov'd thyſelf a Madman.——Come! where's my Poſt?

Tri. Here, my Lord, in this Avenue.——There's a Door upon your Right Hand, that leads you to the Back Stairs.

Lon. When I pull out my Handkerchief, let that be your Cue to go round, and come in at this Door, as tho' you knew nothing of what had paſt.

L. *Lov.* I ſhall obſerve you, Sir.

Lon. Be ſure, whatever you hear, don't let your Reſentment diſcover you before your Time: For ſhou'd ſhe find you over-heard her, ſhe will certainly face you down, ſhe knew of your being there, and that ſhe receiv'd me kindly only to revenge your affronting Jealouſy.

L. *Lov.* Um! [*Smiling.*] You are mighty cautious—I give you my Honour to obſerve your Directions.

Lon. Follow *Trifle*, my Lord. [*She places L.* Lovemore *unſeen.*] Here, Child, there's another Purſe for thy good Service: Let your Lady know I am here.—[*Exit* Trifle] So! now for a little ſcandalous Raillery upon your top Beauties of Quality, to recommend my Judgment in her: Let me ſee! Which will be my beſt Way to deliver my Paſſion?—Pox, I need not ſtudy ſet Speeches; for ſhe has ſo much of Coquet in her, that you can no more fall from the Diſcourſe of Love in her Company, than you can be raiſed to act it in her Theatre:

ther's: My Design has hitherto been so prosperous, I can hardly think Success will fail me now.—Besides, the Liberty of my Friend, draws the Curtain to my Sister's Hopes.—But, see! she is here!

Enter Leonora, *new dress't.*

Leo. Lord!—Mr. *Longville!* what Accident has bless us with your good Company? For unless some extra ordinary Business brings you, you are no more to b seen, than a Lawyer in Term time.

Lon. O! Madam! my Life's an eternal Term; Love's my Cause, and you are my Judge.

Leo. Poor Wretch! I have him now! [*Aside.*] I shall be glad to be of Counsel for you.

Lon. To tell you the Truth, Madam, 'twas a little of your Advice I now came for; for my Cause is coming on this very Moment: Gad take me, it has cost me the Lord knows what to qualify me for the Bar of Love: I resolved now to make my Appearance! Have you perceiv'd no Alteration in me, Madam, these two Days?

Leo. I'll swear, I think I have. Won't you sit, Mr. *Longville?*

Lon. Hey! who's there?

Enter a Footman to Longville.

Bid the Coachman go Home, and—let five of my Men wait me at *Chaves*'s, you only below, I am in private. ——Hey! let 'em all stay, I'd have the World know where I pay my Devoir. [*Bows.*

Leo. Well, I swear, Mr. *Longville*, nothing speaks a Gentleman more than his Equipage, the whole Ring Yesterday took Notice of your Chariot. Ah! Jesu! such a lolling easy Air! Then the six clean Creatures that drew it had their Manes and Tails so finely curl'd and powder'd, that their very Motion gave a new-born Sweetness to the Ev'ning.

Lon. Do you know, Madam, that the great *Dutch* Beau, Mynheer *Van Powderback*, offer'd me a Hundred Guineas for a Brace of their Tails, to make him a Peruke.

Leo.

Leo. Let me die! but you are a ſecond *Phaeton!* This Equipage and Chariot, were enough to ſet the whole Beau-Mond on Fire! Jeſu! 'tis not ten Days ago, ſince you were the ſtrangeſt rough Creature, always in a plain Coat: But two Horſes to your Coach, a ſingle Footman behind it and ſcarce Powder enough in your Periwig to whiten the Inſide of it.

Lon. Ha! ha! Gad take me, Madam, your Ladyſhip has hit me.

Leo. But, Jeſu! who is this powerful Beauty, that has wrought this wonderous Alteration?

Lon. Your Ladyſhip is very intimate with her: Can't you gueſs her, Madam?

Leo. O! Sir, 'twere hard to do that among ſo many Beauties, as this Town affords.

Lon. Beauties! ha! ha! Pray, Madam, do me the Favour to name one of thoſe Things you call Beauties, that a Gentleman can bear the Thoughts on?

Leo. O! Fie! Mr. *Longville!* there's a World of 'em! What do you think of my Lady *Slattern Pinchit?* She is an Heireſs, underſtands the Management of a Family to a Miracle; and, I vow, has really a great deal of Wit.

Lon. Ha! ha! ha! my Lady *Slattern Pinchit!* I muſt confeſs ſhe has two Two Thouſand Pounds a Year to recommend her nauſeous Houſewifry, which is enough to turn one's Stomach! Pray, Madam, let me give you an Account of a Viſit I made her, at her Lodgings at *Bath*, laſt Summer.

Leo. O filthy *Iriſh* Creature, the very Apprehenſion of it gives me the Vapours: For Heaven's Sake no more!

Lon. Nay, Gad, Madam, it's worth your hearing: You muſt know I had a mind to ſurprize her; when I was got up Stairs, I bolted into her Bed-Chamber, where I found my prudent Lady, and her Couſin, bare-headed, at Dinner——upon the Remains of a cold Leg of Lamb and Cucumbers!

Leo. O! my Soul!

Lon. The Sight of me drove them immediately into the Cloſet; from whence they curs'd and ſtorm'd at me

thro' the Key-hole, worſe than if I had caught them naked: In the mean time I took a View of her Chamber, and found under her Chair Half a Bottle of *Briſtol* Milk, upon the Seat of it lay her Garters, and a Pair of Green Worſted Stockings, and upon the Back of it hung a daub'd Diaper Napkin, above an Inch thick of Pomatum.

Leo. Inſupportable!

Lon. Upon her Toilet lay the Overplus of her Complexion, in the Print of three Red Fingers upon the Corner of a Callico Nightrail.

Leo. O! I ſhall die!

Lon. Upon the Cheſt of Drawers lay a Pair of old Slippers, with a dirty Suit of Night Cloaths, a Pound of Butter, and a raw Fillet of Veal wrapt in the Tail of her Bathing Smock.

Leo. Ah! [*Squealing out.*

Lon. I'gad, Madam, if you are ſo better at pointing me out a Conqueſt, I ſhall ev[illegible] be encourag'd to attack your Ladyſhip.

Leo. O, Jeſu! I'll name all the Town firſt! Not but I believe I may ſtop at ſine Mrs. *Courtly*, ſhe that my Lord *Cou'd-not-brook* fought about.

Lon. I'll commend her, to ſee how ſhe will take it. [*Aſide.*] She is very handſome, Madam, and all the World allows her a Woman of extraordinary Breeding!

Leo. Do they ſo, Sir! Nay, I'll ſwear I can't blame you: Really ſhe is very much a Gentlewoman! ſo eaſy! ſo free! ſo agreeable and good-humour'd! I vow to Gad my Lady *Cenſure* and I were ready to fall out about her; ſhe ſays ſhe is the moſt affected Piece that ever croſs'd the Drawing-Room, one of her ſideling Curt'ſys turns her Stomach.

Lon. Why faith, Madam, as my L[illegible]y ſays, now and then ſhe does ſcrew herſelf confounded.

Leo. O the moſt intolerable, vain, [illegible] Creature breathing; the Deuce take me, Mr. *Longaville*, if ſhe had not the Confidence to report that Sir *John Loverule* was kill'd upon her Account.

Lon. Suſpicious! all the World knows, Madam, he fell a Victim to your Eyes! S'Death! how loth ſhe is to loſe the Glory of a Man's Murder! [*Aſide.*

L. *Lov.* [*Behind.*] What! does he fool with me? Is this the worſt of her he can ſhew me? Women are all cenſorious; but now it may be Complaiſance to him, that makes her ſo. I will have Patience; for ſhou'd I interrupt him, there wou'd be no End of his idle Jealouſies.

Lon. Still wide, Madam; the Lady I mean is one, whoſe Senſe and Beauty, ev'n envious Wit can find no Fault in.

Leo. Jeſu! Mr. *Longville*, this is a Compliment to the whole Sex, to believe there can be ſuch a Woman: I'll ſwear I wou'd give the World to know her.

Lon. Will you hear me, Madam, if I name her? Have I your Word, it ſhall not make you leave the Room.

Leo. Prithee, what ſhou'd you think that? You don't intend to conjure with her Name, I hope.

Lon. No, Madam, I only dread the Magic of her Eyes!

Leo. Jeſu! what makes you ſo grave?

Lon. 'Twere an Inſolence unpardonable, Madam, to ſee a Malefactor merry at the Bar.

Leo. What do ye mean?

Lon. To take my Trial, Madam, for the Crime of Love; therefore I claim the Promiſe of your Counſel, and beg to know if it were poſſible for a Lover to make his Paſſion grateful to you, in what Manner wou'd you moſt willingly receive it? Deliver'd with a gay Aſſurance, between Jeſt and Earneſt, or with a rough downright Bluntneſs; or elſe, with all the paſſionate ſubmiſſive Vows, that Love and Truth cou'd teach him?

Leo. Your own Reaſon will reſolve you. A real Paſſion can't be jeſted with, and your rough Lover is a Brute: No! I own 'tis Tenderneſs, and ſoft Complaint, a dying Look, Heart-breaking Sighs, and Tears, alone cou'd move my Nature to a relenting Pity.

Lon. So! now she has instructed me! I [illegible] with a good Assurance! [*Aside.*] You cou[ld] despise a Lover so complaining.

Leo. Nature itself abhors so barbarous [a] [illegible]

Lon. Then give me leave to kneel before yo[u]

L. *Lov.* Ha! this is to the Purpose.

Leo. The Fool's undone! Ruin'd past Red[emption] [*Aside*] Jesu! Prithee rise!

Lon. Not till you assure me, that you be[lieve] serious.

Leo. Well!—a—Rise! I dare do that, whil[e] sitting.

L. *Lov.* Confusion! she rejects him not,

Leo. I'll vow you surprize me, Mr. *Longville*, I never dream'd of Love from you!

Lon. My Lord *Lovemore*, Madam, being long my Friend before he was my Rival, oblig'd me to conceal my Passion from the World, and you: Nay, so sacred was my Friendship, that ev'n Opportunity, which, Madam, our Intimacy has often given me, could not hitherto betray me to a guilty Glance.——But, now the Violence of my Love forces me to confess my Soul, to sacrifice that Friend, and curse him by the Name of Rival: Therefore, in spite of Bonds, [*Kneeling*] to you I offer up my Heart, and shou'd his interposing Vows but rob me of a Smile of yours, his Life's the Sacrifice I'll make to your mistaken Charity.

Leo. Fie! Mr. *Longville*, this to me! Lord! what do you mean?

Lon. What the Devil shall I say now? [*Aside.*

L. *Lov.* So tame at the Discovery! [*Behind.*

Lon. In Pity, Madam, think me real, and if you have already bless him with the rich Treasure of your conquer'd Heart, be at least so generously cruel to confirm the Truth of it to a miserable despairing Wretch; and from this Moment my Passion shall be dumb, and trouble you no more.

L. *Lov.* Ha! I am tortur'd with my Fears. [*Behind.*

Leo. [*Aside*] Well, is there any Rapture like the Glory of a prostrate Lover? Now to raise his giddy Hopes, while

like his Shadow, I ſtill fly before him; ſeem
y near, yet never to be o'ertaken.—Pray riſe!
Never while my Rival ſtands before me in your

Jeſu! ſure you are not in Earneſt.
Your Coldneſs, Madam, tells me, indeed, you
ot have me ſo.—Nay then, my Rival has your
nd you, in generous Pity to my Love, wou'd
al it.—[*Riſes.*]—No, Madam, there's
this to chuſe, that ſince I can't be yours to be
o more—Madam! Farewell. [*Unbuttons himſelf.*]
be happy in my Rival's Love—His Life I
t, dare not touch, becauſe 'tis dear to you
—But thus I ſacrifice my own. [*Offering to draw.*
Leo. Ah! for Heaven's Sake, what do you mean?
[*Holds him.*
Lon. To trouble you no more. [*Struggling.*
Leo. Lord! I hope you won't offer any Miſchief!
Hear me but ſpeak.
Lon. You have ſaid too much already: Pray let me
die in quiet. S'Death will no one hinder me, or no? [*Aſide.*
Leo. O dear Mr. *Longville*, don't talk of dying! Jeſu!
if he ſhou'd kill himſelf here, he wou'd ſpoil my Floor:
Beſides, I ſhall loſe the Pleaſure of fooling him. [*Aſide.*
Pray give me your Sword?
Lon. Madam, Deſpair and Life are inſupportable.
Leo. Hold! O hold!—You have touch'd my Soul ſo
tenderly, that with a Thouſand burning Bluſhes I muſt
entreat you live, if Hope can ſave you. O! never let
the Fear of any Rival ſhock your Hopes, and leaſt my
Lord *Lovemore*; his Perſon, and his grave Behaviour
were ever my Averſion: Had not my Mother's Com-
mands forbid me, I had long ago inform'd him ſo.
Lon. Surprizing Comfort!
L. *Lov.* Pernicious Jilt! [*Behind.*
Lon. 'Twas reported, Madam, 'twou'd have ſuddenly
been a Match between you.
Leo. What he may report, I know not. But, when
I marry him, aſſure yourſelf it ſhall be when I deſpair
of any one elſe.—A dull conſtant Aſs, born to bear

the Burden of a ſlighted Lover: A Lump of Lin[illegible] to be fir'd with cold Water.—Think no more [illegible] Had I not vow'd a ſingle Life, your Merit abo[illegible] the World wou'd charm me into Marriage: But ſince that Bleſſing is deny'd me, let me at leaſt live happy in your Friendſhip.

L. *Lov.* By Heav'n! her very Words to me. [*Aside.*

Lon. Now! I have enough! [*Drops his Handkerchief.*] Friendſhip's too cold a Clime, our mutual Happine[ſs] can never flouriſh there.—No! Madam, 'tis only [illegible] warm Soil that ripens all the blooming Joys of and makes that Life, but one eternal Harveſt.

L. *Lov.* So cloſe! I want Patience.

Lord Lovemore *comes forward.*

Madam, your humble Servant.

Leo. Ah! —— [*Shrieking*] I'll ſwear, my Lord, you frighted me.

Lon. I don't like his coming in that Way.

L. *Lov.* I thought, Madam, Mr. *Longville*, of all Mankind, had been your Averſion; and that nothing but his being my Friend could make you endure the Sight of him. I hope you think better of him now, Madam.

Leo. What Devil brought him to ſurprize us in the only guilty Minute. [*Aſide.*] Nay, I muſt confeſs, my Lord, I did not think him ſo unpleaſing, while he was your Advocate.

L. *Lov.* O! then he was kneeling for me all this while!

Leo. Um!——a——ay! my Lord! [*Faultring.*] Jeſu! you don't think it was upon his own Account! This was a lucky Turn. [*Aſide.*

Lon. How ſhe faſtens herſelf in the Nooſe. [*Aſide.*

L. *Lov.* Methinks, Madam, he over-did his Part! To preſs his Arguments in melting Kiſſes upon your ſnowy Hand, thoſe were too warm for Friendſhip.

Leo. O' my Soul he's jealous, Mr. *Longville*! Ha! ha!

L. *Lov.* I ne'er was jealous: I found you falſe before you gave me Leave to doubt you.

Leo.

[illegible]our are ſerious, my Lord! [*Affecting a Surprize.*

L. Lov. Had you been ever ſo with me, I had not [illegible]found myſelf your Fool ſo late: Shou'd I talk with you, I ſhou'd ſtill appear your Fool: For no one ſure can part [illegible]ternally (as I muſt now) with the Hopes of his deſired Happ[illegible]eſs, without a painful Thought; and I am loth [illegible]poſe my Weakneſs: I ſhall not aggravate your [illegible]ng to me, but leave your Conſcience to condemn [illegible]——Farewel for ever. And ſince my Truth and [illegible] are ſo ill rewarded, may henceforth none but [illegible]l Villains kneel before you. [*Going.*

[illegible]tay, my Lord!—I muſt not loſe him ſo: For [illegible]he Town will never tell his Story to my Advantage. [*Aſide.*

L. Lov. My Love ſhall never call me back, good Manners may. [*Aſide.*]——Your Commands, Madam.

Leo. My Lord, you may be in an Error, and I hope have more Generoſity than to condemn me unheard; therefore——

Lov. Hold, Madam! I find your Drift, and faith 'twere too barbarous, ſhou'd I betray you to a farther Guilt, by ſuffering you to excuſe what you have already ſhewn. No! Madam, my Ends are anſwer'd, and now 'tis Time the Jeſt ſhou'd go no farther.

Leo. What do you mean?

Lov. To throw aſide the Maſk of Love, and ſhew a bare-fac'd Friendſhip; and, to tell you, that I ne'er lov'd you, ne'er admir'd you, nay, always had an ill Opinion of you: That I was jealous of your affected Coldneſs to my Friend, and therefore feign'd myſelf his Rival; that you, with artificial Bluſhes, have approv'd my Paſſion, and ſeemingly (for I ne'er thought you real yet to any one) plac'd me neareſt to your Heart, where Heav'n knows I never wiſh'd myſelf: I only ſearch'd it for a Friend, and faith, Madam, had I found him there, I had retir'd with Joy. I aſk your Pardon for my Intruſion into your Favour, Madam.

Leo. Confuſion! trick'd! betray'd! caught in the very Snare that I had laid for him! Now the malicious Town will triumph!

Lov.

Lon. May my Lord go, Madam?

Leo. My Lord, this Usage ill becomes your Honour or my Quality; as for the Insolence of your Friend, I cou'd expect no better from a rejected Lover.

L. *Lov.* I saw no great Signs of his Despair, Madam: But to satisfy you better, I have over-heard every Word you have said this Half Hour.

Leo. Then I am betray'd indeed! That Devil *Longville* has rescued him from Ruin: Confound him both, I shall never dare to shew my Face agen! [*Walks about.*

Lon. Really, Madam, I can't blame the Judgment of your Belle-Passion: For Gallantry, Equipage, and Grandeur, are prevailing Orators——Hey! let my Men wait all without, I'd have the World know where I pay my Devoir.

Leo. Fellow! [*Scornfully.*

Lon. Madam!

Leo. Sir, I have nothing to say to you! Pray be gone.

Lon. Why in such a Passion, Madam!

Leo. Lightning blast thee.

Lon. *Take not a Woman's Anger ill!* [*Turns short and sings.*

Leo. Curse of my treacherous Folly, that urg'd me to believe his Passion real——O that it were——Ha! Can't it be made to be——so?—A sudden Thought revives me!

L. *Lov.* Well, Madam, I ask your Pardon, for consenting to the Extravagance of my Friend's Attempt: But, if you have a Thought that can condemn me for't, now freely give it Breath: For, after this, you'll never see me more.

Leo. My Lord, you know this Apology is needless: I only desire to speak a Word with Mr. *Longville* before he goes. [*Smiling.*

Lon. Me! Madam! with all my Heart. [*They go together.*

Leo. [*To herself.*] Now assist me all the Subtilty of Woman!—If there's a Spark of Love remaining in that Bosom [*Pointing to L.* Lovemore] let one a Smile to light it into Jealousy! What, tho' his Flame be out, I have seen a dying Taper kindled with its own Smoak!——O! to make him burn agen, I'd work a brave Revenge upon this Wretch, this poor extinguisher!

Lon.

Madam! I have not heard you ſay very much while!

Come a little this Way! [*She ſeems familiar with him.*

What the Devil has ſhe got in her Head now?

Lov. Ha! I don't like that whiſpering! S'Death les on him!

[*Aloud.*] Never fear that! if he offers to draw, vants will part you before there can be any Miſ-

S'Death! I don't underſtand you; hark you, !

Leo. I know, my Dear, what you mean; I will tell him all myſelf.

Lon. Ounds! my Dear!

Leo. Prithee! Ridiculous!——Why ſhould we conceal it longer? Both he, and the World muſt know it in a little Time.

Lon. S'Death! She racks me!

L. *Lov.* And me. [*Aſide.*

Leo. Come! I am weary of my odious Part; Beſides, my Lord has no Reaſon to take it ill of you, ſince, as you own, he only wanted a Pretence to leave me for another.

L. *Lov.* Unheard-of Treachery! [*Aſide.*

Lon. I find, Madam, you are deſigning me a Kindneſs; and faith, 'twere Pity to baulk this Fit of your good Nature. Pray go on, Madam; methinks I would fain have my Lord ſatisfied——What a Jilt you are. [*Aſide.*

Leo. Nay, I am reſolv'd he ſhall know all——In ſhort, my Lord, what you over-heard there, was his particular Requeſt to me, to give you a Pretence for leaving me, and at the ſame time to conceal his real Paſſion, by feigning a feigned one to me; and ſince I find, my Lord, that you have been long engag'd elſewhere, I tell you this to let you ſee I have been beforehand with you.

L. *Lov.* Confuſion! he has been my ſecret Rival: Sure Hell ne'er form'd ſo cloſe an Artifice! [*Aſide.*

Lon.

Lon. Ah! dear Madam, I am obliged to you. But faith this won't do. Your humble Servant——Come, my Lord!

L. *Lov.* No, Sir! don't think it ſhall: Though I have been this Lady's Aſs, I will be yours no longer. I don't wonder now you thought her falſe to me!

Lon. My Lord! [*Amaz'd.*

Leo. Fie! Mr. *Longville*, no more of this! The Farce is over now, and I can't bear any thing from you, that looks ſo like Indifference.

Lon. Confound your Kindneſs!

Leo. Nay, I vow I aſk your Pardon: And ſince I find you are ſo unwilling to reveal it, 'tis not gone ſo far, but we may blind him ſtill: 'Tis but your ſeeming to uſe me ill again. Now, begin to rail at me!

Lon. Stupendous Impudence!

L. *Lov.* Inſinuating Slave! [*Aſide.*

Leo. So! ſo! very well, I'll ſwear! ha! ha! ha!

Lon. Fury! Monſter!

Leo. Better yet! O! I ſhall die!

Lon. Harpy! Fiend! Devil!

Leo. Admirably well acted, I'll ſwear—ſo, now take up a little.

Lon. I ſhall obſerve you, Madam.

L. *Lov.* So ſoon inſtructed, Sir? [*Aſide.*

Lon. I find there is no Remedy but Patience: The more I ſtrive, the faſter I am entangled——My Lord, I muſt confeſs, I cannot wonder at your Amazement: But as a Token of my Innocence——

[*Offering his Sword to Lord* Lovemore.

Leo. Be ſure you keep your Countenance.

[*Aloud in his Ear.*

L. *Lov.* S'Death! am I become your Sport?

Lon. Exquiſite Devil! [*Aſtonſhed.*

L. *Lov.* No, Sir, keep your Sword! You may have Occaſion for it——Farewel——[*Exit Lord* Lovemore, *haſtily.*

Lon. Confuſion! he is undone. I've ruined both myſelf and him! Something muſt be thought of ſpeedily.

[Leonora

Flora *looks gravely on* Longville, *and on a sudden bursts into a loud Laughter.*

Flo. Ha! ha! he!

L. Very well! Your Tune may be chang'd, Madam, my Wits won't be idle.

Flo. Wit! from thee! I shall as soon dread it from a Country Parson: Go, Sir, to your Friend, he'll thank you for the Pains you've taken, and certainly admire your Wit. Ha! ha! ha!

Lon. Damn her, she has unman'd me, almost work'd me to the Thoughts of a Revenge. [*Muses.*

Leo. Ha! I see my Mother coming! I'll set her upon him to heighten my Triumph.

Enter Lady Manlove.

L. *Man.* Well, Child, have you done with Mr. *Longville* yet?

Leo. O! Madam, the saddest Accident! Poor Mr. *Longville's* distracted! Look how he chases and frowns! His Fit's upon him now! He abuses ev'ry one he speaks to, has almost frighted me out of my Wits.

L. *Man.* I'll swear, I thought his Behaviour this Morning was a little strange; good luck! Can't you guess at the Occasion, Child?

Leo. I don't know what to think, Madam; but my Lord *Lovemore* tells me you are the Occasion: He says, he has never been right since your Ladyship protested against a second Marriage.——Dear Madam, won't you speak to him?

L. *Man.* Lord! that ever my Rashness shou'd be the Occasion of such a Misfortune! How wild he looks?

Lon. [*To himself.*] To what a Plunge am I reduc'd? I am not only in Danger of forfeiting his Friendship, but of his losing himself again to her: My Life! my Friend! my Honour, all's in Danger: For shou'd he challenge me, my Innocence will not let me answer him! If I refuse, the World may think it Fear. Shou'd I fight, and Fortune put his Life into my Power, ev'n the Gift of that were not enough to clear my Honour; for in his Heart he'll think me still a Villain.

L. *Man.*

L. *Man.* Well! I can hold no longer; the poor Man raves. [*Weeps.*

Leo. It works as I cou'd wiſh. [*Aſide.*

Lon. S'Death! the very Thought on't makes me mad!

L. *Man.* If you love my Life, Mr. *Longville*, let me know that Thought, or I ſhall run mad too?

[*Takes hold on him.*

Lon. Confuſion! Am I fallen into her Clutches?

L. *Man.* Dear Mr. *Longville*, don't be thus frighted; for I had rather break a thouſand Vows, than ſee you in this Condition: All the World ſhan't perſuade me; for I am now reſolv'd to marry you.

Lon. Hark you, Madam, who puts you upon this?

L. *Man.* Lord! wh——wh——Why do you ſtare ſo? [*Trembling.*

Lon. To hear a Woman of your Years talk thus: Pray, Madam, how old are you?

L. *Man.* Why do talk ſo wildly?

Lon. I ſay, Madam, how old are you?

L. *Man.* Nay, dear Sir, don't let my Age diſcourage you: For I hope ſtill to be the Mother of many a dear Child, provided I deſerve for 'em by your reaſonable Endeavours.

Lon. Let me tell you, Madam, you are now big with a falſe Conception, and will certainly miſcarry of it.

[*Going.*

L. *Man.* O! I can't part with you, while you have a Thought that wrongs my Honour. [*Holds him.*

Lon. That's impoſſible! thy Face protects it: Age and Uglineſs lie intrench'd in thy hollow Cheeks, and bid Defiance to all Scandal; yet, thou art every Day diſplaying thy Colours of White and Red, to make the World believe that thou art in Action ſtill.——Come! come! Madam, you had as good give over beating up for Volunteers: For the Devil a Man will you raiſe to ſtarve in thoſe Winter-Quarters. [*Exit.*

Leo. Ha! Gone! I am afraid, Ma[illegible] this Madneſs is affected. I really believe, becauſe [illegible] his Addreſſes,

dreſſes, he was reſolv'd to be reveng'd by affronting your Ladyſhip and me.

L. Man. How! His Addreſſes! Nay, then I'll be revenged: *Olivia* ſhall revenge me: For I will go, and tell her of it immediately.

Leo. O! Madam, I have ſuch a Story of him for your Ladyſhip's Ear!

L. Man. Prithee! let's in, and have it at Dinner.

[*Exit Lady* Manlove.

Leo. What a malicious Devil is this *Longville?* To rob me in one Minute of the Pride of all my Conqueſts. Why let him go! I have ſtill the Glory of a brave Revenge to boaſt! Perhaps his Life may pay for't. If all the Devils in our Sex can ruin him, it ſhall! An unform'd Miſchief lies rowling in my Thoughts, and tells me I ſhall triumph! That Men ſhou'd ever match their Wit with ours! What, but a Woman, cou'd thus have fool'd his treacherous Friend, and a reſenting Lover? Lovers or not, we ſtill defy their boaſted Senſe. But when they love, what Slaves, what Wretches do we make 'em? How eaſy 'tis to look 'em into Ruin?

If they wrong us, we ſeek a brave Revenge,
When we are frail, we make the Injur'd cringe;
Our Eyes prevail, when ſullen Reaſon's deaf,
Our Tears perſuade 'em,——and the Fools believe:
While falſe, we Lord-like reign, and only find,
'Tis being true, that ruins Womankind. [Exit.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE, *a Dining-Room in* Longville's *Houſe.*

Enter Olivia *and* Emilia.

EMILIA.

PRITHEE, my Dear, think better of him.

Oli. I never ſhall! he won't give me leave to do it - If he valued me, or took any Pleaſure in my Commands, he wou'd take leſs in my Lady *Manlove*'s Company. He lives there, I think.

Emi. Bleſs me, can you be jealous of him with a ſtale Widow? he is no younger Brother, my Dear!

Oli. He is a Man, conſequently a Thing that's vain, and loves to be admir'd.

Emi. There are ſuch out-caſt Fops indeed, who, rather than not be lik'd at all, will take up with the common Favours of an old Lady. But I can't think my Brother ſo neceſſitous a Lover, having already merited the good Opinion of my dear *Olivia*; nay, I muſt believe he merits it, or you wou'd not ſo often have confeſs'd it.

Oli. I am not aſham'd to own myſelf in an Error.

Emi. Your greateſt Error is your doubting him: Come! you ſhall think better of him, 'twill oblige your Friend; I am in Pain while you are thus ſevere to him: Have I no Power, dear *Olivia?*

Oli. Kind *Emilia!* I cannot think thou would'ſt uſe that Power, did not thy Brother's Innocence perſuade thee. O! I cou'd devour thee for thy generous Faith to

iſſes her.] And if I love him well, 'tis for
re for thee.
loves me beſt, in loving you ſo faithfully.
loves you, I am ſure he does: For he has
taug[illegible] hitherto, to avoid moſt Women's Friendſhip:
Bu[illegible] mention'd you! O! how he preſs'd me to
m[illegible]ed Choice, and charm'd me with your Virtues.
[illegible] from a Friend aſſures me to be happy: But
blame, my Dear?
[illegible]e it on my Word, not now. 'Tis a Buſineſs
of Concern that keeps him there, I want Time to tell
you what: Have but a little Patience, and his Return
will ſatisfy you. Prithee be good-humour'd, he won't
be long, I am ſure: Here's the Harpſichord to divert
us in the mean time. Come! I will have a Leſſon.

Oli. Prithee, I can't play. [*Uneaſy.*

Emi. Nay, I won't court you, but make you! There!
There! Gentlewoman. [*Pulls her to the Harpſichord.*

Oli. Lord! I am o't in Humour now.—Prithee! can't
you ſend to my Lady *Manlove's*?

Emi. Hum! I find ſhe ſticks in your Stomach ſtill.—
Who's there?

Enter a Servant.

Step to my Lady *Manlove's*, in the *Pall Mall*, and tell
my Brother here is a Lady ſtays for him—make haſte.

[*Exit Servant.*

[Olivia *ſmiles on* Emilia, *and begins to play.*]

Emi. O! have I put you in Tune, Madam?

[*The Tune ended*, Emilia *ſays*]

Emi. Nay, nay, you ſhan't give over ſo! I will have
a Song too.

Oli. Nay, if I ſing——

Emi. If you don't, I ſhall be very angry, Madam.

[Olivia *ſings.*]

Tell me, Belinda, *prithee do*,
(*The wanton* Cælia *ſaid*)
Since you'll allow no Lover true,
(*Inform a tender Maid*)

Are

Are not we Women Fools then to be so?
Belinda *smiling thus her Sex betray'd;*

Men have their Arts, and we have Eyes,
We both believe, and both tell Lies;
Tho' they a thousand Hearts pursue,
We love to wound as many too.

Yet still with Virtue! Virtue! keep a Pother,
We look! we love!
We like! we leave!
We both deceive!
And thus are Fools to one another.

Oli. What! is not this Fellow come back yet? Well! I am out of Patience.

Emi. Prithee what Time did you appoint my Brother, that you are so uneasy?

Oli. I sent him Word to meet me at my Father's at Three this Afternoon, where I find he has neither been, or left any Word for me.

Emi. Why what o'Clock do you take it to be now?

Oli. Past the Hour I am sure: 'Twas after Two before I came from *Kensington*.

Emi. To see how slowly Hours move with absent Lovers: Now my Watch wants above ten Minutes of Two.

Oli. I don't know, I am sure it's past Three by my Inclination.

Emi. Prithee set it back a little: But see, here is the Messenger: Now, I suppose, you may let it go as it will.

Re-enter the Servant.

Did you see my Brother?

Serv. No, Madam, he has not been there this Half Hour.

Oli. And don't they know whither he went?

Serv. No, Madam; but my Lady *Manlove* desires to speak with your Ladyship, and bid me tell you, that perhaps she can satisfy you; if your Ladyship stays here long she will wait on you.

Oli.

Oli. No! no! I'll go to her, ſhe will be an Hour a ſetting herſelf out: Come, my Dear, will you go along with me? Well, I am ſure I ſhall hear no good of him.

Emi. Perhaps not, if my Lady *Manlove* has any thing to ſay of him: But, however, I will bear you Company. How did you come, my Dear?

Oli. O prithee make haſte, my Coach will carry us.

[*Exeunt.*

The SCENE *changes to* Locket's, *in the Street.*

Enter Lord Lovemore *in a Chair.*

L. *Lov.* [*To the Chairmen.*] Hold —— [*To his Servant.* Step into *Lockets*, and enquire if Mr. *Longville* be there ——Don't ſay I would ſpeak with him.

Exit Servant, and returns.

Serv. He is not there, my Lord, but they expect him every Minute.

L. *Lov.* Set me down.—There. [*Gives them Money.*

Chair. God bleſs your Honour. [*Exit Chairmen.*

Lord Lovemore *goes to the Door.*

L. *Lov.* If he comes this Way I am ſure of him.—But I am not ſure of my Revenge in ſo publick a Place. —Let me ſee, how ſhall I manage him? [*Muſes.*

Major Rakish *appears in the Balcony ſmoaking.*

Maj. A hey! Dog! Son of a Whore! ſome more Wine here, quick.

One ſpeaks within, ringing a Bell.

[*Within.*] Here *Tom! Dick!* ſpeak there! —— Coming, Sir.

Maj. Whoo's that, my Lord *Lovemore?* Ods-heart, we have ſtaid this Hour for you! Where's *Charles*, Man! where's *Charles?*

L. *Lov.*

L. *Lov.* He won't be long, I wait for him: We'll be with you presently.

Maj. Prithee make haste. Odsbud, the rarest Haunch of Venison, and Cauliflowers. —— A hey! Dinner there. [*Exit Major.*

L. *Lov.* I have thought on't; there I shall be sure of him. Hey! Waiter!

Enter a Waiter.

L. *Lov.* Have you e'er a Back-Room empty?

Wait. Yes, my Lord, you may have the *Lion*.

L. *Lov.* When Mr. *Longville* comes be sure you show us there.—— [*Exit Waiter.*

How basely has this Man betray'd me? Had he, like a generous Friend to me, confess'd himself my Rival, I then had only griev'd to have found him so, and thought that *Leonora*'s Charms were irresistable; but, like a Traitor, thus to throw a foul Aspersion on my Love, secretly to insinuate that I am false to her: O, 'tis the basest, lowest Act of groveling Treachery! Had he ten Thousand Lives, I would serve them all to my Revenge. Ha! he is here, I'll take him while my Resentment's warm.

Longville *alights from another Chair.*

Lon. I am glad to find you here, my Lord, I would fain speak with you.

L. *Lov.* Come, let's walk up; we are staid for.

Within. Welcome, Sir; please to walk this Way, Gentlemen.

The SCENE *changes to a Back Room in the House. A Waiter shows in Lord* Lovemore *and* Longville; *and Exit.*

Lord Lovemore *claps to the Door, and locks it.*

Lon. Ha! so sudden! Nay, then 'tw[illegible] well that I prepar'd myself.

L. *Lov.* You guess my Meaning, Sir?

Lon. I apprehend your Error, and it grieves me.

L. *Lov.* Doſt thou not bluſh?

Lon. For what? becauſe a Woman has outwitted me? If ſo, my Lord, yourſelf ſhould change your Colour.

L. *Lov.* I find thou art grown an harden'd Villain.

Lon. When your amazing Jealouſy's my Judge, the worſt of Villains. My Reaſon is in Health, and conſtrues nothing ill from a diſtemper'd Friend.

L. *Lov.* Have I not Reaſon to be ſick of thee?

Lov. Thus far you have: When, as a Friend, I offer'd you a Cordial for the Infection of *Leonora*'s Eyes, ſhe, in Revenge, perſuades you 'tis Poiſon. I cannot blame your Fears; but, till you find the Poiſon work, believe me ſtill your Friend.

L. *Lov.* So artful, Sir! You wou'd have me reſpite my Revenge, till you have fix'd my *Leonora*, married, and enjoy'd her. Confuſion! Didſt think I would reſign her tamely to thy Arms? Monſter, no; thou ne'er ſhalt triumph there, till thou haſt made thy Way thro' me ——— Draw——And, if thou haſt any Title to her Heart, diſpute it like a Man: For I am reſolv'd, but one of us ſhall live to claim it.

Lon. By Heav'n, you are on the Brink of Ruin; hear me: But—you know it is not Fear that holds my Arm.

L. *Lov.* 'Tis worſe: Thy cloſe deſigning Craft; thy Aim is ſtill to cheat me with a pretended Friendſhip. No more; I will not give thee Time to form a new Evaſion: Therefore draw; for I have ſworn to ſatisfy my Revenge, and injur'd Love.

Lon. What if I renounce all Claim to *Leonora*, or bind myſelf by ſolemn Contract never to ſpeak, think of, or ſee her more?

L. *Lov.* So tame! No; even this is not enough to ſave thy Life: For tho' thy deſpicable Baſeneſs now prompts thee to forſwear thy Love; yet, ſtill thy foul Detraction has for ever ruin'd mine. *Leonora* thinks me falſe, and only in Revenge has favour'd thee. I ſlight thee as a Rival; but, as a Villain, am reſolv'd to end thee ——Guard thy Life.

Lon.

Lon. Give me but an Hour's Time to prove your Error: Nay, but a Moment now! Hear me but speak!

L. *Lov.* Draw, or I'll nail thee to the Ground.

Lon. Nay, then ——By Heav'n I will be heard.

[*Presents a Pistol.*

L. *Lov.* Ha! What means the Villain!

Lon. Stir not, as you prize your Life ——And now I'll own myself a Villain; I mean for my betraying *Leonora*, had not you been blind to your Scorn: For tho' I knew her false, I took too base a Way to prove her so: Nothing cou'd excuse me but the Height of Friendship. Were what I have done presented on a Stage, all generous Souls wou'd hate me for the Part I have acted: But since my good Intention is so ill rewarded by your ungrateful Jealousy, I here retort the Villain back; and in Defiance of thy Rage, thus arm a Madman's Frenzy. [*Offers him another Pistol.*] I wou'd answer with my Sword; but, as you know being disabled by a late Wound in my Arm, I thought if you, were resolv'd on Death, this was the surer Way too for one of us to find him. Now, make your Choice, my Lord.

[*L.* Lov. more *takes one.*

L. *Lov.* Now thou art a worthy Rival: No more, but both retire; and then advancing, as our Fate directs us, never let us meet again.

[*They advance from each End of the Room, and fire on one another*; Lon. *falls.*

Lon. Now, *Leonora*'s yours: Fly, my Lord, and save yourself.

L. *Lov.* No, I have kill'd thee bravely, therefore will not fly: Thy Life was forfeited to thy Breach of Friendship; and, tho' the Law has no Regard to an honourable Revenge, yet there's a higher Power that controuls its Rigour, where I am sure so just an Action will have Mercy.

Within. Open the Door there! Open the Door.

L. *Lov.* Who are you?

Y. Ra. Friends, my Lord; your Friends.

Within. Hey! A Lever there! Lets break it open.

L. *Lov.*

L. *Lov.* You shall not need. [*Unlocks the Door.*] Now Gentlemen, you may enter.

Enter the Major, Young Rakish, *a Gentleman, and several People of the House.*

Maj. Why, how now, my Lord! What the Devil, have you more Stomach to a Brace of Bullets, than a good Slice of Venison? A Pox on your fore'd Meat, Odsbud I don't like it.——Why, what's the Matter, Man?

Y. *Ra.* Ha! *Longville* wounded!

Gent. Pray, my Lord, how came this?

L. *Lov.* That you shall know another Time; let it suffice, I own myself the Man that kill'd him: I glory in the Action, and will answer it to the Law.——Pray, Gentlemen, keep out the Crowd; for I wou'd not give Fools a Holiday before my Time.

Maj. Clear the Room there.——You Dog, run for a Surgeon quickly.——Let's see, what is there no Hopes? Here, here, *Jacky*, help him up a little—[*They set him in a Chair.*]—What a Devil, is he quite gone! Plague on't, now must I go to Law with his Executors for my Five Hundred Pounds: Why, what an unfortunate Son of a Whore wert thou to leave it in his Hands!

Y. *Ra.* Any Hands, but yours, dear Daddy. Ha! he stirs.

Maj. Ah! dear *Charles*, the Five Hundred Pounds! What hast thou done with it? Speak! speak! my dear Boy, where is't?

Y. *Ra.* S'Death, Sir, is that a Question to ask a dying Man?

Maj. It is too much Money, Sir, for a dying Man to run away with.

Gent. Here, some fair Water there.

Lon. [*Rising.*] I am obliged to you for your Care, Gentlemen; But, at present, there is no Occasion for it.

Maj. What a Devil, does he walk before he is dead?

Y. *Ra.* Why, how now *Charles*? Alive again, and unhurt! How is't?

L. *Lov.* Ha! what Devil has inſtructed him thus to baffle my Revenge?

Lon. And now, my Lord, I'll prove myſelf again your Friend: I fear'd your Jealouſy would break into ſome Extravagance; and to deceive its Rage, took Care to arm you with an unloaded Piſtol: I knew the Noiſe would bring in People to prevent a ſudden Miſchief, and give me Time to clear my Innocence; which, if I now don't convince you of in an Hour, dare me to the Field; if I refuſe you then, think me a Villain ſtill, and poſt me for a Coward.—— If you believe I ſpeak this out of Fear, my Lord, you wrong your Conſcience: For I have giv'n Proof, when your Occaſions call'd me, that I eſteem'd my Honour more than Life.

L. *Lov.* I own it true, and 'tis that Thought encourages me to embrace the Offer; in the mean time, I will ſtruggle with my Reaſon to believe thee innocent.

Maj. Look you, my Lord, tho' I know nothing at all of this Buſineſs, yet I know *Charles* is a very honeſt Fellow, and I'll ſtand by him. If he muſt have Occaſion for a Second, Odsbud, old *Dick*'s his humble Servant. [*Claps Lon. on the Back.*

Y. *Ra.* Nay then, Sir, little *Jacky*'s oblig'd in Honour to be my Lord's.

Maj. Well ſaid, Wickedneſs: There's an ingenious Dog! Now, rather than be out of Miſchief, will he fight with his own Father.

Y. *Ra.* Why faith, old Gentleman, you have liv'd out of all Conſcience; and, unleſs I make an Hole in your Lungs, I find I ſhall never make one in your Eſtate.

Maj. It's a good Lad!—Why thou wilt have a Thouſand Pounds a Year, my little *Jacky*, if thou art not hang'd before I die.

Enter a Waiter.

Wait. Gentlemen, your Dinner is upon the Table.

Maj. Come, come, walk in my Lord, I am reſolv'd to ſee you Friends again.

L. *Lov.* I ſhall be glad of an Occaſion, Sir.

Lon. Fear not, my Lord, my Honour is engag'd to give it you. [*Exeunt.*

The SCENE *changes to Lady* Manlove's *House.*

Enter Trifle *and* Lettice.

Tri. Well, *Lettice*, this is a rare Family we live in: For, what between the Amours of my Lady *Leonora*, and the Over-fondness of her Mother my Lady *Manlove*, we are in a very fair Way of making our Fortunes.

Lett. Nay, for my Part, I have no reason to complain: For if I have but a Mind to a particular Suit of Knots, or a Gown of my Lady's, 'tis but commending her Complexion in a quite contrary Colour, and the Business is done; and if you have but a new Intrigue to entertain her with, her Soul's your own. O law! did I never tell you how she serv'd an amorous Book of Major *Rakish*'s t'other Day.

Tri. No; prithee, how was it?

Lett. Why you must know last Week she borrow'd a *French* Novel of him; and, being told there was one deadly smutty Page in it, she very discreetly begg'd him to double it down, that she might be sure to avoid it: But when she gave him the Book again, that poor Page was more thumb'd and blurr'd, than the Beginning of a School-Boy's Accidence.

Tri. Ha! ha! and no doubt but she took more Pains to get it by heart. But hark you, *Lettice*, now you talk of a School-Boy, how stands your Affair with my Lady's Son, Mass *Johnny*?

Lett. O in a very fair Way, I can assure you. He pretends to comply with his Mother's Design in going to St. *Omers*; but I know it's only his Cunning to try whether or no I shall be concern'd to part with him: Now I am unwilling to lose him by being too forward, and am resolv'd to drive Things to an Extremity before I consent to marry him.

Tri. How! to marry him; why I thought you only design'd to make a Fool of him.

Lett. Why that's making an Husband of him. I think: O dear, here comes my Lady; I'll tell you more anon.

Enter a Gentleman, with Olivia, Emilia *and Lady* Manlove.

Gent. [*To* Olivia.] What I have told you, Madam, is Word for Word, as I had it from Mr *Longville*'s own Mouth. Well, Ladies, I have perform'd my Duty, and now must beg your Pardon: I left him at *Locket*'s, and promised him to return immediately.

L. *Man.* Cousin, your Servant.

Oli. Sir, I thank you, I am glad you have eas'd us of our Fears.

Gent. Madam, your humble Servant. [*Exit Gent.*

Emi. Now, my Dear, I hope you are satisfied of my Brother's Truth.

Oli. It seems my Lord is not yet satisfied of his Friendship.

Emi. But you hear he has engag'd to convince him of it in an Hour.

Oli. When he does that, I shall know how to settle my Opinion.

Enter to them Leonora.

Leo. Ladies, your Servant: I hope you have heard Mr. *Longville* is alive still.

Emi. Yes, Madam, and I hope will live to give a Proof very shortly both of his Love and Friendship.

Leo. As for his Friendship, that I can't answer for; but, I confess, I have no Reason to complain of him as a Lover.

Oli. How, Madam!

Emi. You have no Reason to complain of him as a Lover!

L. *Man.* O dear Ladies! is that such News to you? Well, I find of all People, your near Relations never trust one another with their Love secret.

Emi. This Insolence is insupportable! [*Aside.*] Pray, Madam, what Proof has my Brother ever given of his Love to you?

Leo. Nay, I can't ſwear, that he has given any certain Proof; for now-a-days Men offer Marriage, as their Intereſt directs them, not their Love.

Oli. I ſee Women are more vain, than Men are falſe. Now, Madam, I am concern'd, and I muſt tell you, you are the laſt of Womankind cou'd make me ſo far jealous of Mr. *Longville*: I know the Race of Man wou'd fall, were only he and you alive to raiſe it.

Leo. I ſee Vanity, Madam, is a raging Vice among our Sex; and, when it meets with a Diſappointment, it knaws itſelf to Envy. [*Scornfully.*

Oli. Yes, and Revenge too, Madam; which I find is now your Aim for Mr. *Longville*'s diſappointing you of my Lord *Lovemore*.

Leo. All Happineſs, Madam, is Opinion; believe he loves you, and you are happy ſtill.

Oli. No, Madam, let Opinion be your Security, I will be contented with Demonſtration: Were there no other Way to ſatisfy my Lord *Lovemore*'s Jealouſy, I would marry him this very Minute.

Emi. [*To* Leo.] Dear Madam, ſay all the provoking Things you can to make her purſue that Reſolution, if it be but to heighten your own Triumph!

Leo. How, Madam! marry him this very Minute? Why, ſure you wou'd not raviſh him; for I can never believe he will conſent to it.

Oli. You are not the firſt Lady, Madam, that has miſtaken good Manners for Love.

Leo. Nor he the firſt Man, Madam, that has conceal'd his Love with good Manners. Look you, Madam, not that I am fond of publiſhing my Conqueſt; but if you will give me Leave, I will write to him this very Minute, and you ſhall judge what Intereſt I have in him by his Anſwer.

Oli. You had as good let it alone, Madam; it's ten to one but he diſappoints you again.

Leo. However, Madam, you will give me Leave to try my Power. [*Smiling.*] Some Pens and Paper there.

Oli. What are you going to do, Madam?

Leo. To write to Mr. *Longville*, Madam.

Oli. [*Pauſing.*] ——— I declare it, ſhe provokes me! ——— And dare you let me ſee what you write, Madam?

Leo. Freely, Madam, if you'll give yourſelf the Trouble.

Oli. Pſhah! ——— Well, Madam! Pray, give me Leave to write to him too?

Leo. All the Reaſon in the World, Madam.

Oli. I am amaz'd! Why, Madam, will you write to him?

Leo. With your Permiſſion, Madam.

Oli. Sure, I don't underſtand you! I mean to Mr. *Longville.*

Leo. Ay! ay! to Mr. *Charles Longville*, this Lady's Brother: I will write to him to meet me within Half an Hour, at Mrs. *Siam*'s, the *Indian-Houſe*, in St. *James*'s *Street*; and, for both our Satisfactions, do you appoint him in another Place, at the very ſame Time.

Enter a Servant with Pen and Paper.

Oli. So poſitive! This is to convince you, Madam. [*Sits to write.*

Emi. [*To* Leo.] I don't know what your Meaning may be; but I am ſure, Madam, my Brother will be obliged to you for his Happineſs. You'll gain him more in one Minute, as her pretended Rival, than Half an Age of Love cou'd purchaſe him.

Leo. [*Aſide.*] Poor eaſy Fool! His Happineſs! no his Ruin, or my Wit ſhall fail me. [*Sits to write.*

Emi. [*To Lady* Man.] Methinks, Madam, this is a very odd Undertaking, for a Couple of Ladies to draw two ſeveral Bills upon a Gentleman's Heart, and both payable at Sight: 'Tis well, if he don't prove a true Banker, and make them wait his Leiſure for the Payment.

L. *Man.* O Madam! the Fund of Love is never ſo low; young Men have always a little running Caſh to ſupply a preſent Occaſion.

Emi. Ay, Madam, but one had as good be without it. It is commonly upon very hard Conditions.

L. *Man.*

L. *Man.* I'll swear, Madam, there you are in the right; for now a days, a Woman can no more expect to receive a Billet-deux in honourable Love, than a Bill of Exchange, in all Ready Money.

Emi. Ay, Madam! You see what ill Women, and Clippers have brought us to!

L. *Man.* Nay, Madam, don't lay the Fault upon us poor Women; for, to my Knowledge, 'tis the false Men, that offer their base Love.

Emi. But the Women —— take it, Madam.

L. *Man.* Not all of them, Madam, as you wou'd say yourself, if you knew what severe Repulses I have given young *Rakish*: Nay, I can assure you the old Gentleman, the Major too, has made his Attempts. Well, Madam, if I thought you wou'd be secret, I cou'd tell you more too ——

Emi. Than I desire to know, I find! [*Aside.*] If you please Madam, another Time. Well —— have you done, Ladies?

Leo. Yes, Madam! I have finish'd mine.

Oli. I have but two Words more —— So!

Leo. Now, Madam, if you please we will read 'em.

(*Leonora* reads her Letter.)

"*My Resolution still holds of meeting you in Half an* "*Hour* (*according to your first Appointment*) *at Mrs.* Siam's; "*dear Mr.* Longville, *be careful of my Lord* Lovemore, "*whom you will find it hard to over-reach a second Time*: "*While he is deluded, nothing can disturb the Happiness of* "*your*

"LEONORA."

Emi. Phooh! She'll never send this Letter. —— Come, my Dear, now let's hear yours.

(*Olivia* re[illegible]

"*The Town is in a very scandalous Story, concerning* "*your Quarrel with my Lord* Lovemore. *Pray, let me see*

" you at my Father's in Half an Hour; for, I am impatient " till I know the real Truth: Fail not a Minute, as you " prize the Quiet of your

"OLIVIA."

Emi. The Quiet of your *Olivia!* Nothing but Death I am ſure will hinder him from obeying ſo kind a Summons.

Leo. Very well! If you'll give me Leave, Madam, I will ſeal it for you.

Oli. No, I won't trouble you, Madam.

Leo. No Trouble, Madam: Pray, oblige me. [Oli. *gives* Leo. *the Letter.*] Have you your Seal about you, Madam? [*To L.* Man.]

L. Man. I muſt know your Deſign. [*Aſide.*] Ay, Child!

[*L.* Man. *pretends to be ſome Time ſeeking for her Seal.*

Leo. [*Softly to L.* Man.] Now, Madam, do you keep them in Diſcourſe a little, while I alter one Word in her Letter.

L. Man. Ha! What Word?

Leo. Inſtead of her Father's, I will put in Mrs. *Siam*'s, the very ſame Place Mr. *Longville* is to meet me at.

L. Man. Admirable! But what will you do with your own Letter?

Leo. That I will take Care, by a pretended Miſtake, ſhall come to my Lord *Lovemore*'s Hands. Aſk no more Queſtions, Madam; give me the Seal quickly.

L. Man. O! now I have found it! There, Child. [*Aloud.*] [*L.* Man. *gives* Leo. *the Seal, and goes to the Lady; while they ſeem to talk,* Leo. *alters the Letter, and ſeals it.*]

Leo. There's your Letter, Madam. [*To* Oli.

Oli. Who's there?

Enter a Servant to Olivia.

Here! Step [illegible], and give this Letter to Mr. *Longville!* If you don't find me here, bring me an Anſwer to my Father's.

Leo[illegible]

Leonora *offering to seal her own Letter.*

Oli. Hold! Madam, once more to my Satisfactio let me see if this be the same Letter you show'd me?

Leo. The Consequence wou'd have convinced yo Madam; but I can't blame you for believing you Eye

Oli. 'Tis the same. [*She returns it to* Leo. *who* *als i* Pray let me see you send it, however.

Leo. Within there!

Enter a Servant to Leonora.

Run with this to Mr. *Longville*, at *Lock*[illegible]s. [*He* *ing.*] D'ye hear! —— —— Stay below till farthe der. [*Softly.*] It requires no Answer, make Haste a [*A*

Oli. *Emilia!* are you not amaz'd? You see sh sent the Letter! He will not meet her, sure!

Emi. I know not what to think!

Oli. Wou'd I had never sent him mine: I begi fear her now.

Emi. Don't let her see you do. I am as impatien the Event, as thou art.

Oli. Dear *Emilia*, go with me to my Father's, I in a thousand Fears, and dare not trust myself alone.

Emi. Ladies, your Servant.

Leo. Your Servant, Madam.

L. *Man.* Dear Ladies, your most essential humb Servant. [*Exeu*

Leo. *Trifle!*

Enter Trifle.

Tri. Madam.

Leo. Look me out a Hood, and Scarf, and M and bid *Sam.* come to me.

Tri. Yes, Madam.

L. *Man.* [*Aside.*] I am resolv'd to encou[illegible] her in this Design, because it forwards my Revenge upon Mr. *Longville*, for slighting the Advances I made him.—— Well, my Dear, while you are pursuing this Affair, I'll take care to dispatch your Brother *Johnny*, when he is

nce diſpos'd of, let me alone to manage the Eſtate; the urdy Oak ſhall bow their Heads, I'll make 'em know heir Miſtreſs. [*Exit.*

Re-enter the Servant to Leonora.

Le. Have you my Letter?

Ser. Yes, Madam.

L. Go to *Locket's*, and ſend it up to my Lord *Love-*by a Waiter; if my Lord queſtions you about it, him down you bid the Fellow give it to Mr. *Long-*. [*Exit Serv.*] I think my Project cannot fail; for ny Lord's Reſentment, or *Olivia's* Jealouſy, any my Ends are anſwered. It has all the various Mo- of a Clock, and points me to the Day, the Hour, the very Minute of Revenge. [*Exit.*

The SCENE *changes to* Locket's.

d Lovemore, Longville, *the Major, his Son, and a Gentleman are drinking at a Table.*

Maj. Odſbud, my Lord, you are not merry: I am e *Charles* is a very honeſt Fellow; but you don't look if you were heartily reconcil'd to him: Pox o' theſe ndſome young Jades, they are good for nothing but put People out of Humour.

L. Lov. You miſtake me, Sir, I am very merry; and tisfy you that I am not out of Humour. Pray, Sir, nd me the Flaſk. Come, Sir, [*to* Long.] to a right nderſtanding between us.

Lon. I thank you, my Lord: I don't like this Cere-nony.

Enter a Waiter with Olivia's *Servant at the Door.*

Wait. Is Mr. *Longville* here, Gentlemen?

Lon. Ay! who wou'd ſpeak with me?

Wait. A Footman waits at the Door, Sir.

Foot. Sir, I have a Letter for you.

Lon. Ha! from *Olivia!* [*Reads.*] um!—um!—*Let me ſee you at Mrs.* Siam's *in half an Hour*——Humph! How

How comes she to fancy that Place—Um!—Um!—*Fail not as you prize the Quiet of your*——Olivia.——So kind! This is fortunate! if I can persuade her in this Humour to make me some Acknowledgments before my Lord: Sure! that must convince him of my Innocence. [*He whispers the Footman, who goes out.*] Gentlemen, I must ask your Pardon; I have a little urgent Business fallen out!——And now, my Lord, I propose in less than an Hour, to give you the Satisfaction I promis'd you.

L. *Lov.* Where shall I find you?

Lon. If you please, my Lord, at my own House.

L. *Lov.* I'll not fail. [*Walks apart.*

Lon. Come, Gentlemen, I'll make the Venison mine. There. [*Throws down two Guineas.*

Y. *Ra.* O fye! *Charles!* Your Club is not Half this, by no Means.

Maj. Let's see! let's see! [*Snatching 'em out of Y.* Ra. *Hand.*] What is't? Two Guineas! Odsheart, this is too much of all Conscience! Why! what dost thou mean?

Lon. Gentlemen, I brought you hither.

Maj. [*Pausing.*] Well!——a——I'll pay your Club, *Charles:* Don't forget to ask me for the Overplus. [*Puts 'em into his Pocket.*

Y. *Ra.* Humph! If he does, Sir, you will put him in mind on't I suppose.

Maj. Why what's that to you, Sawce! What have you to say to it?

Y. *Ra.* Nay, Sir, nothing at all, not I: The Guineas are good Guineas, and in my Opinion, they are in very good Hands too.

Maj. What you have a mind to finger 'em, have you? Brass! Humh!

Y. *Ra.* No, Sir, I seldom meddle under Five Hundred.

Maj. Odso! that's true, my little *Jacky! Charles!* the Five Hundred Pounds, you forgot that, my dear Boy.

Lon. I ask your Pardon, Major: But I have left it below.

below. [*To a Waiter.*] Bid your Maſter ſend me up that Money I gave him. [*Exit Waiter.*

Y. *Ra.* Pſhah! you need not give yourſelf that Trouble, *Charles*; I have no great Occaſion for it now.

Maj. Humh! That's true again, my little *Jacky!* But you know a body wou'd be ſure 'tis ſafe! Humh!

The Waiter returns, and gives the Money to Longville.

Lon. [*To the Gent.*] Dear *Ned*, I muſt engage you to be Truſtee: If the Major won't come to Compoſition, keep it till I ſee you again: My Lord, your humble Servant; Gentlemen, I am yours.

Maj. O, that's well! but prithee *Ned*, let's ſee if it be right, my dear Boy.

Offering to take it from the Gent. Y. Ra. *pulls him by the Sleeve.*

Y. *Ra.* Hark you, Sir! I am conſidering what will be my beſt Way to diſpoſe of this Money.

Maj. Humh! Diſpoſe of it, didſt thou ſay! *Newgate!* Humh!

Y. *Ra.* Ay, Sir, for you know theſe are very good Times to improve Ready-Money in!

Maj. Ay, and Impudence too, my little *Jacky*: For now-a-days if a Man have but a good brazen Face, it does not ſignify whether he has any Money in his Pocket, or no.

Y. *Ra.* Why, therefore, Sir, I conſider'd, 'twas no great Matter how little you carried about you.

Maj. It's a good Lad! Hark you! *Jacky*, Was you never [illegible] of Countenance?

Y. *Ra.* Humh! Yes, Sir, for you ſometimes; as laſt Night, when you cheated me of my Fifty Guineas.

Maj. That Face will get the Dog an Eſtate in time. —— —— Well! then thou haſt a mind to improve this Money, *Jacky?*

Y. *Ra.* Ay, Sir, if you wou'd but put me into a Way.

Maj. Why ſo I will, my little *Jacky*; I'll tell thee what

what thou shalt do with it presently. Let's see! What, is it all in Gold!

[*Offering towards it, Y.* Ra. *steps before him.*

Y. *Ra.* O! you need not trouble yourself to look upon it, Sir, it's all Gold to my Knowledge.

Gent. Come! Faith Major, to make an end of the Business, you shall ev'n divide it; that is, give your Son one half in hand, and (as a careful Father ought) lay up the other, till his Occasions call for it.

Maj. Ay!——That is, give him all, and take the rest to myself! Why really, if it were not for a little Scandal, a Sharper is a very good Trade, I see.

Y. *Ra.* What's that to you, Sir? Dammee! A Sharper! I suppose, you have a mind to tilt for it?

Maj. I shou'd make a very poor Dog of thee, *Jacky*, if it were to be decided that Way: That's a good Look however [*Aside.*

Y. *Ra.* If you think so, Sir, I would have you try.

Maj. Say'st thou so, my little *Jacky*? with all my Heart—— Odshud, I have a Trick to over reach the Dog. [*Aside.*] Look ye, *Ned!* lay the Money fairly upon the Table——Now draw, *Jacky*, Scabbard and all, my dear Boy: For I wou'd not willingly thrust a Sword into my own Bowels. I'll only shew thee what old *Jack* cou'd do upon Occasion; Judgment my Lord.

L. *Lov.* How now, Major; what, Fencing upon a full Stomach?

Y. *Ra.* Only exchanging a Thrust or two, my Lord, for a [illegible] Money.

Maj. Ay! ay! for every Thrust I receive, thou shalt have [illegible] Pounds, *Jacky*; but if I disarm thee, not one Farthing.

Y. *Ra.* Done! Sir.

Maj. Done! my little *Jacky*.

Gent. Well! Gentlemen, are you agreed? Shall it be decided this Way?

Y. *Ra.* Ay, ay, Sir, we are agreed: Come, old Gentleman!

Maj. Look you, my Lord, here's my Guard! here I stand! and there's my Hat. [*Throws it by.*] Are you ready, *Jacky*?

Y. *Ra.*

Y. *Ra.* Ay, Sir; come on!

Maj. And there's my Wig, you Dog.

[*Flings it in his Face, and disarms him.*

Y. *Ra.* S'death and Hell! Sir! you don't think I'll take this?

[*The* Major *draws his Sword, and seizes the Money.*

Maj. Tum! tum! dum, *&c.* [*Sings carelesly.*

Y. *Ra.* Damme! Sir, I expect fair Play for the Money.

Maj. Tum! tum! dum.

[*Keeping him off with his Sword.*

Y. *Ra.* Judgment! Gentlemen, is this fair?

L. *Lov.* Faith, *Jack*, all that I can say to the Business is — that the old Gentleman has been too hard for thee.

Gent. Nay, you were disarm'd, that's certain.

Maj. [*Looking his Son in the Face*] Tum! tum! dum! *&c.* [*Pockets the Money.*

Y. *Ra.* Here! Waiter, what's to pay? [*Out of Humour.*

Maj. A Bill here for the Gentleman! Sir, my humble Service to you.

Y. *Ra.* Sir, I don't care for drinking.

Enter a Waiter, with a Bill and a Letter.

Wait. Here's a Letter for your Lordship.

L. *Lov.* Who brought it?

Wait. A Footman below, my Lord.

L. *Lov.* Bid him stay. —— [*Ex*

Maj. Here, you, stay and take your R[illegible] whose Money's this?

Gen. It's my Lord *Lovemore*'s, Sir, and there 's mine.

Maj. Why how now, *Jacky?* What, melancholy! I find thou art a true *Englishman*, always dull at the Payment of a Reckoning. —— Well! Hang-dog, in Consideration of some late Misfortunes, I don't much care if I treat thee to-day. —— There. —— [*Exit Waiter.*

Tum! tum! dum! [*Going away singing.*

Y. *Ra.* So! I find he is resolv'd to carry off the Money? S'death, I'll try if I can bully him into Compo-

sition;

ſition. ——Hark you, Sir, if you are not in extraordinary Haſte, may I beg the favour to know whither you are going?

Maj. Why do'ſt thou aſk, my dear Smock-face?

Y. *Ra.* Becauſe, Sir, I have ſome Reaſon to believe it may be to my Lady *Manlove*'s; and let me tell you, Sir, it won't be convenient: For I am going thither. [*Surlily.*

Maj. [*Pauſing.*] Haſt thou nothing elſe to ſay to me, Braſs? Humh!

Y. *Ra.* If you do go, Sir, perhaps you may repent it: For in plain terms——I ſhall not care to ſee you there.

Maj. Very good!

Y. *Ra.* You will diſturb us, Sir.——

Maj. Diſturb you! Humh!

Y. *Ra.* Then I ſhall grow angry, Sir.——

Maj. Shalt thou?

Y. *Ra.* I hear, Sir, you make Pretences there.——

Maj. Do'ſt thou?

Y. *Ra.* And I adviſe you, as a Friend, to give 'em o'er.

Maj. [*Pauſing.*] Say no more, my little *Jacky*. [*Going.*

Y. *Ra.* Sir, I have a great deal more to ſay. [*ſtays him.*

Maj. Say it.

Y. *Ra.* Why then, Sir, I won't bear a Rival in my Love.

Maj. Is this all? is this all? you dear bluſhing Rogue you? [*Pinching his Cheek.*

Y. *Ra.* In ſhort, Sir, I find your good Nature, and my Fortune are ſo very low, that I am reſolv'd to marry her.

Maj. To marry her! very good!——Now, but upon Condition, I will give thee back this Five Hundred Pounds, thou wilt renounce all Claim to her; is not it ſo, my little *Jacky*? Come! ſpeak, you dear Rogue.

Y. *Ra.* Why, look you, Sir, in Conſideration that you are my Father,——and a Gentleman, that I have a Kindneſs for, make it a Thouſand Pounds, and I'll have no more to ſay to her.

Maj.

Maj. A Thousand Pounds, my little *Jacky!* —Wilt thou bate me nothing?

Y. *Ra.* I am always at a Word, Sir.

Maj. At a Word, my little *Jacky!* Nay, then, for a quiet Life, d'ye see, I will give thee —— I will give thee —— let me see, what shall I give thee? —— I'll give thee; I will give thee —— [*Pauses.*] The Devil a Groat, my little *Jacky.* [*Exit Maj. and Gent.*

Y. *Ra.* So! Now may I go hang myself —— S'death, is there no Way to be reveng'd of this old Fellow? —Ha!—'Egad, my Lady *Manlove* has given me Encouragement: Her Jointure's worth two Thousand Pounds a Year, besides the Guardianship of her Son. Let me see; here's Revenge, a good Estate, Marriage, and an old Woman all together in one Dish. Now to consult my Stomach a little; Revenge is a pretty hollow Bit, that's the Truth on't; and two Thousand Pounds a Year is well enough for a young Fellow to piddle upon: But then agen, Marriage is Hell, and an old Women the Devil. —— Humh! 'Egad, and so is any Woman after a Month's Possession. Pox on't, I'll ev'n humour my good Fortune, and pursue her; and so, dear Daddy, look to your Hits. Old! why so much the better, wou'd she were Fourscore: For, 'Egad, upon second Thoughts, when a Man is to be noos'd, who the Devil wou'd complain to be ty'd up in a rotten Halter? [*Exit.*

Re-enter Lord Lovemore, *with the Letter open.*

L. *Lov.* Confusion! is this the Proof she gives me of his Innocence? But I'll not leave a Thought unsatisfied. Here, Waiter.

Enter a Waiter.

Where's the Fellow that brought this Letter?

Wait. He is here, my Lord.

Enter Leonora's *Servant.*

L. *Lov.* Come hither, Friend; to whom had you Orders to give this Letter?

Serv. What Letter, my Lord?

L. *Lov.*

L. *Lov.* Why this Letter from your Lady.

Serv. O dear, I brought a Letter to Mr. *Longville*; I hope your Lordſhip has not open'd it.

L. *Lov.* This Fellow told me 'twas for me.

Serv. O Lord, I am undone! As I hope to be ſav'd, my Lord, I only aſk'd if your Lordſhip was here; becauſe my Lady charg'd me not to give it Mr. *Longville* before your Lordſhip. Why, did not I bid you give the Letter to Mr. *Longville?* [*To the Waiter.*

Wait. I beg your Pardon, my Lord; I underſtood him your Lordſhip.

Serv. O dear! I ſhall be turn'd away. Pray, my Lord, let me have the Letter again, I'll try to ſeal it. O! I am ruin'd; what ſhall I do?

L. *Lov.* Fear not, I will take care of thee; it requires no Anſwer. [*Exeunt.*] Ha! 'Tis here's yet another Proof behind; ſhe tells him here ſhe will meet him at Mrs. *Starr*'s, according to his firſt Appointment. There will I wait for him. If he keeps his Word —— If! why do I doubt it? Does not every Circumſtance convince me that he will? O there is no Security in Man! Here might the World expect that I ſhou'd curſe my Stars, and raging vow Revenge: But I (ſo ſoft is my relenting Nature) cou'd weep to ſee how Men can damn themſelves. But what is impoſſible to Women's Eyes? Had he not lov'd, he might have ſtill been honeſt; for he has given me Proof, in Danger and Diſtreſs, both of his Courage and Fidelity: But now, with one infectious Glance of a reſtleſs Woman, his tainted Soul breaks out in an ungrateful Villain, and a Coward.

Men may a thouſand Ways their Virtue prove,
Yet ſtill be counterfeit, when touch'd with Love. [Exit.

ACT

ACT IV.

The SCENE, *Lady* Manlove's *Houſe.*

Enter Lady Manlove *and Father* Benedic.

Father BENEDIC.

MADAME, vat you tellà me about your Son, is one ver' glorieuſe Action: You ſall 'avè your Revard in the toder Varle; for, vidout doubte, de beſt Vay to diſpoſe of your Shile, is to put 'im in de Vay to Heav'n.

L. *Man.* Why truly, Father, I always had an Inclination to the Church: But you muſt know, Sir, I found my Son *Johnny* had naturally a quick Wit, therefore I knew a good Education wou'd ſpoil my Deſign. Now, Sir, that nothing might be wanting on my Side, I have taken Care to breed him at a private Country School; and notwithſtanding the natural Dullneſs of his Maſter, I gave him a particular Charge to keep him in Ignorance: For I all along deſign'd him for a Churchman.

F. *Ben.* O! Dat is vel, Madame! Ma foy! ſome Time d' Ignorance in de Prieſtè is ver' neceſſarie to ſupport de Cauſe of de Shurſh; vor, ven de Paiſant ſee dat de Prieſtè doe himſelf b'lieve all de Myſterie of de Religion, den de Paiſant vil b'leivà too: Both ven de Prieſtè be Viſe Man, neider de Prieſt nor de Paiſant beleivà nothing at all.

L. *Man.* Indeed, Father, 'tis a great Misfortune to the Church, that the wicked Laity can't be confin'd from believing according to their erroneous Reaſon.

F. *Ben.* O! You ſay ver' yel, Madame! May foy, it vu'd be moch great deal better for de Shurſh, if dey hade no Raiſon at all! Vell! Madame, vere is your Son?

L. *Man.*

L. *Man.* He is making himſelf ready for his Journey. Pray, Sir, let me beg of you to uſe your utmoſt Authority; for, you'll find him a ſtubborn Creature, and very hard to be kept under.

F. *Ben.* Me warr' Madame! lette me alone, lette me alone.

L. *Man.* Really Sir, I am almoſt aſham'd to give you all this Trouble! Pray, accept of theſe Fifty Pieces, as an Earneſt of my Acknowledgments.

F. *Ben.* Ah! Fi! Madame, de Shurſh no take de Money.

L. *Man.* Nay, dear Sir, I won't be refus'd.

F. *Ben.* Umh! Vell! Madame, if you pleaſe mee vill byy your Sonne ſome Booka [*Takes the Purſe.*] Vere is he, Madame, vere is he?

L. *Man.* Putting on his Boots below, Sir; the young Rogue is ſo fond of being on Horſeback, that nothing will ſerve him but riding Poſt to *Harwich*.

F. *Ben.* Dat is vell, Madame, me vill go putte on my Boota too.

L. *Man.* Dear Sir, I am afraid, that riding ſo hard will diſcompoſe you.

F. *Ben.* ——! Madame! note at all! Ven de Prieſte doe undertake to promote de Cauſe of de Shurſh, he always goe Vip and Spur, Vip and Spur, like the Diable.——Adieu, Madame. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Maſs Johnny, *ready dreſſed for his Journey, and* Lettice *following him in Tears.*

M. *Jo.* What doeſt thee dangle after me for?

Lett. Well, 'Squire, I knew the Time, when you wou'd ha' been glad that I wou'd ha' follow'd you: But I find now you never lov'd me. [*Cries.*

M. *Jo.* It's a Lie!—— I did love you, ſo I did!—— and ſo I do ſtill.

Lett. And can you have the Heart to leave me then?

M. *Jo.* Remember the back Cloſet up two pair of Stairs, young Gentlewoman.——Yaah! you cou'd ſquall louder then, when I did but offer to ſee whether you garter'd above Knee, or no.

Lett.

Lett. Why, I don't garter above Knee; you may feel here then? [*Sobbing.*

M. *Jo.* What do I care! I won't feel there, I'll feel which Way I pleaſe, or I won't ſtay.

Lett. No, 'Squire, you are miſtaken in me, I am not ſuch a one neither; I'll die before I'll be your Whore.

M. *Jo.* And I will be hang'd, before I will be your Fool.——Why, *Dick!* why doſt not get the Horſes ready?

Lett. You ſhall not leave me then.—— [*She hangs upon his Arm*] If you will ſtay, I will be kinder to you: Do but try me, till to morrow; I won't cry out no more, indeed now. You ſhall tie my Garter where you pleaſe, if you won't go.

M. *Jo.* Will you let's buſs you then? [*Surlily.*

Lett. Yes! in a civil Way. [*Kiſſes her.*

M. *Jo.* Well! but will you promiſe to love me now? and be free with a Body?

Lett. I'll love you as long as I live, if you won't leave me. [*Cries.*

M. *Jo.* Well! well! what do you whawle for?

Lett. I am ſure, 'twou'd break my Heart to part with you! Pray, dear Squire, don't go!

M. *Jo.* What d'ye keep ſuch a Baaling for? I tell you, I won't go?——Let's buſs you again.

Lady Manlove *ſeeing them, ſtops at the Door.*

L. *Man.* What's here? my young Rogue, and that impudent Queen in cloſe Conference?—— I'll [illegible] them.

M. *Jo.* But will you promiſe to marry me? I won't go?

L. *Man.* So! [*Aſide.*

Lett. Marry you! ay! Poor Fool! You may be ſure on't. [*Aſide*] But won't you forſake me then, and uſe me ill?

M. *Jo.* I tell you, I won't uſe you ill, you Fool you.

L. *Man.* O! I han't Patience, the Rogue's juſt ruining my Deſign!—— Why, how now, Sirrah! What

are you doing there?—— and you, Mrs *Flirt*, I'll teach you to debauch my Son! I will, you [illegible] Jade you.

M. *Jo.* What d'ye strike her for, Mother? What d'ye strike her for? You shan't strike her no more.

[*Interposing.*

L. *Man.* How! Sirrah! shall not strike her! you sawcy Rogue! I will fell you to the Ground.

M. *Jo.* Wu'll yee?—— I'll try that—— [*He holds her Hands.*]—— Now strike me to the Ground? Can't you? Let's see you strike me now? [*They struggle.*

Lett. [*Aside.*] What an unfortunate Discovery was this? to be caught just as we had agreed upon Articles: But, however, I don't fear him, for I know he will marry me now if it be only to contradict his Mother.—Dear 'Squire, don't anger my Lady so! Pray, Sir, let go.

M. *Jo.* Why, if she will be quiet, with all my Heart, I don't meddle with her. [*Lets go his Hold.*

L. *Man.* O! O! the Rogue has sprain'd my Arms, I shall not be able to stir them this Twelvemonth.

Lett. I am glad to hear that; then, I shall have a Cessation of Double Fists this Twelvemonth.

M. *Jo.* [illegible]ook you, Mother, I am sorry for't, I did not design you no Harm, not I: But why shou'd you offer to strike the poor Girl so?

L. *Man.* Sirrah, what's that to you? how dare you ju[illegible]her?

M. *Jo.* Why, may be, I have a Kindness for her, w[illegible]en! and look ye Mother, to tell you the Truth, I do think you ought to be acquainted with the B[illegible]s: You must know, I——I design to marry her.

L. *Man.* And dare you tell me this to my Face, Sirrah?

M. *Jo.* Why, how shou'd I tell it you behind your Back?

L. *Man.* Sirrah! how dare you think of such a Thing? You Jackanapes!

M. *Jo.* Don't 'ee call me Names, Mother, don't 'ee call me Names: But if I do think on't, how can I help it? And pray, why shou'd not I think on't, as well as you?

you? I suppose you thought of a Husband, and why shou'd not I think of a Wife? You have had your Swinge already! 'Icod my Father was noa Flincher: Was not I born of your Body, pray? and, why shou'd not I get Somebody, upon Somebody else's Body?

L. *Man.* Was ever heard such Impudence! Sirrah! I shall turn over a new Leaf with you: Your Governor shall know what a wicked Rogue you are! I'll make him flay your Backside for you!

M. *Jo.* I don't believe you will! 'Icod, an' he meddles with me, I may chance to lay him upon his Back; He flay my Backside! He! Kiss——won't he?

L. *Man.* So, Sir! this is very fine Language!

M. *Jo. Lettice,* do you slip away into my Chamber, and I will come to you presently—— [*Exit* Lettice.

Enter Father Benedic *booted,* &c.

L. *Man.* O Father! I am glad you are come; your Pupil here, my Son *Johnny,* has been making Love to one of my impudent Maids, tells me to my Face, he will marry her, he won't go his Journey, not he!

F. *Ben.* Letta me alone, letta me alone. Come, come, Madame, 'tis bettre to give him de good Yard: —— How you do, young Gentleman; 'ow you do? Me fall be ver' glade to 'ave de Care of you.

M. *Jo.* Ay, and you had best have a Care of me.

F. *Ben.* You no feara dat; dat is ver' vell: [illegible]w, you be one good Shi e. [*Pats him on t[illegible]d.*

M. *Jo.* What d'yee tap me o' th' Head for? [illegible]y.

F. *Ben.* O! me lofe you, Maitre *Jeanny,* me lo[illegible]e. [*Chucks hi[illegible]*

M. *Jo.* Let my Chin alone, wu'll ye? [*Strikes away his Hand.*

F. *Ben.* Vat you mean? strikea me! Vat you mean? me fall 'ave de Vip for you.

M. *Jo.* Who's that you will have the Whip for, you Loggerhead you? Who will you have the Whip for, ha! [*Doubling his Fist.*

F. *Ben.* Loggerhate! Jernie Bleu! Vat is dat Loggerhate?

M. *Jo.*

M. *Jo.* You may go look! it's ſuch a Fool as you are.

F. *Ben.* De Fool! a ha! me onderſtanda dat ver' vell! You calla me de Fool! humph!

M. *Jo.* Why, don't you hear I do, Dunderpate?

F. *Ben.* Dunderpate! Je vous Prie, Madame, vat is dat Dunderpate?

L. *Man.* O! a very ſcurrilous Name, won't you break his Head for't?

F. *Ben.* O! letta me alone, Madame: Ecoutes, Maitre *Jeanny*, vat vil you ſay, if vor de Loggerhate, vor de Fool, and vor de Dunderpate, me ſall give you one, two, tree Slaps of d' Shops, Maitre *Jeanny*, humh!

M. *Jo.* Why, I ſay if you give me ſuch another Word, I may chance to wipe you cra's the Jaws.

F. *Ben.* Ver' vell! Vere is de Reverence you 'ave vor my Perſonne?

M. *Jo.* O Lord, Sir! I do Sir-reverence your Perſon.

F. *Ben.* Alloons, dono aſka me de Pardonne, aſka me de Pardonne.

M. *Jo.* Aſk your Pardon, for what? for what? Can you tell, you Owl you? Aſk you Pardon —— Here, give the poor Boy his Hat!—— There! Now I aſk your Pardon.——

[*He ſtrikes off his Hat and Peruke, and diſcovers the Circle upon the Prieſt's Head.*

M. *Jo.* [*Staring upon him*] A hey! What a dickens have we got here?

F. *Ben.* Ah! Que Grande Malheure! Vat ſall me doe? Il a Decouver in a Couronne.

L. *Man.* Undone! Ruin! I ſhall never get the Rogue to go now.

M. *Jo.* [*To F.* Ben.] Pray, Sir, what Trade are you?

L. *Man.* He is no Trade, Sirrah; but a civil ſober Gentleman, that I have prevail'd with to be your Governor.

M. *Jo.* He my Governor! What, to make a Papiſh of me? Look you, Mother, as for Religion d'ye ſee, truly——I can't well ſay what I am of: But 'Icod, this I know, that I won't be a Papiſh; it's a hard Caſe, if

if a Man muſt go to the Devil, he ſhan't take out his Sins in what Sort of Wickedneſs he pleaſes. For my Part, I'll e'en go the Way of the Fleſh; I am reſolv'd the Spirit ſhall not carry me; 'Icod I won't be Prieſt-ridden thither: Not, but I believe this ſame Gentleman knows the Road as well as a *Dover* Poſt Horſe. But I am not ſo hot upon that Journey, and ſo I will pull off my Boots, d'ye ſee——Tall! lall! lall.

[*He ſits down to pull off his Boots, and ſings.*

L. *Man.* You impudent young Raſcal! How dare you offer to pull off your Cloaths? Sirrah! I'll have your Bones broken, I'll make you change your Tune.

M. *Jo.* No! you ſhan't! Tall, lall, lall.

L. *Man.* You ſawcy Rogue! Do you laugh in my Face! I'll whip your Eyes out.

[*She offers to take F.* Benedic's *Whip.*

F. *Ben.* No trouble yourſelf, Madame! letta me alone!——[*To M.* Jo.] Alloons! pote on your Boote, Maitre *Jeaney!*

M. *Jo.* [*Looking in his Face.*] Tall, lall, lall!

F. *Ben.* Vat is dat ta, la, la, la! Me ſay, pote on your Boote! [*Smacks his Whip.*

M. *Jo.* Ay, it's no matter for that, I won't change my Tune! Tall! lall, lall.

L. *Man.* Hold Father, don't be ſo ſevere: I find there is no dealing with him; we muſt e'en try what fair Words will do.

F. *Ben.* May foy! Madame—— me beleiva dat is the beſt Vay.

L. *Man. Johnny!* my dear *Johnny*, don't be ſo wilful! Prithee mind what I ſay to thee.

M. *Jo.* Why ay, Mother, now your Note's alter'd, d'ye ſee, I don't care if I do change my Tune.

L. *Man.* Now, thou art a dear Child! Come, that's my good Boy, Prithee put on thy Boots again? See! here's Money for thee: Thou ſhalt have every thing thou canſt aſk for.

M. *Jo.* [*Aſide.*] Say you ſo: 'Icod, then I'll ſerve you a Tare Tricko: That Money will buy *Lettice* a pure Topping to her Wedding Cloaths. Why, look you, Mother!

Mother! becauſe you give me good Words now, if you'll give me that Purſe, d'ye ſee! and make Father Baald-Pate walk down Stairs, I will put them on again.

L. *Man.* But will you promiſe me to go your Journey too?

M. *Jo.* Pooh! I will, I tell you—— Why don't he go? [*He ſits upon the Floor to put on his Boots.*

L. *Man.* Dear Father, don't let us croſs him in this good Humour: Pray, be gone.

F. *Ben* Vid all mine 'art, Madame; Maitre *Jeanny*, me be your ver' humble Servant. [*Exit.*

L. *Man.* Why doſt thou ſit upon the Floor, *Johnny*?

M. *Jo.* Pooh! What does it ſignify?—— Where's the Purſe, Mother?

L. *Man.* That's a good Child: Put on t'other Boot, and thou ſhalt have it.

M. *Jo.* Pſhah!—— Why, there 'tis!—— You ſee what 'tis to be civil to a body——So! Now give's the Money.

[*While ſhe talks to him, he ſteals a Gimblet out of his Pocket and faſtens her Gown to the Floor.*

L. *Man.* Well, but will you promiſe to get on Horſeback, as ſoon as you have it?

M. *Jo.* What d'ye think I wou'd tell you a Lie, Mother, and look you in the Face o' this Manner?

L. *Man.* That's my dear Boy, there 'tis to do what thou wilt with.

M. *Jo.* [*Riſes, and pulls off his Boots again.*] Tall, lall, lall!

L. *Man.* How now! What does the Fool mean?

M. *Jo.* No Fool, no Fool, Mother.

L. *Man.* You wicked Villain, I'll—— [*Offering towards him, ſhe is held by her Gown.*] Ha! What's here! Hark you, Sirrah! Rogue! What's the Meaning of this?

M. *Jo.* Why, that's becauſe you ſhou'd not follow me! Look you, Mother, always tie a mad Bull to a Stake! tall, lall! and there's my Tune again for you now. Tall, lall, lall! [*Exit ſinging.*

L. *Man.* Was ever Woman plagu'd with ſuch a ſtub-

born Raſcal? What ſhall I do?—[*Endeavouring to free herſelf.*] O! how the Rogue has ramm'd it in?——— Who's within there? If I live I'll be reveng'd! I'll marry the lewdeſt Fellow about Town, nay, the moſt notorious Rogue of a Lawyer, but I'll keep his Eſtate from him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Major *Rakiſh*, Madam, and his Son, deſire to ſpeak with you.

L. *Man.* They cou'd not take me in a better Time, neither of them ſhall want Encouragement: Here, prithee undo this.

Serv. O dear Madam, this is Maſter *Johnny*'s Gimblet, I am ſure; it is the very ſame that he tack'd Mrs. *Triſle* and Parſon *Waggiſh* together with.

L. *Man.* Where is the Rogue? Did you ſee him?

Serv. Yes, Madam, he juſt now put Mrs. *Lettice* into a Hackney-Coach.

L. *Man.* And did he go with her?

Serv. No, Madam, he is ſomewhere about the Houſe.

L. *Man.* If he offers to go out, be ſure you dog him, and bring Word immediately.——— Go, [illegible]e Gentlemen walk up.

Serv. They are here, Madam. [*Exit Serv.*

Enter the Major and Young Rakiſh.

Maj. Madam, your moſt humble Servant: Odſbud! it is a Month ſince I kiſs'd your Ladyſhip's Hands.

[*Offering toward her, Y.* Ra *ſteps before him.*

Y. *Ra.* It's an Age, Madam, ſince I did: therefore, as a long abſent Lover, ought to do it firſt.

[*Catches her Hand.*

L. *Man.* O dear Sir, I'll ſwear you hurt me.

Y *Ra.* Can there be Harm in ſuch a tender Graſp of Love? Madam, your raging Charms, bound like a rolling Deluge o'er my Soul, and choak me with Exceſs of Paſſion! Ah! the very pangs of Death are on me. I beat and ſtruggle like a drowning Wretch for Life, and theſe my laſt Convulſions.

Maj.

Maj. Humh! [*Aside.*

L. *Man.* [*Aside.*] Well, really I believe I might have Satisfaction enough in such an Husband, without considering the Pleasure of Revenge.

Y. *Ra.* [*To Maj.*] Will you make it a Thousand Pounds, Sir?

Maj. 'Oons, you Dog, I'll lay your Head upon both your Shoulders. [*Apart to Y.* Rakish.

Y. *Ra.* [*Turning quick to L.* Man.] O! take me to that healing Bosom; wrap me in the warm Folds of Love; feed me with the balmy Sweets that flourish there; give me new Life, and nurse me to an infant Dotage.

L. *Man.* [*Aside.*] O! I shall faint, I am not able to contain myself!

Maj. [*Softly to Y.* Ra.] *Jacky*, thou shalt have an Hundred Guineas; prithee, let her alone my dear Boy.

Y. *Ra.* [*Starting back, he justles the Maj.*] Where am I? Sure 'tis Elysium! for mortal Flesh could never feed so high; I surfeit with Delight; my Soul's all over Bliss; my ravish'd Senses ach with Pleasure, and I grow faint with gazing. [*Throws himself on her Bosom.*

L. *Man.* O, I die! I die! [*Aside.*

Maj. Jacky, my dear *Jacky*, thou shalt have Five Hundred Pounds,

Y. *Ra.* Thus let us ever live; thus blest with one perpetual Round of circling Pleasure; still fainting with Excess of Love, and wishing still to new reviving Joys.

Maj. 'Ounds, how the Rogue has dissolv'd her?

Y. *Ra.* You see, Sir, what posture my Affairs are in: Nothing but a thousand Pounds can forbid the Banes.

Maj. Say'st thou so, my little *Jacky?* [*Steps between them, and draws.*] Then there lies your Way; down Stairs, Dog: Go, get you gone, Sirrah.

L. *Man.* Ah, for Heaven's Sake, what do you mean? [*Holds the Major.*

Y. *Ra.* O, don't be frighten'd, Madam, I'll tell you the Business——You must know, Madam, there is a young Lady here in the *Pall-Pall*, of a prodigious For-

tune, whom it ſeems my Father here poſitively deſigns I ſhall marry, or he will diſinherit me; and ſo let him, Madam, if he pleaſes: For my Part, I confeſs my Soul and Blood, Madam, are entirely devoted to your Ladyſhip; and, if I were to die upon the Spot, Madam, I ſolemnly declare, Madam, I wou'd not renounce one Tittle of that eternal Paſſion I have avow'd for your Ladyſhip's moſt indelible Perfections. [*Bows and ogles her.*

Maj. Umh! [*Aſtoniſh'd.*

L. *Man.* O fye! Sir, this is moſt inhuman, to force your only Son to marry one he can't love: Come, Sir, for my Sake, ſpare him: Pray put up your Sword.

Maj. Well, Madam, for your Sake, d'ye ſee I——I will ſheath my Indignation: But by the Pleaſure of Drinking, all this is a more notorious Lie than ever came out of the Mouth of an *Iriſh* Evidence:—But now, Madam, to the Buſineſs I came for: Look you, Madam, if you and I make a Match, d'ye ſee; you muſt expect every ten Months for the firſt ſeven Years, Twins, Madam,——— I always get Twins—— That Whelp's a Twin, Madam, and the Product of my Juvenile Recreations.

[*Young Rakiſh all this while makes Love in dumb Shew behind the* Major's *Back.*

L. *Man.* Let me die! but this is irreſiſtibly perſuaſive.

Maj. I am very proud, Madam, your Ladyſhip likes what I ſay to you.

L. *Man.* Well, I ſwear, Sir, you have ſuch a Way ——and ſuch a Son.

Maj. Madam, I have a thouſand Pounds a Year clear Eſtate; no Children in the World but this Boy here; I ſhall drink him dead in a Fortnight, and then, Madam, after my Death, the Thouſand Pounds a Year's your own for ever: How ſay you, Madam, how do you like of it?

L. *Man.* Ay, Sir, but now let me hear your Son's Propoſals.

Maj. Pſhah! a Beggar! a poor Dog, Madam.

Y. *Ra.* Madam, 'tis true, I have not one Groat in the World, have no hopes of any Thing: For the very Moment that I marry you, I am sure to be disinherited: Madam, as a Friend, I beg you to believe this true, for I could sooner die, than cheat you with a pretended Fortune. [*Kneels.*] But if the raging Violence of an humble Passion has any Merit in the Eyes of Virtue, then strew your Pity here, and raise me with a kind reviving Hope.

Maj. What a Tongue the Dog has! [*Aside.*

L. *Man.* O dear, Sir, pray rise.

Maj. Pshah, Madam, Words; Words; mere Air; odsbud, I have an Argument in my Pocket, that uses to convince a Woman sooner than all the poetical Raptures in Christendom. Look you, Madam, the only certain Proof of a Lover's Passion is, when he parts with his Money: [*Takes out a Purse.*] Therefore, as an Earnest of my Affection, give me leave to lay this five hundred Pounds at your Feet.

Y. *Ra.* Which when you marry, Sir, you know, will be your own again.

Maj. Hold your Peace, Sirrah: There, Madam, dispose of it as you please. [*Gives it into her Hand.*

L. *Man.* O dear, *Major*, this is an extravagant Piece of Gallantry! ——— Jesu! How heavy it is —— Pray, Sir, do me the Favour to hold it for me. [*Gives it Y. Ra.*

Y. *Ra.* [*Leering upon the Major.*] ——— —— Tum! tum! dum! [*Sings and walks about.*

Maj. I must murder the Dog! I must murder him. [*Aside.*] Oons! Madam! I could have held it for you.

Y. *Ra.* [*Aside.*] But not so fast, as I shall —— Tum! tum! dum!

Maj. I was in hopes, Madam, you wou'd have made a better Use of the Money!

L. *Man.* O dear, Sir, can I express my Concern for you a better Way, than by being kind to your Children?

Maj. Ay, Madam, but to my Rival?

Y. *Ra.* Ha! 'Igad, a good Thought comes into my Head: Look you, Sir, if you'll give me leave to speak

a Word or two in private with this Lady, I will immediately convince you, that in her disposing of this Money, she has had no other consideration than your Interest.

L. *Man.* What can he mean? [*Aside.*

Maj. Why this might be done, *Jacky*, if I cou'd but perſuade myſelf to truſt thee.

Y. Ra. Why, Sir, you ſhall not truſt me out of your Sight.

Maj. Humh! ſay'ſt thou ſo, my little *Jacky*? Nay, then I do give thee leave.

Y. Ra. Madam, if you pleaſe——

[*Takes her to one Side o' the Stage.*

Enter Maſs Johnny *behind.*

M. *Jo.* So! *Lettice* is ſafe enough now, and 'Icod let 'um lock me up an' they can.——Hey-day! who have we here?—— I find my Mother has a Colt's Tooth left yet; I warrant theſe are a couple of Suitors now?—— 'Icod, I will put in with 'um.—— Sir, your Servant: [*To the* Major.] What don't 'ee know me?

Maj. Know thee! Prithee who art thou?

M. *Jo.* Who be I—— why I bee—— I bee—— 'Icod I don't know what to tell him, not I—— why I be Mother's Zon, don't 'ee zee what I bee.

Maj. Ay, my dear Lad, I ſee very plainly what thou art, but want to know who thou art. Who is thy Father, Child?

M. *Jo.* Who?—— I have nt'er a Vather at all—— But I believe I ſhall have ſhortly: For I ſee my Mother there is providing for herſelf.

Maj. How! thy Mother? What! is thy Name *Johnny*?

M. *Jo.* May be it is——What then?

Maj. Why then very ſhortly, thou wilt be my Son-in-Law.

M. *Jo.* May be not——That's as I ſhall like you, may be.

Maj. Odsbu', you young Rogue, I'll buſs you into good Humour.

[*The* Major *offers to kiſs him, and he ſtruggles.*

M. *Jo.*

M. *Jo.* Let me alone, be quiet, wu'll yee? You ſha'nt buſs me. [*Kiſſes him.*] Ptah —— [*Spits.*] —— What a Plague do you ſlaver one ſo for? You my Vather-in-Law? Yes, ſo you ſhall; 'Icod I'll do your Buſineſs.

L. *Man.* [*To Y. R.*] Why really, Sir, if this be true, I muſt needs own, he is a very barbarous Man to uſe his only Son at this Rate: If you think I can ſerve you by ſurthering this innocent Revenge, Sir, you may command me.

M. *Jo.* Hark you, Mother.

L. *Man.* O you wicked Rogue, are you there?

M. *Jo.* Lord, don't 'ee be angry, Mother, I come to talk with you about Buſineſs.

Y. *Ra.* O pray, Madam, give the young Gentleman leave to ſpeak, however.

M. *Jo.* A good ſort of a civil Gentleman: I may chance to do him a Kindneſs for this; I'll aſſure you, Sir, I will, if I can. I am good-natur'd enough, when People are civil to me.

L. *Man.* Well, what have you to ſay, Sirrah?

M. *Jo.* Say,—why I underſtand that this Old Soldier here is a Suitor to you, and to tell you the Truth, I don't like him: He is a ſtrange hurly burly ſort of a Man, he has buſs'd and ſlaver'd me here, whether I wou'd or no, and has prickled my Face, till my Eyes are all of a Water.

L. *Man.* You ſawcy Rogue, is this your Buſineſs? Know then, Sirrah, that this Gentleman ſhall be your Father-in-Law, if he pleaſes: Come, Sir, if you dare truſt yourſelf alone with me, I have ſomething to propoſe to you from your Son that very nearly concerns the Happineſs of us both!

Maj. Odsbud! Madam, you over-joy me! But has that dear Dog put in a Word for me at laſt then? has he? *Jacky!* I hope dear Son of an happy Dog of a Father: Buſs me, you Whelp, you dear Baſtard buſs me—Od! I will remember thee for this, my little *Jacky*: Odsbud I will! [*Exit with L. Man.*

Y. *Ra.* I ſhall give you cauſe I believe.

M. *Jo.* Lord! Sir! How can you let him ſlaver you ſo! Don't it make your Noſe tingle? Odsfiſh! he is gone away with my Mother too!——Shall I fetch her back again, Sir? 'Icod, an' you ſay the Word, I'll do't.

Y. *Ra.* No! no 'Squire, let me alone, he will be little the better for't.——A good ſort of an impudent Face this young Dog has, he may be uſeful, I'll ſtrike in with him. [*Aſide.*

M. *Jo.* Pray, Sir, ben't you a Suitor to my Mother?

Y. *Ra.* Ay, 'Squire! What do you think of me for a Father in-Law.

M. *Jo.* 'Icod, I like you very well! Better by half than that Old Soldier: What a Duce do you let him take her aſide ſo for?

Y. *Ra.* O! it's a Deſign I have in my Head, 'Squire.

M. *Jo.* Ay, Sir: But do you know what Deſign ſhe may have in her Head? Look you, Sir, I mean you well, I wou'd not have you truſt her too far neither. 'Icod you don't know her, Sir, you don't know her.

Y. *Ra.* Well! 'Squire, I am oblig'd to you for your good Meaning, and in return, will acquaint you with my Deſign upon that Old Soldier.

M. *Jo.* Aye!

Y. *Ra.* You muſt know then——

M. *Jo.* But hark you, Sir; Pray, by the way, who is that Old Soldier.

Y. *Ra.* Only my Father, Sir.

M. *Jo.* Hoh! hoh! 'Icod, then I find you care no more for your Father, than I do for my Mother. Well, Sir, but pray go on.

Y. *Ra.* About an Hour hence, 'Sq[illegible] ly marry your Mother, who in the mean time, by my Allowance, is to flatter the old Gentleman with the ſame Hopes, and (to revenge a ſevere Quarrel I have to him) is to appoint him a Meeting (juſt when our Marriage is over) at a Friend's Houſe of mine, where I ſhall have a publick Opportunity to laugh at his Diſappointment, and invite him to my Wedding Supper.

M. *Jo.* 'Icod, that's well enough! O dear, Sir, ſhall not I beg the Favour of you to get the Parſon to do me

a

a small Job too? Od! I have a tight young Girl here hard by, that I have a main Mind to be married to!— Sir —— won't you speak a Word to him to tack us together a little?

Y. *Ra.* How, 'Squire! to tack you together! whom have you advis'd with in this Business? Who is it you have a mind to marry? Are you sure she is fit for a Wife?

M. *Jo.* I don't know, Sir, but I am sure she is fit for an Husband.

Y. *Ra.* Ha! Igad! there can be no Harm in tying the young Rogue of a Slip-knot! This was a lucky Discovery, something may be made on't. [*Aside.*] Well! 'Squire, I'll do all I can to serve you.

M. *Jo.* O dear, Sir! I am mainly oblig'd to you.

Y. *Ra.* Nay, I won't only lend you my Parson, but my Money too: Nay, my very Cloaths; Igad, I will make a Gentleman of you.

M. *Jo.* Will ye, Sir! O law! [*Overjoy'd.*] 'Icod, then my Mother shall make a Fool of me no longer——. Sir, as I hope to be married, I had rather call you Father, than any Man in Christendome.

Y. *Ra.* Pish! Pox! I'll be a Brother to thee, Man: [*Hugs him.*] Prithee call me honest *Jack*; we'll smoak, and whore, and roar, and take a Bottle together.

M. *Jo.* Is your name *John?* Why my Name's *John* too! Odszooks! that's brave, honest *John!* How is't, Boy? Dammee.

Y. *Ra.* Why that's well said, Boy! 'egad! thou must yourself alone Gentleman already.—— Come, my little Rake! Now let's take one cheering Flask before the Parson does his Business; then get drunk, break Windows, maul the Watch, and bed our new-married Wives in the Round-house.

M. *Jo.* Ho! Boys! God a marcy Brother-Father-in-Law. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Olivia, Emilia, *and* Leonora. Trifle *putting on her Hood and Scarf.*

Oli. There you mistake me, Madam, 'tis my Amuse-

ment, not my Jealousy, that brought me hither. I own I do wonder why Mr. *Longville* shou'd disappoint me: But never can suspect his Honour. Speak to her, *Emilia*, for I want Temper to conceal my Fears. [*Aside to* Emilia.

Leo. Call a Chair there. [*To a Servant.*

Emi. Then you will go, Madam?

Leo. I am preparing for it, Madam.

Emi. One serious Question more, and I have done, Madam: Do you really expect to meet my Brother at Mrs. *Siam's?*

Leo. Jesu! Madam, I can't imagine why you shou'd question that, after this Lady has confess'd he has already disappointed her. But to satisfy you, he expects me this very Moment, he is now at Mrs. *Siam's*,——— or my Servant lies, that dogg'd him. [*Aside.*] Look you, Madam, I don't desire you to believe one Word I say: But if this Lady and you will give yourselves the Trouble to go thither, I fancy you will find him there.

Emi. Insupportable. [*Aside.*] Really, Madam, you have an admirable Talent.

Leo. I hope, Madam, I have not been guilty of any ill Breeding.

Emi. O fye! Madam, all that you do is with a very Court-like Air: You are resolv'd to stand it out, I see.

Leo. What is't you mean, Madam?

Emi. I mean the groundless Jealousies your Malice now wou'd raise between my Brother, and this Lady.——He love you! You will as soon persuade me you deserve it, Madam: I know, that in his Soul he scorns you.

Leo. Not so much as I scorn Revenge; I dare say, had I been fond of a Triumph, Madam, I might have had it in a publick Wedding. Mr. *Longville* offer'd it: But out of Friendship to this Lady, and yourself, I have been content to marry him in private. I'll out-face this obstinate Devil, tho' I forfeit my Revenge for't. [*Aside.*

Emi. How, Madam, my Brother married to you! to you!

Leo. To me this Morning, Madam; Sister, I may say. [*Mildly.*

Emi. Sister! [*Angrily.*

Exeunt

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Here's a Chair, Madam.

Leo. Ladies, your Servant, I ſhall expect you at Mrs. *Siam*'s. [*Exit.*

Oli. Why have I lived to ſee this Day? Oh, I am deſpicable now! I ſhall be pointed at; the publick Merriment of malicious Tongues. Thou wer't my Friend, *Emilia*: why did'ſt thou not tell me of my Weakneſs, that I was credulous, conceited, vainly fond, to think my eaſy Love cou'd fix the faithleſs Temper of a Man? But thou, alas! wer't ſoft believing Woman, like me unſkill'd in Injuries: Therefore in Fear of none, eaſily deceiv'd by every Shew of guil'd Virtue. Married! perfidious Man!

Emi. Believe it not, *Olivia!* Come! we'll follow *Leonora*: Let his own Words, not her's, condemn him.

Oli. You wou'd not have me ſee him, ſure!

Emi. I wou'd not have you puniſh him unheard; for, Oh! I know his Innocence, tho' now overcaſt, will ſhortly break theſe ſullen Clouds, and gild you with a ſmiling Joy. Alas! my Dear, Jealouſy's the Diſeaſe of Love, a Pain ——

Which firſt, or laſt, all Lovers muſt endure:
But none can ſpeak the Joys, that wait the Cure. [Ex.

ACT V.

The SCENE, *an Indian-House.*

Longville *is discovered looking on his Watch.*

Lon. I Wonder why *Olivia* comes not; the Time's expired, and I am unwilling to fail in my Promise to my Lord *Lovemore*, who I know will be upon the Rack till I have perform'd it: But I'll have Patience; for I am sure her Generosity tho' late, will furnish me with an Occasion. —— Come, Mrs. *Siam*, what new *Indian* Toys have you? [*He goes to the Counter.*

Enter Leonora, *mask'd, at a Distance.*

Leo. Longville here first! 'tis as I cou'd wish! —— hark! I hear Somebody stealing up Stairs! [*She looks out.*] Ha! muffled in a Cloak! O! for a Glimpse of him! —— My Lord *Lovemore* as I live! his Disguise tells me what he comes for, and I hope mine will help me to answer his Expectation. My first Care must be, by some coming Accident, to let him know me: My next, to tell this Wretch (who must not know me) some formal Story, that may oblige him to make such Answers as may reasonably incline my Lord to think himself the Subject of our Discourse.

[*She goes to* Longville, *and talks with him in her Mask.*

Enter Lord Lovemore *in a Cloak.*

L. *Lov.* So punctual! Ha! that must be *Leonora*, 'tis her Stature!

[Leonora *turns back, pretending to wipe her Face, and gives Lord* Lovemore *a Sight of it.*

By Heav'n 'tis she! —— I saw her Face! —— Wou'd I had never seen it! —Or, cou'd but dream again the promis'd Raptures of her Virtue: For, there was Pleasure in the Vision, infinitely surpassing what we taste in any waking Joy. O! there's no Happiness, but in eternal Sleep! Ha! [*Following* Lon. *and* Leo.] Do I not sleep? Rather let me think, that this is all a Dream! 'Tis liker far, amazing!

amazing! incoherent and unnatural!——I find I am but a Stranger to the World; another Man, perhaps, wou'd wonder at my Amazement! Suppose I shou'd surprize him now i' th' very Act of Falshood? Will he not sink into the Earth with Shame? Must not his Conscience burn him up with Blushes? I shou'd resent this Usage, and I will; but, as a brave Man ought, despise him for his Treachery, and forgive it all! Nay, more! I'll do a Friend's last Duty, and wound him with the Tenderness of my Resentment. But stay!——lay hold on all Advantages! something may be gather'd from their Discourse—I'll observe 'em. [Lon. *comes forward with* Leo.

Lon. [*Aside.*] Who the Devil can this be, that is so fond of acquainting me with her Circumstances?

Leo. Then you advise me, as a Friend, never to see him more?

L. *Lov.* Ha! it must be me they talk of. [*Aside.*

Lon. I suppose, Madam, you can't expect to be extraordinary well us'd, if you do.

Leo. Why, I am sure he loves me still.

L. *Lov.* I hope not, Madam. [*Aside.*

Leo. Hang it, I believe, my best Way to silence his Resentment, will be to write him a civil Letter, to acknowledge the Severity of my Revenge; and beg him, for his own Sake, never to see me more.

L. *Lov.* For my own Sake that I never will. [*Aside.*

Lon. Psha! Damn her Revenge, what is't to me?

Leo. What think you of it?

Lon. O, the best Thing in the World, Madam—I'd advise you to step into the next Room, and do it immediately. [*Pressing her to go.*

Leo. Well, you will peruse it for me?

Lon. Ay! ay! any Thing to serve you.

Leo. [*Aside.*] With your Throat. I hope, Sir, you have endanger'd it to serve me; I'll step aside, and let the Mischief work; I see it low'ring yonder in that Brow. [Leonora *retires.*

L. *Lov.* I'll surprize him now, while Leonora is withdrawn; not knowing that I have seen her Face, possibly he will swear it was not she he talk'd with!——Are you at leisure, Sir?

Lon.

Lon. My Lord *Lovemore!*

L. *Lov.* What is't you ſtart at?

Lon. To ſee you here, in this Diſguiſe! You frown, my Lord!

L. *Lov.* Fye! that were to confeſs my Anger: Doſt thou think thyſelf beneath it? I ſmile upon thee.

Lon. I underſtand you not.

L. *Lov.* When ſaw you *Leonora?*

Lon. This Morning, I am not aſham'd to mention it; but why ſhould that diſturb you now? I thought an Hour's Time was given me to clear myſelf; it is not yet expir'd, my Lord.

L. *Lov* I can't think you'll keep your Word with me.

Lon. I don't uſe to forfeit it; nor do I think I ſhall, if no Misfortune croſs me.

L. *Lov.* Has *Leonora* told you ſo?

Lon. Explain yourſelf.

L. *Lov.* If you were that Enemy you have profeſs'd yourſelf to *Leonora*, I cannot think, at ſuch a Time as this, you would meet her here.

Lon. Who dares affirm it?

L. *Lov.* I ſaw her here, this Moment ſaw her here with you.

Lon. Then ſhe was here with me, when I ſaw her not——Next Time, my Lord, have better Proof ere you condemn ſo near a Friend as I am; you ſaw, perhaps, a Woman talk with me in a Maſk, who, I believe, might know me, for ſhe ſeem'd fond of making me her Confident. I liſten'd to her till her Impertinence had quite tir'd my Curioſity: And this Woman, I ſuppoſe, your Jeaſouſy has taken for *Leonora.*

L. *Lov.* Whom did you take her for?

Lon. A Stranger! I know her not, nor ever care to ſee her more.

L. *Lov.* Ha! take heed! for, if I prove thee in a Lie, it will be then diſhonourable to talk with thee.

Lon. Speak lower, while we are unheard; my Friendſhip teaches me to bear, but my impatient Honour will be juſtified.

L. *Lov.* Honour! Doſt thou not bluſh to name it?

Lon.

Lon. My Lord, it is not well to bear thus far upon my Friendſhip; if you wou'd have me think your Meaniug honeſt, I do demand a Reaſon for this Uſage.

L. *Lov.* [*Amaz'd.*] But that I cannot give my Eyes the Lie, I ſhou'd myſelf believe thee wrong'd: But to confound thee, in one Word, give me a living Reaſon, why I ſee thee here?

Lon. I came to meet *Olivia* here, by her own Appointment.

L. *Lov.* S'Death and Hell! you will not tell me 'twas *Olivia* you now talk'd with!

Lon. I mean it not; *Olivia* has not yet been here.

L. *Lov.* Why then are you here ſo early?

Lon. Becauſe *Olivia* charg'd me, as I priz'd her Quiet, not to fail a Minute: Beſides, the Time has been expir'd almoſt this Half Hour.

L. *Lov.* Confuſion! Why is not ſhe here then?

Lon. Have a Moment's Patience, and I'll ſend to her to know the Reaſon; in the mean time, my Lord ——

L. *Lov.* Away! now thou condemn'ſt thyſelf; thy dull Invention's tir'd, and thou wants Time to give it Breath.

Lon. This from another Man wou'd urge me to a fatal Anſwer: By Heav'n, now I wou'd not have you credit me! No! go on! be obſtinate, believe the groſſeſt Things of me your Malice can ſuggeſt; I will not offer more to clear myſelf, till Demonſtration ſhakes her Head, and makes you bluſh for theſe unfriendly Wrongs.

L. *Lov.* [*Pauſing.*] I know not why I ſhou'd: But, a reſiſtleſs Curioſity tempts me to ſee how far thou wilt drive this. Prithee be ſincere; by Heav'n, if there's yet a Way in Nature left to clear thy Innocence, I here engage my Honour, as far as mortal Patience can, to wait the Iſſue.

Lon. Had you ſaid this ſooner, ſome Words, my Lord, might have been ſpar'd between us. But, I have done; *Olivia* now ſhall ſpeak for me; her Preſence ſhall convince you where I have given my Heart: That *Leonora* ever had my Scorn, as now, I hope ſhe has yours.

L. *Lov.* Thou talk'ſt with ſuch a calm Indifference, I dare not yet reſolve where I ſhall fix my Thoughts?

Lon.

Lon. No matter where, my Lord, let 'em rove; a Moment's Patience will re-call 'em.

L. *Lov.* I am satisfied. [*They part.*

Re-enter Leonora *behind.*

Leo. O! I cou'd run mad; that subtle Devil has talk'd him into Reason. What can it be that stays *Olivia* thus? —Were she here, her Resentment wou'd confirm his Jealousy, and bring the Mischief to Perfection. Ha! Fortune sends her to my Wish! Now to prepare her.

Enter Olivia *and* Emilia; Leonora *stops them at the Door.*

L. *Lov.* Ha! *Olivia* here too? What can this mean?

Leo. [*To* Oliv.] There he is, Madam.

Oliv. O! *Emilia*, help me.

Leo. Now, Ladies, I hope you are satisfied, what Interest I have in Mr. *Longville*.

Emi. 'Tis impossible! I'll not believe it, scarce shou'd he himself confess it; this is some Trick! he is impos'd on! wrong'd! basely wrong'd! I am sure 'twill prove so.

Oli. Excuse him not, *Emilia!* I'll shut myself from all the World, and never see the Face of Friend again. [*Going.*

Emi. Be not too rash, dear *Olivia*, hear him speak first: If he is not able then to clear himself, may all the Punishments, his Perjury deserves, be mine, if I not join with thee, to hate and scorn him.

Leo. Ay! Madam; Pray stay to examine him, however; not that it will be to any Purpose, for to my Knowledge he will deny our Appointment, or that he has so much as seen me here.

Emi. Nay, then I must believe he has not, Madam; I'll have the Truth from him.

[Emi. *goes to* Lon. *and* Oli. *turns away in Tears.*

Leo. [*Aside.*] Poor harmless Thing, how it frets; I have rais'd her to my Ends. Now let her go on, while I stand by and laugh to see her forward my Revenge.

L. *Lov.* [*Aside.*] When will my Distraction end! *Emilia* thinks her Brother wrong'd! *Olivia* weeps to see him perjur'd! I prov'd him guilty! and yet he starts to hear himself accus'd, while *Leonora* leaves him unconcern'd: I dare not leave him till these Contradictions are unravell'd.

Lon. What Riddle's this, *Emilia?* *Emi.*

Emi. How, Brother, a Riddle! Indeed, I griev'd at first to find you here: But now cou'd weep to see you justify your Crime.

Lon. Away——This Mirth's unpleasing now: Where's *Olivia*? [*He leaves her.*

Leo. [*To* Emi. *aside.*] Is not your Ladyship well? Madam, will you please to make use of my Spirits?

Emi. Fury!

Leo. Your Ladyship's humble Servant, Madam.

Lon. [*To* Oli.] If either may, Madam, I have most reason to complain; for I have expected you here this Half Hour.

Oli. Me! Did you expect me here?

Lon. Not with such Displeasure in your Eyes, I must confess, Madam; but I have, with great Impatience, waited here for your Commands.

Oli. You dare not justify it.

Lon. You cannot doubt it, Madam.

Oli. This audacious Impudence is beyond Resentment; from you, it strikes my Thoughts with Horror!

Lon. This Anger, Madam, is a double Rack, while you conceal the Crime, that has deserv'd it.

Oli. Is then the Repetition of your Guilt so pleasing? Base Man! Why did you send so fair an Answer to my Letter; when, at the same Time, you had resolv'd to meet another Woman here? Was it not enough to wrong me by an abhorr'd Abjurance of your Vows? But you must barbarously expose me to the Triumph of an insulting Rival!

Lon. Madam, you confound me; what Rival?

Oli. Away! I have heard and seen too much already; Reputation bids me fly you now; farewel, ungrateful Wretch; and may the shameful Memory of my Wrongs lye rooted in your Heart for ever.

Lon. Yet stay, and hear me.

Oli. Never.

L. *Lov.* Hold, Madam! before you go, give me leave to ingraft my Wrongs with yours.

Leo. [*Aside.*] It ripens now!

Emi. Ha! my Lord *Lovemore* here! This must be Combination; but I am resolv'd to find the Truth before we part:

part: Tho' even my Brother's Guilt, or what's yet worse, her hateful Triumph shou'd confound me. [*Aside.*

[Emilia *locks the Door, unseen, and takes out the Key.*

Lon. I read Resentment in your Eyes, my Lord: Out with it! For, while Amazement makes me tame, I can bear it all.

L. *Lov.* Madam, [*To* Oli.] to justify that Resentment, or to clear the sacred Honour of a Friend, I beg you faithfully wou'd resolve me one Question: Was it by your Desire or Commands, that Mr. *Longville* came to meet you here?

Oli. So far from that, my Lord, that 'tis the only Place on Earth I wish'd he might avoid.

L. *Lov.* Now, Sir! if my Jealousy has wrong'd you, let it appear before this Lady; if not, from this Moment let eternal Enmity divide us.

Leo. [*Aside.*] Ha! ha! ha! Poor Soul, he is dumb! Now my Revenge is perfect; and so poor! easy! cheated! jealous Fool! Farewell! [*She offers to steal out, and finds the Door fast.*] Ha! the Door lock'd! Confusion! I am betray'd! Some Devil has counterplotted me; shou'd *Longville* know me, my Revenge is lost: No matter, I am above his Anger, and am still secure in this. I'll bravely face 'em to the last. [*Aside.*

Lon. One Word more, my Lord, and I submit: But since my future Peace depends upon your Answer, I beg you wou'd directly give it me, without the least Enquiry, on what Assurance I demand it.

L. *Lov.* I'll answer you.

[Then give me instantly an honest Proof, that you have seen me here with *Leonora?*

L. *Lov.* Hell and Furies! Is this your Question?

Lon. Nay, my Lord, your Promise.

L. *Lov.* 'Tis true, and there's my Answer. [*Pointing to* Leo.

Lon. There! how! where, my Lord?

L. *Lov.* Why, there! there! *Leonora*'s there! That's she. [Leonora *unmasks.*

Lon. [*Amaz'd.*] Ha!—Nay, then! there's the Devil has bewitch'd us all.

L. *Lov.* What can this Amazement mean?

Exit.

Emi. Why, are you ſurpriz'd, Brother? Did not you know that was *Leonora?*

Lon. —Not I! by all my Hopes of Happineſs! I took her for a Stranger, and as ſuch have ignorantly convers'd with her.——

Emi. Now, *Olivia!*

L. Leo. Ha!

Oli. I am amaz'd! What can this mean?

Lon. That this Lady, I preſume, can beſt inform us. Madam, I confeſs, I ought not to expect a Favour from you; but yet there's ſomething might be done for both our Honours.

Leo. Sir, I have nothing to ſay to you.

Lon. Madam, I ſcorn the low Revenge of a publick Triumph; but, for your own Sake, hear me. I freely own, for all you have done to me, I have given you a ſevere Occaſion; but yet, I hope the World and you will pardon me. I knew my Friend lov'd you, and griev'd that nothing but my expoſing you ever cou'd wean him from your Eyes: Now, ſince every Circumſtance convinces me, that thoſe Aſperſions I now lie under are but the Continuance of your juſt Revenge, if you'll but clear my Honour by a generous Acknowledgment of what you have done to ruin me, you bind us all to an eternal Secrecy, and me to any honourable Command to ſerve you with my Life.

Emi Dear Madam, cannot this Goodneſs move you to an Act ſo juſt; nay, and ſo glorious too for you? For no one ſure can hear your Story told, but muſt confeſs your Wit inimitable, and your Revenge uncommon. No Tongue can ſpeak its Praiſe like yours, whoſe Art firſt rais'd it to ſuch a wond'rous Height.

Leo. Madam, I read your ſecret Triumph in your Eyes: But I am above your little Spleen.

Emi. Madam, you wrong my Thoughts; what I aſk'd of you, I was ready to receive as a real Obligation.

Leo. Then Madam, expect none from me.

Lon. Nay, then Madam, we muſt talk on equal Terms: Now, my Lord, hear me.

Emi. Hold, Brother, firſt let me ſpeak: You are the

Suſpected

ſuſpected Criminal, and thus I charge you. ——— About Two o'Clock this Afternoon, *Olivia* and I viſited my Lady *Manlove*, where we had a full Account from a Gentleman, of your late Quarrel with my Lord *Lovemore*: *Leonora* ſmil'd at our Intelligence, and to our Amazement, wou'd perſuade us, that you were really my Lord's Rival in her Love; adding withal, that you had lately offer'd Marriage to her: Nay, and to give us a more convincing Proof of it, ſhe deſir'd, that we wou'd ſee her write to you; which ſhe did, and ſhew'd us the Letter, wherein ſhe appointed you a Meeting in Half an Hour, here, at Mrs. *Siam*'s——*Olivia*, more out of a ſportive Curioſity, than to ſatisfy any jealous Thought, begg'd the ſame Liberty, and ſhe likewiſe appointed you to meet her in the ſame Half Hour at her Father's.

Lon. Ha!

Emi. The Letters both were ſent; but our Amazement yet continues: *Olivia* is diſappointed, and we have found you here with *Leonora*. Now, you are free to anſwer.

Lon. Then Truth's in Labour of my Innocence, and thus ſhe is deliver'd; there's my Anſwer.

[*He produces* Olivia's *Letter.*

Oli. Ha! what's here! my Lord! *Emilia!* ſee here's the Witchcraft that has wrong'd us all! my Hand counterfeited by *Leonora* in my own Letter! See! ſhe has blotted out my Father's, and interlin'd Mrs. *Siam*'s, the very ſame Place that ſhe had appointed him herſelf.

Lon. What have I done! my Shame confounds me! How ſhall I dare to meet him! [*Aſide.*

Oli. But hold! there's one Thing yet unanſwer'd, if there were no Intimacy between you and *Leonora*, what Encouragement cou'd ſhe have to write to you? What Anſwer did you ſend to her Appointment?

Lon. By all that's ſacred, I had no other Letter from *Leonora*, or any Appointment whatſoever.

L. *Lov.* No, Madam, here I am bound to ſpeak; he never had that Letter; by a pretended Miſtake, I find, it

it came to me, merely to keep my frantic Jealousy awake; that brought me hither. [*Shews the Letter.*

Oli. Emilia! now I am happy.

Emi. O, let me embrace my Brother! At this Discovery, nothing but Tears, or Madness, can express my Joy.

Lon. My dear *Emilia!*

Leo. [*Aside.*]——Lightning part 'em.

Oli. But pray, my Lord, how cou'd you expect to find Mr. *Longville* here, when you knew he had not receiv'd the Letter, wherein *Leonora* had appointed him.

L. *Lov.* 'Twas written with such malicious Art, it left no Room for Doubt: For here, she says, she will meet him at Mrs. *Siam*'s, according to his first Appointment: I thought a second needless to a secret Lover, which now with shame I own, I then believ'd him.

Lon. Nay, then your Jealousy was just, my Lord: By Heaven, I cannot blame you now; but, since your Temper is recover'd, I beg you would confess your Fears, and give me every jealous Thought, that wrongs my Honour. [*Emilia unlocks the Door.*

L. *Lov.* By Heaven, by this dear Embrace, I have lost 'em all. O *Charles!* if thou hast yet one glowing Spark of Friendship in thy Heart, pity me, for those unwilling Injuries I have done thee. Can'st thou forgive me?

Lon. Not while you ask Forgiveness; that's a Fault I can never pardon.

L. *Lov.* Wilt thou forget 'em?

Lon. Why do you remind me of 'em?

Emi. [*To* Leo.] The Door is open, Madam!

Leo. Destruction seize 'em! Now my last Hopes of him are lost: I have nothing left to hide my swelling Heart, but to affect Indifference.

L. *Lov.* Methinks I have not aton'd thy injur'd Friendship, till I have confess'd before the faithless *Leonora* that I am her's no more.——Now, Madam——

Leo. Now, my Lord, are you going to tell me, you have lately discover'd a Secret, that all the Town has known these six Years, which is, that I never car'd one Farthing for you.

L. *Lov.*

L. Lov. This Obligation, Madam, was unneceſſary, I needed not this Wit to work me to Indifference.

Leo. Nor I your Indifference to make me angry, your whole Sex is an eternal Subject for my Spleen. How many wretched Fops have I daily at my Feet, who think themſelves much nearer to my Heart, than you? Nay, had you not view'd me with another's Eyes, you ſtill had been my Slave, your Love had liv'd on Air, and languiſh'd in an endleſs Hope:

But, I confeſs, you bravely this may boaſt;
Of all the Fools, that knew me to their Coſt,
You are the firſt, that e'er my Eyes have loſt. [Ex. *Leo.*

L. Lov. How eaſily are Men deceiv'd in Love? There's not a Vice now reigning in this Woman, but what appear'd to me the happy Conduct of unerring Virtue: But now the falſe lethargic Dream is o'er, at laſt I have thrown the Reins on Reaſon's Neck, and have out-ſtripp'd the lagging Miſchief far behind me: But here's the careful Guide, that led me to the Goal! O! *Charles!* how have I wrong'd thy Friendſhip, ev'n to the Hazard of thy Life and Honour? The Crime ſtill hangs upon my faulting Tongue, and Silence ſpeaks my Shame.

Lon. This is too much, my Lord; but, if you needs will over pay the trifling Debt, let me direct your Friendſhip here. [*Turning to* Oli.] I have a ſtarving Heart, that long has been this Lady's Priſoner, here you may exert your Charity: For I perceive I owe her more than faithful Love can pay.

L. Lov. [*To* Oli.] When Lovers are ſo poor in Merit, Madam, Beauty ſhou'd paſs an Act of Grace, and take the Moiety, that Nature lends us.

Oli. My Lord, I ſee no want of Merit in Mr. *Longville*. There needs no more to recommend his Cauſe; and ſince he has ſo ſeverely prov'd himſelf your Friend, I'll make it not his Intereſt to deceive me. —— Mr. *Longville*, if in thoſe few Years you have talk'd to me of Love, I have been too ſlow in my Returns, impute it not to an inſenſible Neglect; for, I have long ſtudied, tho' unable, to repay it: And, I perceive your Merit's ſwoll'n ſo high,

high, that I am bound in Prudence now to check the Debt, and let it run no farther. Your Conduct has deserv'd my Heart; nor dare I with-hold it longer, lest I shou'd repent hereafter, that it was given so late.

Lon. This Goodness is above the Reach of mortal Virtue, it speaks Divinity; and like the Blessings we receive from Heaven, shou'd only be return'd in silent Adoration. [*Kneels and kisses her Hand.*

Oli. Rise, Sir, from this Moment I am yours.

Emi. Now, dear *Olivia*, you are mine too, the Name of Sister binds us ever.

L. Lov. This is as it shou'd be; and, while my Friend is so, I must be happy.

Lon. [*Aside to* Emi.] And now, *Emilia*, there is a blooming Hope for thee, which Time can only ripen: Mean while intrust thy Heart with me, and be assur'd, thou ne'er shalt blush, when I think fit to part with it.

Emi. This is beyond a Brother's Love: Words are but empty Thanks: My future Conduct best will speak my Gratitude.

Lon. Thy past has well deserv'd my Friendship:—— But no more! Here's Company.

Enter Young Rakish.

Y. R. Hah! dear *Charles*, I am glad I have found you; my Lord, your humble Servant. I have brought a rare Piece of Diversion along with me.

Lon. It never cou'd be more welcome; for all you see here, are Friends.

Y. Ra. I am glad to hear it; but, if you were not, I wou'd engage to make you laugh.

Lon. What's the Business?

Y. Ra. Only my Father and I, that's all.

L. Lov. Why truly that's enough to make one laugh at any Time.

Oli. O dear, is this the Gentleman that is so free with his Father?

Y. Ra. No, Madam; but I am the Son of a Father that is very free with me; the Soul of me, my Pleasures I mean; of all the Vices this Town affords, and thanks to Heaven

Heaven it's pretty well ſtock'd) I can't keep one to my ſelf for him; he out-does me at my own Weapon, he out-drinks me, out-whores me, out-ſwears me, out-lies me, out-wits me, and (which I'll never forgive him) he—— out-lives me too.

Oli. Why ſhou'd you wiſh for his Death! Does not he allow you ———

Y. *Ra.* Yes, Madam, all Manner of Wickedneſs; but the Devil a Farthing to purchaſe it.

Oli. How can you live without Money?

Y. *Ra.* Faith, I begin to be weary of it, and have this very Hour laid a Deſign to bring the old Gentleman to a reaſonable Compoſition. I have rivall'd him in my Lady *Manlove*, elbow'd him out of her Favour, and have at laſt ſqueez'd him out of Five Hundred Pounds, provided I renounce all Title to her Inclinations.

Lon. And have you done it?

Y. *Ra.* For aught he knows I have, and for aught ſhe knows I have not; in ſhort, I neither deſign to quit the Lady, nor to keep her any longer, than ſhe ſerves my Turn.

L. *Lov.* How ſo Man?

Y. *Ra.* She is now below with my Father, chuſing her Wedding-Gown. Have a little Patience, and the Farce will begin.

Lon. But hark you, *Jack*; Have you taken care of her Son, as I deſir'd you? I hope he is not gone to St. *Omers*?

Y. *Ra.* No, no, I have ſpoil'd him for that Journey; I have married him.

Lon. How!

Y. *Ra.* No harm, I'll warrant you: See! here comes my Father; pray obſerve us—— You'll all ſtand by me upon Occaſion?

Omnes. All! all!

Y. *Ra.* A Word with you, *Charles*? [*They whiſper.*

Enter the Major with Lady Manlove.

Maj. Wiſh me Joy, *Charles!* wiſh me Joy——Ha! my Jack *Lovemore* too! Give me thy Hand, my dear Boy! Wiſh me Joy, my Lad! L. *Lov.*

L. *Lov.* Joy! Of what, Major?

Maj. Of a rare fleshy Feather-bed, you Wag, and Two Thousand Pounds a Year to wallow in——— Odsbud, she's a Soucer.

Lon. Leave it to me. [*To Y. Ra.*

L. *Man.* Ladies, your Servant. I protest I little thought to find so much good Company upon such a fortunate Occasion.

Emi. Mayn't we know the Occasion, Madam?

L. *Man.* I'll swear, Madam, 'tis such a critical Point, I don't know whether my Modesty will be able to go through with the Discovery.

Y. *Ra.* If you please to give me Leave, Madam, I will help you out a little.

Maj. Ay! ay! tell 'em my little *Jacky*.

Y. *Ra.* Well, Ladies, now we are all together, the short of the Business is this: This noble Lady here, generously considering my Sufferings under the Tyranny of an unnatural Father; and, being sensible, that by Reason of my indefatigable Love to her, I was in a perpetual danger of being disinherited, has, out of her abundant Goodness, piously consented to revenge me of the said unnatural Father, by this publick Disappointment of his Hopes, having (to his after Confusion) already taking to her loving Husband, the individual Person of me, his lawfully begotten Son,——*John Rakish.*

Maj. Humh! What is all this, do you know, Madam? What the Devil is it?

L. *Man.* All Truth, Sir, to my Knowledge, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth; so take me, *John Rakish.* [*Gives him her Hand.*

Maj. Oones and Hell! I'll chine that Dog to the Navel. [*Draws.*

Lon. O, by no Means, Major; prithee put up your Sword, you'll frighten the Ladies.

Maj. Prithee, dear *Charles*, let me come at him: O! he is a bitter Dog! I can't bear him.

[*Trembling to Passion.*

Lon. Psha! Psha! Prithee be pacified, if he must be run thro' the Guts, he will deserve it an Hour hence.

as well as now; besides, I wou'd have you hear whathe can say for himself: You know he does not use to be Tongue-tied upon these Occasions.

Maj. Odsbud! and that's true, my little *Charles!* I will hear the Dog, I will hear him——And, if I am trick'd, I am satisfied I shall have the Pleasure of Half a Dozen rare impudent Faces, from the unrighteous Bastard to back his Roguery however.——Come hither *Jacky.*

Y. *Ra.* Well, Sir!

Maj. Ay! That's the Look! Hark you Iron-face! Art not thou a perjur'd Rogue? Do'st thou not expect to be split and brail'd upon the Devil's Gridiron?

Y. *Ra.* I don't apprehend you, Sir.

Maj. Did'st not thou promise, Dog, to renounce all Claim to that Lady, provided I would quit my Title to the Five Hundred Pounds?

Y. *Ra* Ay, Sir! But I remember what Pains you took at *Locket's* To-Day to cheat me of it: Chaw upon that, and then tell me whether you can blame me for what I have done?

Maj. O! not in the least, my dear Hell-face! Thou hast oblig'd me to the last Degree by marrying this Lady here; the least I can do is now to settle my Estate upon thee, which thou shalt have with a Vengeance; that is to say, I will instantly make love to her Daughter, offer her my whole Estate for a Jointure, cut off the Entail, get a whole Litter of Children, and disinherit you, you Dog!

Y. *Ra.* Look you, Sir, there I forbid the Banns, that Lady is now my Daughter, and I will not have my Family disgrac'd, by admitting such a notorious Rake-hell for my Son-in-Law; in short, your Pretences are utterly against my Consent, and I positively declare you never shall have my Bleeding.

Maj. What a cross old Fellow this is now! 'Oones! I'd give Five Thousand Pounds to make the Whelp my Father in Law.

Y. *Ra.* Come! come, Sir! for a great deal less Money you shall still make this Lady my Mother-in-Law.

Maj. Ha! say'st thou, my little *Jacky?* Why, art thou not married, thou dear Dog, art thou not married; ha! speak!

Y. *Ra.*

Y. Ra. So far from it, Sir, that, upon Condition you will immediately sign this Paper, which will intitle me to Four Hundred Pounds a Year during Life, and at your Decease the rest of your Estate, I am willing this very Moment to resign the Lady to you.

L. Man. Base Man! you won't offer to sell me?

Y. Ra. Don't you trouble yourself, Madam, I'll warrant you. [*Aside.*] And to satisfy you, that my Meaning's honest, the Writing is so drawn, that unless you actually do marry the Lady, you are not oblig'd to give me a Groat.

Maj. Say'st thou so, my little *Jacky?*

[*He peruses the Paper.*

L. Man. Audacious Villain! have you serv'd me thus? I will be reveng'd.——Here, Major! [*Gives him her Hand.*] Upon Condition, you never do give that Villain a Groat, I will marry you this very Moment, *gratis*: Nay, do but engage to disinherit him before To-morrow Morning, and I here immediately promise you Six Thousand Pounds in ready Gold and Jewels, to satisfy any Extravagance you shall think fit.

Y. Ra. So!

Maj. Disinherit, Madam! Odsbud, your Ladyship's too merciful! An audacious Rogue! to think I cou'd be such a Villain to wrong a Lady, Madam, of your unspotted Virtue! Oones! I never heard such an impudent Proposal since I was born.——Madam! If he were now at the Gallows, with the Knot under his left Ear; nay, if the Word were given for the Cart to drive away, Blood! and Brimstone! I won'd not part with Eighteen-pence to reprieve him.

L. Man. On that Condition, I am entirely yours.

Maj. Oones! Madam, I'll ruin him within this Half Hour, I'll drive your Revenge quite through his Soul; nay, I'll send for the two Mischief-makers of the Nation, the Parson and the Lawyer, and make them clinch it on the other Side.

Lon. What the Devil shall we do now, *Charles!* was ever such a Disappointment!

Y. Ra. Faith! *Charles*, she has out-trump'd me, that's

the Truth on't: But I can't loſe all, Man, I have *Part* in Hand ſtill.

Lon. What do you mean?

Y. *Ra.* Her Son! her Son, Boy; the Rogue has choſen me for his Guardian; he will be here preſently, I'll manage him to fetch her about, I warrant you.

Lon. 'Egad that's lucky, I am glad you are ſure of a Trick to ſave yourſelf at laſt; in the mean time, *Jack*, try what a Court-Card will do, play your Impudence upon them.

Y. *Ra.* Mum!

L. *Man.* Now, Devil, I am reveng'd of you.

Y. *Ra.* I fancy not, Madam.—I ſuppoſe your Ladyſhip does not know theſe are the Writings of your Son *Johnny*'s Eſtate, by him the ſaid *Johnny*, this very Day ſtol'n out of your Cabinet; which, becauſe I am his Guardian, I will thus re-put into my Pocket.

L. *Man.* Monſter! you his Guardian?

Y. *Ra.* At your Service, Madam.

L. *Man.* You dare not tell me ſo?

Y. *Ra.* O! I have a great deal more to tell you, Madam, I muſt have a thouſand Pounds out of your Hands To morrow Morning, to put him and his Wife into an handſome Equipage.

L. *Man.* His Wife!

Y. *Ra.* His Wife, Madam—She has had as good an Education as your Ladyſhip's Service cou'd afford.—*Lettice*, I think her Name is.

L. *Man.* Undone! Undone!

Maj Ha! Madam! What's the Matter now?

L. *Man.* O! My Child's ruin'd for ever!

Y. *Ra.* That's as you pleaſe, Madam.

L. *Man.* What ſays the Monſter?

Y. *Ra.* That your Son, Madam, ſhall not be ruin'd; provided you will promiſe me not to marry that old Fellow there, unleſs he ſigns my Settlement. In ſhort, Madam, upon that Condition, I will not only reſign your Son, and his Fortune into your Hands again; but will likewiſe engage to find a lawful Expedient to diſannul his Marriage too; which if you don't immediately comply with me, ſhall be an eternal Secret: So ev'n let him ſquander away his Eſtate as he pleaſes, I'll make a ſhift

to glean a handſome Livelihood out on't, I warrant you.

Em. Nay, Madam, this is a very generous Propoſal: Now if your Son's ruin'd, you are the Occaſion of it.

Oli. We all entreat for him.

L. *Man.* Madam, I beſeech you don't name it: I'll not believe a Word he ſays, I dare ſwear this is all Sham, a poor Pretence only to get his Ends of me.

Maj. Oons, Madam! you have nick'd it: But if it were true, let me alone to manage him, I know him by Experience: Why, the Dog had the Impudence t'other Day to aſk me to lend him Fifty Pounds, and in leſs than a Quarter of an Hour I brought him down to Three and Six-pence.

L. *Man.* No! no! Devil! I will hear nothing but Revenge. [*Aſide to Y.* Ra.

Y. *Ra.* Nay, then, Madam, it's time for me to provide for myſelf; here comes one, I am ſure, will ſtand by me.

Enter Maſs Johnny *with* Lettice, *and a Gentleman in a Parſon's Habit.*

M. *Jo.* Tall, lall, lall! [*Singing.*] A hey! Where's my Brother-Father-in-Law?

Y. *Ra.* Hah! my little Sprig of Lewdneſs, how do'ſt thou?

M *Jo.* How do I? Why I am marry'd, Boy! How ſhou'd I do?

Y. *Ra.* Give you Joy, Madam! [*Saluting* Lettice.

L. *Man.* What do I ſee? Undone! Ruin'd!

Maj. Humh! the Parſon there too! Nay then, Miſchief is not far off.

M. *Jo.* Well! but hark you, *Jahn!* how do my Mother and you agree; what, ben't you marry'd yet?

Y. *Ra.* O Lord! 'Squire, no! nor am not like to be; ſhe is juſt going to be marry'd to my Father.

M. *Jo.* 'Icod, I thought as much! Did not I tell you, you did not know her? Did not I tell you ſo? Look you, *Jahn*, there are two Things ſhe never kept in all her Life, that is —— a Faſt-day, and a Promiſe! to my certain

certain Knowledge, her Word is but Wind, and 'Icod, ſhe no more values to break one, than t'other.

Y. Ra. Well, 'Squire! it ſhall never trouble me, as long as I ſuffer upon your Account: For, to tell you the Truth, the real Occaſion of her diſcarding me, was my friendly Promotion of your Marriage: But there's a very eaſy Way to reward my Service; which is, that upon Condition my Father will ſign this Writing, you will generouſly condeſcend to chuſe him for your Guardian.

M. Jo. I'll do't an't were ten times more to ſerve you: Let's ſee the Writings, I'll do't, 'Icod.

Y. Ra. There, Sir! [*Gives him the Writings.*

M. Jo. [*To the* Maj.] Look you, Sir! You, Mr.—— Mr. *John*'s Father here; I don't know what your Name is, not I: But if you think fit, d'ye ſee! to ſign this Paper, I'll make you my Guardian.——That's all I have to ſay to you,——ſo take and look it over.

Maj. Let's ſee it, my dear Lad.

Y. Ra. Madam, I am ſenſible, a Word from you wou'd finiſh the Buſineſs, if you will ſtand my Friend, I am ſtill ready to diſannul your Son's Marriage.

[*Aſide to Lady* Manlove.

L. Man. Alas! Heav'n knows I wou'd do it, were there but a Poſſibility of your making your Words true.

Y. Ra. Madam! This Gentleman's Word and Honour, ſhall be your Security.

Lov. Madam, I will engage for him.

L. Lov. And I.

Em. and *Ol.* And all of us.

L. Man. Well! I find it's in vain to contend with him: Therefore, dear *Major*, ſign it immediately, and from this Moment, all I have is yours.

Maj. O, Madam! a Word from you wou'd make me do ten times more; for the ſix thouſand Pounds in ready Gold and Jewels, runs in my Head confoundedly, I long to be at it: And as for *Jacky*, I reckon within four or five Days I ſhall nick on this Annuity again at the Groom Porter's; and ſo have at him. [*He ſigns the Writing.*]——So! there *Charles*, [*Gives it to* Longville.] You are obliged to ſee him perform Articles; if he keep his Word, much good may do him.

Y. Ra.

Y. *Ra.* Come, 'Squire, are you contented this Gentleman shall marry your Mother, and be your Guardian?

M. *Jo.* Yes, I be!—and so let him take my Writings, and pray don't you cheat me now! It's for *Jahn*'s Sake, I tell you that.

Y. *Ra.* Well, Madam, now to dissipate your Fears, in one Word, I must acquaint you, that your Son *Johnny*, and my Brother eleft, is not married.

L. *Man.* How, not marry'd! you over-joy me, Sir; make it appear, and you shall never want a Friend in me.

M. *Jo.* What a Devil makes you raise such a Lie now?

Y. *Ra.* Prithee, my dear 'Squire, don't interrupt us.

M. *Jo.* I will terrupt you then, what do you shove me for? I be marry'd, so I be! yes I be! I be!

[*Raising his Voice.*

Y. *Ra.* Silence! Come, Mrs. *Lettice*, pray satisfy my Lady, and this good Company, concerning your suspected Marriage with this young Gentleman.

M. *Jo.* Ay, ay, do, let her speak, with all my Heart. 'Icod! see! who will prove the Lyar, Mr. *Jahn*.

Lett. Well, 'Squire! since I must speak then, I declare before my Lady, and this good Company, that I neither am your Wife, nor ever will be.

Y. *Ra.* Now, Sir, what say you?

M. *Jo.* I say she lyes!—she is my wife, and you know it well enough, and the Parson knows it too: What a Rope did I give him two Crown Pieces for!

Maj. 'Oons! I don't know what to make of this Business; one says ay! and t'other says no; prithee, dear *Domine*, put us out of our Pain. Come, answer to the Question, are they marry'd, or not?

Gent. I must confess, Sir, at your Son's Request, I did mumble over a Parcel of Words that satisfied the young 'Squire, as well as if they had been Canonical: But to convince you, that it was not in my Power to injure him that Way, I am no Parson, but his humble Servant and Kinsman, *Ned Friendly*. [*Throws off his Gown.*

L. *Man.*

L. *Man.* Mr. *Friendly!* Dear Sir, this was kindly done of you.

Lett. Madam, upon my Knees, I beg your Ladyſhip's Pardon; I muſt confeſs I had like to have marry'd my young Maſter, had not Mr. *Rakiſh*'s Care prevented it. But he ſoon convinc'd me, what an uneaſy Life I muſt have expected from your Ladyſhip, and the reſt of his Relations. But to ſatisfy you, Madam, that I never intend to have any Thoughts of him as long as I live, Mr. *Rakiſh* has been pleas'd to give me his Bond to pay me Forty Pounds a Year during Life, provided I immediately leave the Town, and go and live with my Friends in the Country, which I faithfully promiſe your Ladyſhip to perform To-morrow Morning; and ſo, dear 'Squire, farewel! Pray wiſh me a good Journey, as I do you a better Wife, and many happy Days.

M. *Jo.* [*Half crying.*] What will you leave me now? Are theſe your Tricks? Pray give me my Purſe again, ſince you won't marry me, young Gentlewoman; you ſhall have no fine Cloaths, I'll tell you that! Give me my Purſe, will ye?

L. *Man.* Sirrah, let her alone; that Purſe you purloin'd from me, and ſhe ſhall keep it: Nay, to reward her Honeſty, I'll preſent her with this Ring, as an Earneſt of my future Kindneſs.

Lett. I humbly thank your Ladyſhip.

M. *Jo.* What! and ſo I am to be cheated out of my Money too! This is all long of you—Mr. *Jahn!* [*Cries.*

Y. *Ra.* Come! come! 'Squire, don't be troubled, when you want Money, come to me; in the mean time, hark you, in your Ear: I have as pretty a young Wench in my Eye for you—She will be in Town in two or three Days.——Mum!

M. *Jo.* Pſha! What do I care for a Wench! if I can't have her, when I have a Mind to it! Here I thought to have had ſuch a Night on't now! and now the Parſon has ſaid Grace, you tell me I ſhall go to Dinner a Month hence.

Y. *Ra.* Why then, to ſtay your Stomach, go with me to

to the laſt Act of the Play, and I'll ſhew you one that ne'er deny'd a Man twice in his life.

M. *Jo.* Ay, ſo you ſay! But I warrant ſhe will pluck me by the Hair, if I offer to meddle with her.

Y. Ra. Come! come! I will ſtand your Friend, obſerve what I ſay to your Mother——Madam, your Son is ſenſible of his Error, and deſires your Ladyſhip will take him into Favour again; and, from this Time, he has promiſ'd never to diſobey you.

M. *Jo.* No! no more I won't, indeed Mother, if you will but let me go with Mr. *Jahn* to ſee the Play To-night?

L. Man. Well, be obedient for the future, and no reaſonable Freedom ſhall be deny'd you.

M. *Jo.* O Lord! thank you, dear Mother. 'Icod, I am glad we are Friends again! Lord! I am ſo glad!—Won't ye buſs me, Mother? [*Kiſſes.*

Y. Ra. So! Now I hope we are all Friends.

Lon. Well, Major! Are you ſatisfy'd that your Son has perform'd his Articles? Shall I deliver him the Writing?

L. Lov. O! by all Means! Upon my Word, Major, he has deſerv'd it.

Maj. Why the Dog has done ſomething for't, that's the Truth on't; tho' I will lay Fifty Pounds, I have Seven to Four upon it, before To-morrow Morning.

Y. Ra. Well, Sir! [*To the* Maj.] Now I wiſh you Joy; and thank you for my Settlement, tho' it's an Hundred to One but the World will think that you have given it me, becauſe you cou'd not help it.

Maj. Ay! And I warrant *Jacky*, they will be apt to ſay too, that thou art as well ſatisfy'd, as if I had given it thee with a good Will.

Y. Ra. Ay, Sir! People will out with their bold Truths now and then; but come, Gentlemen, how ſhall we diſpoſe of ourſelves this Afternoon? What think you of the Play?

Lon. With all my Heart! And after that, I beg my Houſe may entertain us; where we'll reflect at Leiſure

upon the happy Changes in our Fortune: But yours and mine, my Lord, are owing both to the ſucceſsleſs Wit of one inveterate Woman: From whence we may obſerve that Virtue ever is the ſecret Care of Providence: Had *Leonora* been leſs my Enemy, I never cou'd have prov'd myſelf ſo near a Friend. Her plotted Injuries to me, are now my Glory, and her own Dishonour:

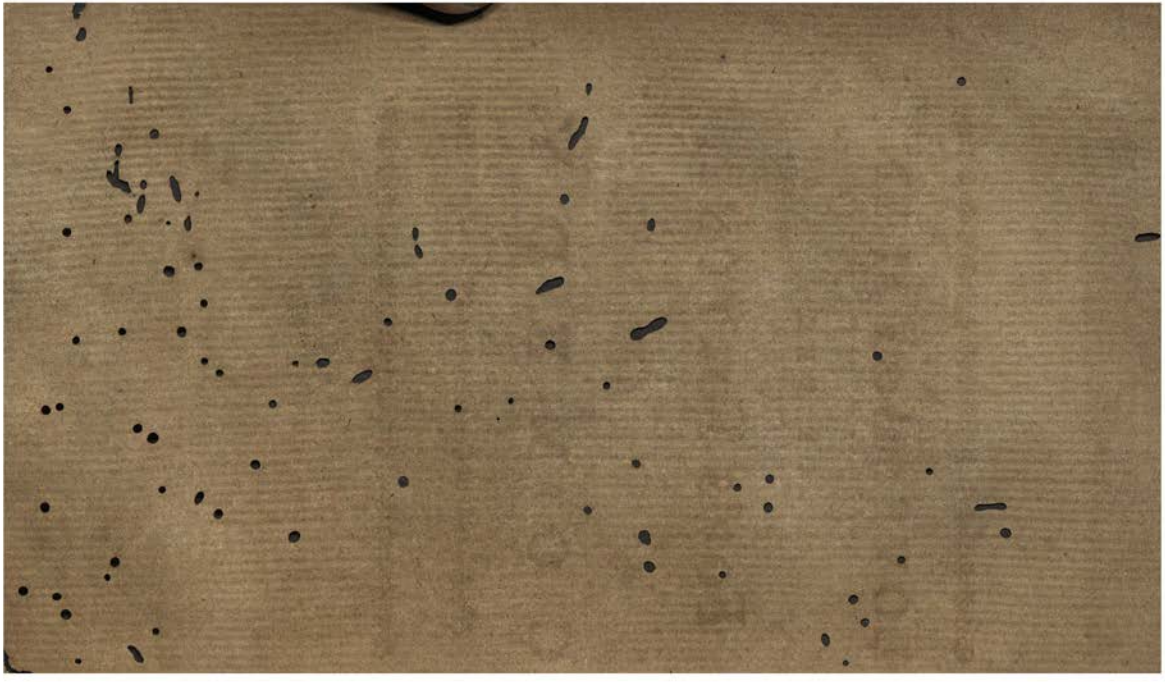
And may the bleſt Event this Truth record,
That Good and Evil Actions are their own Reward.

THE EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Miſs CROSS.

YOUR Servant, Gentlemen; I am come to try
What I can do to ſave this Comedy:
'Twere hard ſhou'd a Refuſal be my Hap,
When all I aſk, is but a harmleſs Clap.
A ſingle Critick I'd not fear to maul,
A Look wou'd ſoon make one his Doom re-call;
But what can I (poor Thing) among you All?
Well! I'm engag'd i' th' Cauſe, and muſt go thro' it;
You are but Men, and therefore I'll purſue it;
I've heard there are ſome Ladies of the Stage,
That cock their Eyes, and dare a Critick's Rage:
Now I wou'd fain, by gentle Softneſs, move you;
Ah! Jeſu!—How a Clap wou'd make me love you.
Beaus will be kind, I ſee it in their Features,
They are of ſuch tender, melting Natures;
Look now! Were ever ſeen ſuch lovely Creatures?
Heav'ns! How their Smiles become 'em! O! ſuch Graces!
I'll ſwear a Frown wou'd ſpoil their pretty Faces.
Dear Sirs, be kind, and let this Play but paſs,
We'll ſtop at nothing to deſerve the Grace,
We'll hang our Stage all round with Looking-Glaſs.

LOVE



LOVE makes a MAN:

OR, THE

FOP'S FORTUNE.

A

COMEDY.

Interdum tollit & Comœdia Vocem. Hor.

PROLOGUE.

SINCE Plays are but a Kind of Public Feasts,
Where Tickets only make the welcome Guests;
Methinks, inſtead of Grace, we ſhould prepare,
Your Taſtes in Prologues, *with your Bill of Fare.*
When you foreknow each Courſe, tho' this may teaze you,
'Tis five to one, but one o'th' five may pleaſe you.
Firſt, for your Criticks, we've your darling Chear,
Faults without Number, more than Senſe can bear;
You're certain to be pleas'd, where Errors are.
From your Diſpleaſure, I dare vouch we're ſafe;
You never frown, but where your Neighbours laugh.
Now you that never know what Spleen or Hate is,
Who for an Act or two, are welcome Gratis, [ſatis;
That tip the Wink, and ſo ſneak out with nunquam
For your ſmart Taſtes we've toſs'd you up a Fop,
We hope the neweſt that's of late come up;
The Fool, Beau, Wit, and Rake, ſo mix'd he carries,
He ſeems a Ragou, *piping hot from* Paris.
But for the ſofter Sex, whom moſt we'd move,
We've what the Fair and Chaſte were form'd for, Love:
An artleſs Paſſion, fraught with Hopes and Fears,
And neareſt happy, when it moſt deſpairs.
For Marks, we've Scandal, and for Beaus French *Airs.*
To pleaſe all Taſtes, we'll do the beſt we can;
For the Galleries, we've Dicky *and* Will Penkethman.
Now, Sirs, you're welcome, and you know your Fare;
But pray, in Charity, the Founder ſpare,
Leſt you deſtroy at once, the Poet and the Player.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

Antonio and *Charino*,	Old Gentlemen,	Mr. *Bullock.* / Mr. *Croſs.*
Don Lewis, Uncle, and near Friend to *Carlos*,		Mr. *Penkethman.*
Carlos, a Student, *Clodio*, a pert Coxcomb,	Sons to *Antonio*,	Mr. *Wilks.* / Mr. *Cibber.*
Sancho, Servant to *Carlos*,		Mr. *Norris.*
Monſieur, Valet to *Clodio*,		
Governor of *Liſbon*,		Mr. *Simpſon.*
Don Duart, his Nephew,		Mr. *Mills.*
Don Manuel, a Sea-Officer, in Love with *Louiſa*,		Mr. *Toms.*

W O M E N.

Angelina, Daughter to *Charino*,	Mrs. *Temple.*
Louiſa, a Lady of Quality and Pleaſure,	Mrs. *Verbruggen.*
Elvira, Siſter to *Don Duart*,	Mrs. *Knight.*
Honoria, Couſin to *Louiſa*,	Mrs. *Moor.*

Prieſt, Officers, and Servants.

LOVE

LOVE *makes a* MAN:

OR, THE

FOP's FORTUNE.

ACT I.

SCENE, *an* HALL.

Enter Antonio *and* Chamino.

ANTONIO.

WITHOUT Compliment, my old Friend, I ſhall think myſelf much honour'd in your Alliance; our Families are both ancient, our Children young, and able to ſupport 'em; and, I think, the ſooner we ſet 'em to work, the better.

Cha. Sir, you offer fair and nobly, and ſhall find I dare meet you in the ſame Line of Honour; and, I hope, ſince I have but one Girl in the World, you won't think me a troubleſome old Fool, if I endeavour to beſtow her to her Worth; therefore, if you pleaſe, before we ſhake Hands, a Word or two by the Bye, for I have ſome conſiderable Queſtions to aſk you.

Ant. Aſk 'em.

Cha.

Cha. Well, in the first Place, you say you have two Sons?

Ant. Exactly.

Cha. And you are willing that one of 'em shall marry my Daughter?

Ant. Willing.

Cha. My Daughter *Angelina!*

Ant. *Angelina.*

Cha. And you are likewise content that the said *Angelina* shall survey 'em both, and (with my Allowance) take to her lawful Husband, which of 'em she pleases?

Ant. Content.

Cha. And you farther promise, that the Person by her (and me) so chosen (be it elder or younger) shall be your sole Heir; that is to say, shall be in a conditional Possession, of at least three Parts of your Estate. You know the Conditions, and this you positively promise?

Ant. To perform.

Cha. Why then, as the last Token of my full Consent and Approbation, I give you my Hand.

Ant. There's mine.

Cha. Is't a Match?

Ant. A Match.

Cha. Done.

Ant. Done.

Cha. And done! ——— that's enough. ——— *Carlos*, the elder, you say is a great Scholar, spends his whole Life in the University, and loves his Study.

Ant. Nothing more, Sir.

Cha. But *Clodio*, the younger, has seen the World, and is very well known in the Court of *France*; a sprightly Fellow, ha?

Ant. Mettle to the Back, Sir.

Cha. Well! how far either of 'em may go with my Daughter, I can't tell; she'll be easily pleas'd where I am ——— I have given her some Documents already. Hark! what Noise without?

Ant. Odso! 'tis they ——— they're come ——— I have expected 'em these two Hours. Well, Sirrah, who's without?

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Serv. 'Tis *Sancho*, Sir, with a Waggon-Load of my Maſter's Books.

Ant. Never without them, Sir, 'tis his Humour.

Cha. What, does he always travel with his whole Study?

Enter Sancho *laden with Books.*

San. *Pedro*, unload part of the Library; bid the Porter open the great Gates, and make room for t'other Dozen of Carts; I'll be with you preſently.

Ant. Ha! *Sancho!* where's my *Carlos!* ſpeak, Boy, where didſt thou leave thy Maſter?

San. Jogging on, Sir, in the Highway to Knowledge, both Hands employ'd, in his Book, and his Bridle, Sir; But he has ſent his Duty before him in this Letter, Sir.

Ant. What have we here, *Pothooks* and *Andirons?*

San. *Pothooks!* O! dear Sir!——I beg your Pardon——No, Sir, this is *Arabick*, 'tis to the Lord *Abbot*, concerning the Tranſlation, Sir, of human Bodies——a new Way of getting out of the World. There's a terrible Wiſe Man * has written a very ſmart Book of it.

Cha. Pray, Friend, what will that ſame Book teach a Man?

San. Teach you, Sir! why, to play a Trump upon Death, and ſhew yourſelf a Match for the Devil.

Cha. Strange!

San. Here, Sir, this is your Letter. [*To* Ant.

Cha. Pray, Sir, what ſort of Life may your Maſter lead?

San. Life, Sir! no Prince fares like him; he breaks his Faſt with *Ariſtotle*, dines with *Tully*, drinks at *Helicon*, ſups with *Seneca*; then walks a Turn or two in

the milky Way, and after six Hours Conference with the Stars, sleeps with old *Erra Pater*.

Cha. Wonderful!

Ant. So, *Carlos* will be here presently——Here, take the Knave in, and let him eat.

San. And drink too, Sir?

Ant. And drink too, Sir,——and pray see your Master's Chamber ready. [*Knocking again.* Well, Sir! who's at the Gate?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Monsieur, Sir, from my young Master *Clodio*.

Enter Monsieur.

Ant. Well, *Monsieur*, what says your Master? When will he be here?

Mons. Sire, he vill be here in de less Time dan von Quarter of de Hour; he is not quite tirty Mile off.

Ant. And what came you before for?

Mons. Sire, me come to provide de Pulvile, and de Essence for his Perruque, dat he may approache to your Worshipe vid de Reverence, and de belle Air.

Ant. What! is he unprovided then?

Mons. Sire, he vas enrage, and did break his Bottel d'Orangerie, because it vas not de same dat is prepare for *Monseigneur le Dauphin*.

Ant. Well, Sir, if you'll go to the Butler, he'll—— help you to some Oil for his Periwig.

Mons. Sire, me tank you [*Exit* Monsieur.

Cha. A very notable Spark this *Clodio*. Ha! what Coupling of Horses is that without?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my young Masters are both come.

Ant. That's well! Now, Sir, now! now observe several Dispositions.

Enter

Enter Carlos.

Car. My Father! Sir, your Bleſſing.

Ant. Thou haſt it, *Carlos*; and now pray know this Gentleman; *Charino*, Sir, my old Friend, and one in whom you may have a particular Intereſt.

Car. I'll ſtudy to deſerve his Love, Sir.

Cha. Sir, as for that Matter, you need not ſtudy at all. [*They ſalute.*

Enter Clodio.

Clo. Hey! *La Valiere!* bid the Groom take care our Hunters be well rubb'd and cloath'd; they're hot, and have out-ſtript the Wind.

Cha. Ay, marry Sir, there's Mettle in this young Fellow.

Clo. Where's my Father?

Ant. Hah, my dear *Clody*, thou'rt welcome! let me kiſs thee.

Clo. Sir,——you kiſs pleaſingly——I love to kiſs a Man; in *Paris* we kiſs nothing elſe. Sir, being my Father's Friend, I am your moſt obliged, faithful, humble Servant. [*To* Cha.

Cha. Sir,——I—I—I like you. [*Eagerly.*

Clo. Thy Hand——kiſs——I'm your Friend.

Cha. Faith, thou art a pretty-humour'd Fellow.

Clo. Who's that? Pray, Sir, who's that?

Ant. Your Brother, *Clody*.

Clo. Odſo! I beg his Pardon with all my Heart—— Ha, ha, ha, did ever Mortal ſee ſuch a Book-Worm?—— Brother, how is't? [*Careleſs.*

Car. I'm glad you are well, Brother. [*Reads.*

Clo. What, does he draw his Book upon me? then I will draw my Wit upon him—— Gad, I'll puzzle him—Hark you, Brother, pray what's——*Latin* for a Point-d-knot?

Car. The *Romans* wore none, Brother.

Clo. No Ornament upon their Swords, Sir?

——*Car.*

Car. O yes, ſeveral, Conqueſt, Peace, and Honour ——an old unfaſhionable Wear.

Clo. Sir, no Man in *France* (I may as well ſay breathing; for not to live there, is not to breathe) wears a more faſhionable Sword than I do; he coſt me fifteen Louis-d'or's in *Paris*——There, Sir,——feel him,——try him, Sir.

Car. I have no Skill, Sir.

Clo. No Skill, Sir! Why, this Sword would make a Coward fight—— aha! ſa, ſa! ha! Rip——ha! there I had him. [*Fencing.*

Car. Take heed, you'll cut my Cloaths, Brother.

Clo. Cut 'em! ha, ha,———no, no, they are cut already, Brother, to the *Grammar-Rule*; exactly: Pſha, prithee Man leave off this College-Air.

Car. No, Brother, I think it wholſome, the Soil and Situation pleaſant.

Clo. A Put, by *Jupiter!* he don't know the Air of a Gentleman, from the Air of the Country.——Sir, I mean the Air of your Cloaths; I would have you change your Taylor, and dreſs a little more *en Cavalier*: Lay by your Book, and take out your Snuff-box; Cock, and look ſmart, ſhah!

Cha. Faith, a pretty Fellow!

Car. I read no uſe in this Brother; and for my Cloaths, the half of what I wear already, ſeems to me ſuperfluous: What need I outward Ornaments, when I can deck myſelf with Underſtanding? Why ſhould we care for any thing, but Knowledge? Or look upon the Follies of Mankind, but to condemn or pity thoſe that ſeek 'em? [*Reads again.*

Clo. Stark mad! Split me.

Cha. Pſha, this Fellow will never do———he'as no Soul in him.

Clo. Hark you, Brother, what do you think of a pretty plump Wench now?

Car. I ſeldom think that Way; Women are Books I have not read yet.

Clo. Gad; I could ſet you a ſweet Leſſon, Brother.

Car. I am as well here, Sir. [*Reads*

Cha. Good for no earthly Thing; a Stock; Ah, that *Clody!*

Enter Monſieur.

Monſ. Sire, here be de ſeveral ſorte of de Jaſſimine d'Orangerie vidout, if you pleaſe to mak your ſhoice.

Clo. Mum, Sir! I muſt beg Pardon for a Moment; a moſt important Buſineſs calls me aſide, which I will diſpatch with all imaginable Celerity, and return to the Repetition of my Deſire to continue, Sir, you moſt oblig'd and faithful humble Servant.

[*Exit* Clody *bowing.*

Cha. Faith, he's a pretty Fellow.

Ant. Now, Sir, if you pleaſe, ſince we have got the other alone, we'll put the Matter a little cloſer to him.

Cha. 'Tis to little purpoſe, I am afraid: But uſe your Pleaſure, Sir.

Car. Plato differs from *Socrates* in this. [*To himſelf.*

Ant. Come, come, prithee *Charles*, lay 'em by, let 'em agree at Leiſure. What, no Hour of Interruption?

Car. Man's Life, Sir, being ſo ſhort, and then the Way that leads us to the Knowledge of ourſelves, ſo hard and tedious, each Minute ſhould be precious.

Ant. Ay, but to thrive in this World, *Charles*, you muſt part a little with this bookiſh Contemplation, and prepare yourſelf for Action. If you will ſtudy, let it be to know what part of my Land's fit for the Plough; what for Paſture; to buy and ſell my Stock to the beſt Advantage, and cure my Cattle when they are over-grown with Labour. This now wou'd turn to ſome Account.

Car. This, Sir, may be done from what I've read: For what concerns Tillage, who can better deliver it, than *Virgil* in his *Georgicks*? And, for the Cure of Herds, his *Bucolicks* are a Maſter-piece; but when his Art deſcribes the Commonwealth of *Bees*, their Induſtry, their more than Human Knowledge of the Herbs from

from which they gather Honey, their Laws, their Government among themſelves, their Order in going forth, and coming laden home, their ſtrict Obedience to their King, his juſt Rewards to ſuch as labour, his Puniſhment inflicted only on the ſlothful Drone; I'm raviſh'd with it, then reap indeed my Harveſt, receive the Grain my Cattle bring me, and there find Wax and Honey.

Ant. Hey day! *Georges!* and *Blue-ſticks*, and *Beeswax!* What, art thou mad?

Cha. Raving, raving!

Car. No, Sir, the Knowledge of this guards me from it.

Ant. But can you find, among all your muſty Manuſcripts, what Pleaſure he enjoys that lies in the Arms of a young, rich, well-ſhap'd, healthy Bride? Anſwer me that, ha, Sir!

Car. 'Tis frequent, Sir, in Story; there I read of all kinds of virtuous, and of vicious Women; the ancient *Spartan* Dames, the *Roman* Ladies, their Beauties, their Deformities; and when I light upon a *Portia*, or a *Cornelia*, crown'd with ever-blooming Truth and Virtue, with ſuch a Feeling I peruſe their Fortunes, as if I then had liv'd, and taſted of their lawful envy'd Love: But when I meet a *Meſſalina*, tir'd and unſated in her foul Deſires; a *Clytemneſtra*, bath'd in her Huſband's Blood; an impious *Tullia* whirling her Chariot o'er her Father's breathleſs Body, Horror invades my Faculties; comparing then the numerous Guilty, with the eaſy Count of thoſe that die in Innocence, I deteſt and loath 'em as Ignorance, or Atheiſm.

Ant. And you do reſolve then not to make Payment of the Debt you owe me?

Car. What Debt, good Sir?

Ant. Why, the Debt I paid my Father, when I got you, Sir, and made him a Grandſire; which I expect from you. I won't have my Name die.

Car. Nor would I, my labour'd Studies, Sir, may prove in Time a living Iſſue.

Ant. Very well, Sir; and ſo I ſhall [illegible] a general

Collection of all the Quiddits from *Adam* 'till this Time, to be my Grand-child!

Car. I'll take my beſt Care, Sir, that what I leave may'nt ſhame the Family.

Cha. A ſad Fellow this! This is a very ſad Fellow. [*Aſide.*

Ant. Nor you won't take care of my Eſtate?

Car. But in my Wiſhes, Sir: For know the Wings on which my Soul is mounted, have long ſince borne her Pride too high to ſtoop to any Prey that ſoars not upwards; ſordid and dunghill Minds, compos'd of Earth, fix in that groſs Element their Happineſs; but great and pure Spirits, ſhaking that Clog of Human Frailty off, become refin'd, and free as the Æthereal Air.

Ant. So in ſhort you wou'd not marry an Empreſs!

Car. Give me leave to enjoy myſelf; the Cloſet that contains my choſen Books, to me's a glorious Court; my venerable Companions there, the old Sages and Philoſophers, ſometimes the greateſt Kings and Heroes, whoſe Counſels I have leave to weigh, and call their Victories, if unjuſtly got, unto a ſtrict Account, and in my Fancy dare deface their ill-plac'd Statues. Can I then part with ſolid conſtant Pleaſures, to claſp uncertain Vanities? No, Sir, be it your Care to ſwell your Heap of Wealth, marry my Brother, and let him get you Bodies of your Name; I rather wou'd inform it with a Soul.—I tire you, Sir—your Pardon, and your Leave.——Lights there for my Study. [*Exit* Carlos.

Ant. Was ever Man thus tranſported from the common Senſe of his own Happineſs? a ſtupid wiſe Rogue, I cou'd beat him. Now, if it were not for my Hopes in young *Clody*, I might fairly conclude my Name were at a period.

Cha. Ay, ay, he's the Match for my Money, and my Girl's too, I warrant her. What ſay you, Sir, ſhall we tell 'em a piece of our Mind, and turn 'em together inſtantly?

Ant. This Minute, Sir, and here comes my young Rogue in the very Nick of his Fortune.

Enter Clodio.

Ant. Clody, a Word!

Clo. To the Wife is enough: Your Pleaſure, Sir?

Ant. In the mean time, Sir, if you pleaſe to ſend your Daughter notice of our intended Viſit. [*To* Cha.

Cha. I'll do't——hark you Friend.

[*Whiſpers a Servant.*

Enter Sancho *behind.*

Sanc. I doubt my Maſter has found but rough Welcome! He's gone ſupperleſs into his Study; I'd fain know the Reaſon——It may be ſome body has borrow'd one of his Books, or ſo ——I muſt find it out. [*Stands aſide.*

Clo. Sir, you could not have ſtarted any thing more agreeable to my Inclination; and for the young Lady's, Sir, if this old Gentleman will pleaſe to give me a Sight of her, you ſhall ſee me whip into hers, in the cutting of a Caper.

Cha. Well! purſue, and conquer; tho' let me tell you, Sir, my Girl has Wit, and will give you as good as you bring; ſhe has a ſmart Way, Sir.

Clo. Sir, I will be as ſmart as ſhe; I have my ſhare of Courage; I fear no Woman alive, Sir, having always found, that Love and Aſſurance ought to be as inſeparable Companions, as a Beau and a Snuff-Box, or a Curate and a Tobacco-ſtopper.

Cha. Faith thou art a pleaſant Rogue; I'gad ſhe muſt like thee.

Clo. I know how to tickle the Ladies, Sir——In *Paris* I had conſtantly two Challenges every Morning came up with my Chocolate, only for being pleaſant Company the Night before with the firſt Ladies of Quality.

Cha. Ah, ſilly envious Rogues! Prithee, what do you do to their Ladies?

Sanc. Poſitively, nothing. [*Aſide.*

Cl

Clo. Why, the Truth is, I did make the Jades drink a little too ſmartly; for which, the poor Dogs the *Princes* cou'd not endure me.

Cha, Why, haſt thou really convers'd with the *Royal Family?*

Clo. Convers'd with 'em! Ay, rot 'em, Ay! ay! —You muſt know ſome of 'em came with me half a Day's Journey, to ſee me a little on my Way hither: But I'gad I ſent young *Louis* back again to *Marli* as drunk as a Tinker, by *Jove!* Ha! ha! ha! I can't but laugh to think how old *Monarchy* growl'd at him next Morning.

Cha. Gad-a-mercy, Boy! Well! and I warrant thou wert as intimate with their Ladies too!

Sanc. Juſt alike, I dare anſwer for him. [*Aſide.*

Clo. Why, you ſhall judge now, you ſhall judge —— let me ſee! there was, I and *Monſieur*——no! no! no! *Monſieur* did not ſup with us —— There was I and Prince *Grandmont*, Duke *de Bongrace*, Duke *de Bellegrade*—— (*Bellegrade* ——yes——yes, *Jack* was there!) *Count de l'Eſprit*, *Mareſchal Bombarde*, and that pleaſant Dog the Prince *de Hauſenbas*. We ſix now were all at Supper, all in good Humour, *Champaign* was the Word, and Wit flew about the Room, like a pack of loſing Cards ——Now, Sir, in *Madam*'s adjacent Lodgings, there happen'd to be the ſelf-ſame Number of Ladies, after the Fatigue of a Ballet, diverting themſelves with *Ratifia*, and the Spleen; ſo dull, they were not able to talk, tho' it were ſcandalouſly even of their beſt Friends: So, Sir, after a profound Silence at laſt one of 'em gap'd——— O Gad! ſays ſhe, would that pleaſant Dog *Clody* were here to *Badiner* a little.——Hey, ſays a ſecond, and ſtretch'd. Ah! *Mon Dieu!* ſays a third. ——and wak'd.——Cou'd not one find him, ſays a fourth?——and leer'd.——O! burn him, ſays a fifth, I ſaw him go out with the naſty Rakes of the *Blood* again——in a Pet.——Did you ſo, ſays a ſixth——*Pardie!* we'll ſpoil that Gang preſently—in a Paſſion. Whereupon, Sir, in two Minutes, I receiv'd a Billet in four Words——*Chien Nous Vous Demandons:*

Subſcrib'd, *Grandmont*, *Bongrace*, *Bellegrade*, *L'Eſprit*, *Bombard*, *Hautenbas*.

Cha. Why, theſe are the very names of the Princes you ſupp'd with.

Clo. Every Soul of 'em the individual Wife or Siſter of every Man in the Company! ſplit me! *Ha! ha!*

Cha. and *Ant.* Ha! ha! ha!

Sanc. Did ever two old Gudgeons ſwallow ſo greedily? [*Aſide.*

Ant. Well! and didſt thou make a Night on't, Boy?

Clo. Yes, I'gad, and Morning too, Sir; for about eight o'Clock the next Day, ſlap they all-fous'd upon their Knees, kiſs'd round, burnt their Commodes, drank my Health, broke their Glaſſes, and ſo parted.

Ant. Gad-a-mercy *Clody!* Nay, 'twas always a wild young Rogue!

Cha. I like him the better for't——he's a pleaſant one, I'm ſure.

Ant. Well, the Rogue gives him a rare Account of his Travels.

Clo. I'gad, Sir, I have a Cure for the Spleen; A ha! I know how to riggle myſelf into a Lady's Favour—— give me Leave when you pleaſe, Sir.

Cha. Sir, you ſhall have it this Moment— Faith, I like him— You remember the Conditions, Sir; three parts of your Eſtate to him and his Heirs.

Ant. Sir, he deſerves it all; 'tis not a Trifle ſhall part 'em: You ſee *Charles* has given over the World; I'll undertake to buy his Birth Right for a Shelf of new Books.

Cha. Ay! ay! get you the Writings ready with your other Son's Hand to 'em; for unleſs he ſigns, the Conveyance is of no Validity.

Ant. I know it, Sir,—they ſhall be ready with his Hand in two Hours.

Cha. Why then come along, my Lad, and now I'll ſhew thee to my Daughter.

Clo. I dare be ſhewn, Sir,—*Allons!* Hey, *Suivons, L'Amour.* [*Sings.*] [*Exeunt.*

Sanc. How! my poor Maſter to be diſinherited, for

Monſieur! Sa! ſa! there; and I a Looker-on too! If we have ſtudy'd our *Majors* and our *Minors*, *Antecedents*, and *Conſequents*, to be concluded Coxcombs at laſt, we have made a fair Hand on't; I am glad I know of this Roguery, however; I'll take care my Maſter's Uncle, old Don *Lewis*, ſhall hear of it; for tho' he can hardly read a Proclamation, yet he dotes upon his Learning; and if he be that old rough teſty Blade he us'd to be, we may chance to have a Rubbers with 'em firſt——— Here he comes, *profecto*.

Enter Don Lewis.

D. *Lew. Sancho!* Where's my Boy *Charles?* What, is he at it? Is he at it?—Deep—deep, I warrant him—*Sancho!* A little Peep now ——one Peep at him thro' the Key-hole—I muſt have a Peep.

Sanc. Have a care, Sir, he's upon a magical Point.

D. *Lew.* What, has he loſt any thing?

Sanch. Yes, Sir, he has loſt with a vengeance.

D. *Lew.* But what, what, what, what, Sirrah! What is't?

Sanc. Why, his Birth-Right, Sir, he is di—di—dis——diſinherited. [*Sobbing.*

D. *Lew.* Ha! how! when! what! where! who! what doſt thou mean?

Sanc. His Brother, Sir, is to marry *Angelina*, the great Heireſs, to enjoy three Parts of his Father's Eſtate; and my Maſter is to have a whole Acre of new Books, for ſetting his Hand to the Conveyance.

D. *Lew.* This muſt be a Lye, Sirrah, I will have it a Lye.

Sanc. With all my Heart, Sir; but here comes my old Maſter, and the Pick-pocket the Lawyer; they'll tell you more.

Enter Antonio *and a Lawyer.*

Ant. Here, Sir, this Paper has your full Inſtructions: Pray be ſpeedy, Sir; I don't know but we may couple 'em to-morrow; be ſure you make it firm.

Law. Do you ſecure his Hand, Sir, I defy the Law to give him his Title again. [*Exit.*

Sanc. What think you now, Sir?

D. *Lew.* Why, now methinks I'm pleas'd——this is right —— I'm pleas'd ——muſt cut that Lawyer's Throat tho'——muſt bone him——ay! I'll have him bon'd——and potted.

Ant. Brother, how is't?

D. *Lew.* O mighty well——mighty well—— let's feel your Pulſe——Feveriſh.

[*Looks earneſtly in* Antonio's *Face, and after ſome Pauſe, whiſtles a Piece of a Tune.*

Ant. You are merry, Brother.

D. *Lew.* It's a Lye.

Ant. How, Brother?

D. *Lew.* A damn'd Lye—I am not merry. [*Smiling.*

Ant. What are you then?

D. *Lew.* Very angry. [*Laughing.*

Ant. Hi! hi! hi! at what, Brother? [*Mimicking him.*

D. *Lew.* Why, at a very wiſe Settlement I have made lately.

Ant. What Settlement, good Brother? I find he has heard of it. [*Aſide.*

D. *Lew.* What do you think I have done? —— I have —— this deep Head of mine has —— diſinherited my elder Son, becauſe his Underſtanding's an Honour to my Family; and given it all to my younger, becauſe he's a Puppy! a Puppy.

Ant. Come, I gueſs at your Meaning, Brother.

D. *Lew.* Do you ſo, Sir? Why then I muſt tell you flat and plain, my Boy *Charles* muſt and ſhall inherit it.

Ant. I ſay no, unleſs *Charles* had a Soul to value his Fortune: What! he ſhould manage eight thouſand Crowns a Year out of the *Metaphyſicks*! *Aſtronomy* ſhould look to my Vineyards! *Horace* ſhould buy off my Wines! *Tragedy* ſhould kill my Mutton! *Hiſtory* ſhould cut down my Hay! *Homer* ſhould get in my *Corn*? *Tityre tu Patulæ* look to my Sheep! and *Geometry* bring my Harveſt home!

home!——Hark you, Brother, do you know what Learning is?

D. *Lew.* What if I don't, Sir, I believe it's a fine Thing, and that's enough—Tho' I can ſpeak no *Greek*, I love and honour the Sound of it, and *Charles* ſpeaks it loftily; I'gad, he thunders it out, Sir; and let me tell you, Sir, if you had ever the Grace to have heard but ſix Lines of *Heſiod*, or *Homer*, or *Iliad*, or any of the *Greek* Poets, odſ Heart! it would have made your Hair ſtand an end; Sir, he has read ſuch Things in my Hearing——

Ant. But did you underſtand 'em, Brother?

D. *Lew.* I tell you, No. What does that ſignify? The very Sound's a ſufficient Comfort to an honeſt Man.

Ant. Fy! fy! I wonder you talk ſo, you that are old, and ſhould underſtand.

D. *Lew.* Should, Sir! Yes, and do, Sir: Sir, I'd have you to know, I have ſtudy'd, I have run over *Hiſtory*, *Poetry*, *Philoſophy*.

Ant. Yes, like a Cat over a *Harpſicord*, rare Muſick—You have read Catalogues, I believe. Come, come, Brother, my younger Boy is a fine Gentleman.

D. *Lew.* A ſad Dog——I'll buy a prettier Fellow in a Pennyworth of Ginger-bread.

Ant. What I propoſe, I'll do, Sir, ſay you your Pleaſure——Here comes one I muſt talk with—— Well, Brother, what News?

Enter Charino.

Cha. O! to our Wiſhes, Sir; *Clody*'s a right Bait for a Girl, Sir; a budding ſprightly Fellow: She's a little ſhy at firſt; but I gave him his Cue, and the Rogue does ſo whiſk, and friſk, and ſing, and dance her about; Odſbud! he plays like a Greyhound. Noble Don *Lewis*, I am your humble Servant: Come, what ſay you? Shall I prevail with you to ſettle ſome Part of your Eſtate upon young *Clody*?

D. *Lew.* *Clody*!

Cha. Ay, your Nephew, *Clody*.

D. *Lew.* Settle upon him!

Cha.

D. *Lew.* Why, look you, I han't much Land to ſpare; but I have an admirable Horſe-Pond——I'll ſettle that upon him, if you will,

Ant. Come, let him have his Way, Sir, he's old and haſty; my Eſtate's ſufficient. How does your Daughter, Sir?

Cha. Ripe, and ready, Sir, like a bluſhing Roſe, ſhe only waits for the pulling.

Ant. Why then, let to-morrow be the Day.

Cha. With all my Heart; get you the Writings ready, my Girl ſhall be here in the Morning.

D. *Lew.* Hark you, Sir, do you ſuppoſe my *Charles* ſhall——

Cha. Sir, I ſuppoſe nothing; what I'll do, I'll juſtify; what your Brother does, let him anſwer.

Ant. That I have already, Sir, and ſo good-morrow to your Patience, Brother. [*Exeunt.*

D. *Lew. Sancho!*

San. Sir.

D. *Lew.* Fetch me ſome Gun-powder—quick—quick.

San. Sir.

D. *Lew.* Some Gun-powder, I ſay,——a Barrel——quickly—and, d'ye hear, three Penny-worth of Ratſbane!——Hey! ay, I'll blow up one, and poiſon the other.

San. Come, Sir, I ſee what you would be at, and if you dare take my Advice, (I don't want Wit at a Pinch, Sir) e'en let me try, if I can fire my Maſter enough with the Praiſes of the young Lady, to make him rival his Brother; that would blow 'em up indeed, Sir.

D. *Lew.* Pſha! impoſſible, he never ſpoke ſix Words to any Woman in his Life, but his Bed-maker.

San. So much the better, Sir; therefore, if he ſpeaks at all, its the more likely to be out of the Road——Hark, he rings——I muſt wait upon him. [*Exit.*

D. *Lew.* Theſe damn'd old Rogues!—I can't look my poor Boy in the Face: But come, *Charles*, let 'em go on, thou ſhalt not want Money to buy thee Books yet——That old Fool thy Father, and his young Puppy, ſhall not ſhare a Groat of mine between 'em! Nay, to plague 'em, could find in my Heart to fall ſick in a Pet, give thee my Eſtate in a Paſſion, and leave the World in a

ACT II.

Enter Antonio *and* Sancho.

Ant. SIR, he ſhall have what's fit for him.

Sanc. No Inheritance, Sir?

Ant. Enough to give him Books, and a moderate Maintainance: That's as much as he cares for; you talk like a Fool, a Coxcomb; trouble him with Land——

Sanc. Muſt Maſter *Clodio* have all, Sir?

Ant. All, all; he knows how to uſe it; he's a Man bred in this World; t'other in the Skies, his Buſineſs is altogether above Stairs; go, ſee what he wants.

Sanc. A Father, I am ſure. [*Exit* Sancho.

Ant. What, will none of my Rogues come near me now? O! here they are.

Enter ſeveral Servants.

Well, Sir, in the firſt Place, can you procure me a plentiful Dinner for about fifty, within two Hours? Your young Maſter is to be marry'd this Morning; will that ſpur you, Sir?

Cook. Young Maſter, Sir! I wiſh your Honour had given me a little more Warning.

Ant. Sir, you have as much as I had; I was not ſure of it Half an Hour ago.

Cook. Sir, I will try what I can do——Hey! *Pedro! Guſman!* Come, ſtir, ho! [*Exit* Cook.

Ant. Butler, open the Cellar to all good Fellows; if any Man offers to ſneak away ſober, knock him down! Is the Muſick come?

But. They are within, at Breakfaſt, Sir.

Ant. That's well: Here, let this Room be clean'd.——You, Huſſy, ſee the Bride-bed made; take care no young Jade cuts the Cords aſunder; and look the Sheets be fine, and well-ſcented——and, d'ye hear,——lay on three Pillows!——away! [*Exeunt.*

Carlos *alone in his Study.*

Car. What a perpetual Noiſe theſe People make! my Head is broken with ſeveral Noiſes; and in every Corner; I have forgot to eat and ſleep, with Reading; all my Faculties turn into Study: What a Misfortune 'tis in human Nature, that the Body will not live on that which feeds the Mind!——How unprofitable a Pleaſure is eating!——*Sancho!*

Enter Sancho.

Sanc. Did you call, Sir?

Car. Prithee, what Noiſe is this?

Sanc. The Cooks are hard at Work, Sir, chopping Herbs, and mincing Meat, and breaking Marrow-bones.

Car. And is thus at every Dinner?

Sanc. No, Sir; but we have high Doings to-day.

Car. Well, ſet this Folio in its Place again; then make me a little Fire, and get a Manchet; I'll dine alone—Does my younger Brother ſpeak any *Greek* yet, *Sancho?*

Sanc. No, Sir, but he ſpits *French* like a Magpye, and that's more in Faſhion.

Car. He ſteps before me there; I think I read it well enough to underſtand it, but when I am to give it Utterance, it quarrels with my Tongue.—Again that Noiſe! Prithee tell me, *Sancho,* are there any Princes to dine here?

Sanc. Some there are as happy as Princes, Sir,—your Brother's marry'd to-day.

Car. What of that! might not ſix Diſhes ſerve 'em? I never have but one, and eat of that but ſparingly.

Sanc. Sir, all the Country round is invited; not a Dog that knows the Houſe, but comes too: all open, Sir.

Car. Prithee, who is it my Brother marries?

Sanc. Old *Charino*'s Daughter, Sir, the great Heireſs; a delicate Creature; young, ſoft, ſmooth, fair, plump, and ripe as a Cherry—— and they ſay, modeſt too.

Car. That's ſtrange; prithee how do theſe modeſt Women look? I never yet convers'd with any but my own Mother; to me they ever were but Shadows, ſeen and unregarded.

Sanc. Ah! wou'd you ſaw this Lady, Sir, you'd draw

you farther than your *Archimedes*; ſhe has a better Secret than any's in *Ariſtotle*, if you ſtudy'd for it: I'gad you'd find her the prettieſt natural Philoſopher to play with!

Car. Is ſhe ſo fine a Creature?

Sanc. Such Eyes! ſuch Looks! ſuch a Pair of pretty plump, pouting Lips! ſuch Softneſs in her Voice! ſuch Muſick too! and when ſhe ſmiles, ſuch roguiſh Dimples in her Cheeks! ſuch a clear Skin! white Neck, and a little lower, ſuch a Pair of round, hard, heaving, what d'ye call-ums——ah!

Car. Why, thou art in Love, *Sancho*.

Sanc. Ay! ſo would you be, if you ſaw her, Sir.

Car. I don't think ſo. What Settlement does my Father make 'em?

Sanc. Only all his dirty Land, Sir, and makes your Brother his ſole Heir.

Car. Muſt I have nothing?

Sanc. Books in Abundance; Leave to ſtudy your Eyes out, Sir.

Car. I am the elder born, and have a Title too.

Sanc. No matter for that, Sir, he'll have Poſſeſſion — of the Lady too.

Car. I wiſh him happy——he'll not inherit my little Underſtanding too!

Sanc. O, Sir, he's more a Gentleman than to do that ——Ods me! Sir, Sir, here comes the very Lady, the Bride, your Siſter that muſt be, and her Father.

Enter Charino *and* Angelina.

Stand cloſe, you'll both ſee and hear, Sir.

Car. I ne'er ſaw any yet ſo fair! ſuch Sweetneſs in her Look! ſuch Modeſty! if we may think the Eye the Window to the Heart, ſhe has a thouſand treaſur'd Virtues there.

Sanc. So! the Book's gone. [*Aſide.*

Cha. Come, prithee put on a briſker Look; Odsheart, doſt thou think in Conſcience, that's fit for thy Wedding-Day?

Ang. Sir, I wiſh it were not quite ſo ſudden; a little for farther Thought perhaps had made it eaſier to change for ever, is no Trifle, Sir.

Car.

Car. A Wonder!

Cha. Look you, his Fortune I have taken care of, and his Perſon you have no Exceptions to. What, in the Name of *Venus*, would the Girl have?

Ang. I never ſaid, of all the World I made him, Sir, my Choice: Nay, tho' he be yours, I cannot ſay I am highly pleas'd with him, nor yet am averſe; but I had rather welcome your Commands and him, than Diſobedience.

Cha. O! if that be all, Madam, to make you eaſy, my Commands are at your Service.

Ang. I have done with my Objections, Sir.

Car. Such Underſtanding, in ſo ſoft a Form! —— Happy——Happy Brother! —— may he be happy, while I ſit down in Patience, and alone!—I have gaz'd too much —— Reach me an *Ovid*. [*Exeunt* Car. *and* San.

Cha. I ſay, put on your beſt Looks, Huſſey—for here he comes, faith.

Enter Clodio.

Ah! my dear *Clody*.

Clo. My dear, [*Kiſſes him.*] dear Dad. Ha! *Ma Princeſſa! eſtes vous la donc!* A ha! *Non, non. Je ne my connois Guerre*, &c. [*Sings*] Look, look,——look, o'Sly-boots; what, ſhe knows nothing of the Matter! But you will, Child.——I'gad, I ſhall count the Clock extremely to-night: Let me ſee——what Time ſhall I riſe to-morrow?—Not till after Nine,—Ten,—Eleven, for a Piſtole. Ah—— *C'eſt a dire votre cœur inſenſible eſt en fin vaineu. Non, non*, &c. [*Sings a ſecond Verſe.*

Enter Antonio, Don Lewis, *and* Lawyer.

Ant. Well ſaid, *Clody*; my noble Brother, welcome: my fair Daughter, I give you Joy.

Clo. And ſo will I too, Sir. *Allons! Vitons! Chanſons, Danſons! Hey! L'autre Jour*, &c.

[*Sings and dances.* &c.

Ant. Well ſaid again, Boy. Sir, you and your Wife are welcome. What, my angry Brother! nay, you muſt have your Welcome too, or we ſhall make but a flat Feaſt on't.

D. Lew. Sir, I am not welcome, nor

welcome, nor no-body's welcome, and you are all a Parcel of ——

Cha. What, Sir?

D. *Lew.* —— Miſerable Wretches —— ſad Dogs.

Ant. Come, pray, Sir, bear with him, he's old and haſty; but he'll dine, and be good Company for all this.

D. *Lew.* A ſtrange Lye, that.

Clo. Ha, ha, ha, poor Teſty, ha, ha.

D. *Lew.* Don't laugh, my dear Rogue, prithee don't laugh now; faith, I ſhall break thy Head, if thou doſt.

Clo. Gad ſo! why, then I find you are angry at me, dear Uncle?

D. *Lew.* Angry at thee, hey Puppy!—Why, what!—what doſt thou ſee in that lovely hatchet Face of thine, that's worth my being out of Humour at? Blood and Fire, ye Dog, get out of my Sight, or ——

Ant. Nay, Brother, this is too far ——

D. *Lew.* Angry at him! a Son of a —— Son's Son of a Whore!

Cha. Ha, ha, poor peeviſh ——

D. *Lew.* I'd fain have ſome body poiſon him. [*To himſelf.*] Ah, that ſweet Creature! Muſt this fair Flower be cropp'd to ſtick up in a Piece of raſcally Earthen Ware? I muſt ſpeak to her —— Puppy, ſtand out of my Way.

Clo. Ha, ha! ay, now for't.

D. *Lew.* [*To* Angelina.] Ah! —— ah! —— ah! Madam —— I pity you; you're a lovely young Creature, and ought to have a handſome Man yok'd to you, one of Underſtanding too: —— I am ſorry to ſay it, but this Fellow's Scull's extremely thick —— he can never get any thing upon that fair Body, but Muffs and Snuff-boxes; or, ſay, he ſhould have a Thing ſhap'd like a Child, you can make nothing of it, but a Taylor.

Clo. Ods me! why, you are teſty, my dear Uncle.

D. *Lew.* Will no-body take that troubleſome Dog out of my Sight —— I can't ſtay where he is —— I'll go ſee my poor Boy *Charles* —— I've diſturb'd you, Madam; your humble Servant.

Time [illegible] me [illegible] I'll come again, and drink the Bride's Health,

D. *Lew.*

D. *Lew.* That Lady's Health I may; and, if ſhe'll give me Leave, perhaps ſit by her at Table too.

Clo. Ha, ha; bye Nuncle.

D. *Lew.* Puppy, good bye —— [*Exit D.* Lewis.

Ang. An odd-humour'd Gentleman.

Ant. Very odd indeed, Child; I ſuppoſe in pure Spite, he'll make my Son *Charles* his Heir.

Ang. Methinks I would not have a light Head, nor one laden with too much Learning, as my Father ſays this *Carlos* is; ſure there's ſomething hid in that Gentleman's Concern for him, that ſpeaks him not ſo mere a Log.

Ant. Come, ſhall we go and ſeal, Brother? the Prieſt ſtays for us; when *Carlos* has ſign'd the Conveyance, as he ſhall preſently, we'll then to the Wedding, and ſo to Dinner.

Cha. With all my Heart, Sir.

Clo. Allons! ma chere Princeſſe. [*Exeunt.*

Carlos *in his Study, with* Don Lewis, *and* Sancho.

D. *Lew.* Nay, you are undone.

Car. Then—I muſt ſtudy, Sir, to bear my Fortune.

D. *Lew.* Have you no greater Feeling?

Sanc. You were ſenſible of the great Book, Sir, when it fell upon your Head; and won't the Ruin of your Fortune ſtir you?

Car. Will he have my Books too?

D. *Lew.* No, no, he has a Book, a fine one too, call'd *The Gentleman's Recreation*; or, *The ſecret Art of getting Sons and Daughters*: Such a Creature! a Beauty in Folio! would thou hadſt her in thy Study, *Carlos*, tho' it were but to new-claſp her.

San. He has ſeen her, Sir.

D. *Lew.* Well, and —— and ——

San. He flung away his Book, Sir.

D. *Lew.* Did he faith? would he had flung away his Humour too, and ſpoke to her.

Car. Muſt my Brother then have all?

D. *Lew.* All, all.

San. All that your Father has, Sir.

Car. And that fair Creature too?

San. Ay, Sir.

D. *Lew.* Hey!

Car. He has enough, then. [*Sighing.*

D. *Lew.* He have her, *Charles!* why wou'd, wou'd, that is——hey!

Car. May I not ſee her, ſometimes, and call her Siſter? I'll do her no Wrong.

D. *Lew.* I can't bear this! 'Sheart, I could cry for Madneſs! Fleſh and Fire! do but ſpeak to her, Man.

Car. I cannot, Sir, her Look requires ſomething of that diſtant Awe, Words of that ſoft Reſpect, and yet ſuch Force and Meaning too, that I ſhould ſtand confounded to approach her, and yet I long to wiſh her Joy. —— O were I born to give it too!

D. *Lew.* Why, thou ſhalt wiſh her Joy, Boy; Faith ſhe is a good-humour'd Creature, ſhe'll take it kindly.

Car. Do you think ſo, Uncle?

D. *Lew.* I'll to her, and tell her of you.

Car. Do, Sir. —— Stay, Uncle —— will ſhe not think me rude? I would not for the World offend her.

D. *Lew.* 'Sfoot a Fiddle-ſtick——let me alone——I'll —— I'll

Car. Nay, but, Sir——dear Uncle!

D. *Lew.* A hum! a hum! [*Exit* D. Lewis.

Enter Antonio *and the* Lawyer *with a Writing.*

Ant. Where's my Son?

San. There, Sir, caſting a Figure what chopping Children his Brother ſhall have, and where he ſhall find a new Father for himſelf.

Ant. I ſhall find a Stick for you, Rogue, I ſhall. *Charles*, how doſt thou do? Come hither, Boy.

Car. Your Pleaſure, Sir?

Ant. Nay, no great Matter, Child, only to put your Name here a little, to this bit of Parchment; I think you write a reaſonable good Hand, *Charles.*

Car. Pray, Sir, to what Uſe may it be?

Ant. Only to paſs your Title in the Land I have, to your Brother *Clodio.*

Car. Is it no more, Sir?

Law.

Law. That's all, Sir.

Ant. No, no, 'tis nothing elſe; look you, you ſhall be provided for, you ſhall have what Books you pleaſe, and your Means ſhall come in without your Care, and you ſhall always have a Servant to wait on you.

Car. Sir, I thank you; but if you pleaſe, I had rather ſign it before the good Company below; it being, Sir, ſo frank a Gift, 'twill be ſome ſmall Compliment to have done it before the Lady too: There I ſhall ſign it chearfully, and wiſh my Brother Fortune.

Ant. With all my Heart, Child; it's the ſame thing to me.

Car. You'll excuſe me, Sir, if I make no great Stay with you.

Ant. Do as thou wilt, thou ſhalt do any thing thou haſt a Mind to. [*Exeunt.*

San. Now has he undone himſelf for ever; Odsheart, I'll down into the Cellar, and be ſtark drunk for Anger. [*Exit.*

The Scene *changes to a Dining-Room, a large Table ſpread.*

Enter Charino *with* Angelina, Clodio, D. Lewis, Ladies, Prieſt, *and a* Lawyer.

Law. Come, let him bring his Son's Hand, and all's done: Are you ready, Sir!

Prieſt. Sir, I ſhall diſpatch them preſently, immediately! for in Truth I am an hungry.

Clo. I'gad, I warrant you, the Prieſt and I cou'd both fall to without ſaying Grace——Ha! you little Rogue! what, you think it long too?

Ang. I find no Fault, Sir; better Things were well done, than done too haſtily——Sir, you look melancholy. [*To* D. Lewis.

D. *Lew.* Sweet ſwelling Bloſſom! Ah that I had the gathering of thee! I would ſtick thee in the Boſom of a pretty young Fellow——Ah! thou haſt miſs'd a Man (but that he is ſo bewitch'd to his Study, and knows no other Miſtreſs than his Mind) ſo far above this feather-headed Puppy——

Ang. Can he talk, Sir?

D. *Lew.* Like an Angel——to himſelf——the Devil a Word to a Woman: His Language is all upon the high Buſineſs: To Heaven, and heavenly Wonders, to Nature, and her dark and ſecret Cauſes.

Ang. Does he ſpeak ſo well there, Sir?

D. *Lew.* To Admiration! ſuch Curioſities! but he can't look a Woman in the Face; if he does, he bluſhes like fifteen.

Ang. But a little Converſation, methinks——

D. *Lew.* Why, ſo I think too; but the Boy's bewitch'd, and the Devil can't bring him to't: Shall I try if I can get him to wiſh you Joy?

Ang. I ſhall receive it as becomes his Siſter, Sir.

Clo. Look, look, old Teſty will fall in Love by and by; he's hard at it, ſplit me.

Cha. Let him alone, ſhe'll fetch him about, I warrant you.

Clo. So, here my Father comes! Now, Prieſt! Hey! my Brother too! that's a Wonder! broke like a Spirit from his Cell.

Enter Antonio *and* Carlos.

D. *Lew.* Odſo! here he is! that's he! a little inclining to the lean, or ſo, but his Underſtanding's the fatter for't.

Ant. Come, *Charles*, 'twere your Deſire to ſee my fair Daughter and the good Company, and to ſeal before 'em all, and give your Brother Joy.

Cha. He does well; I ſhall think the better of him as long as I live.

Car. Is this the Lady, Sir?

Ant. Ay, that's your Siſter, *Charles*.

Car. Forbid it, Love! [*Aſide.*] Do you not think ſhe'll grace our Family?

Ant. No doubt on't, Sir.

Car. Shou'd I not thank her for ſo unmerited a Grace?

Ant. Ay, and welcome, *Charles*.

D. *Lew.* Now, my Boy! give her a gentle Twiſt by the Fingers! lay your Lips ſoftly, ſoftly, cloſe and kiſs to her. [*Aſide to* Carlos.

Car.

Car. Pardon a Stranger's Freedom, Lady——[*Salutes Angelina.*] Diſſolving Softneſs! O the drowning Joy!—Happy, happy he that ſips eternally ſuch Nectar down, that unconfin'd may lave and wanton there in fateleſs Draughts of ever-ſpringing Beauty. ——But you, fair Creature, ſhare by far the higher Joy; if, as I've read, (nay, now am ſure) the ſole Delight of Love lies only in the Power to give.

Ang. How near his Thoughts agree with mine! This the mere Scholar I was told of! [*Aſide.*] ——I find, Sir, you have experienc'd Love, you ſeem acquainted with the Paſſion.

Car. I've had, indeed, a dead pale Glimpſe in Theory, but never ſaw th' enlivening Light before.

Ang. Ha! before! [*Aſide.*

Ant. Well, theſe are very fine Compliments, *Charles*; but you ſay nothing to your Brother yet.

Car. O yes, and wiſh him, Sir, with any other Beauty, (if poſſible) more laſting Joy than I could taſte with her.

Ang. He ſpeaks unhappily.

Clo. Ha!——what do you [illegible] Brother?

Ant. Nay, for my part, I don't un[illegible]and him.

Cha. Nor I.

D. *Lew.* Stand clear, I do——and that ſweet Creature too, I hope.

Ang. Too well, I fear. [*Aſide.*

Ant. Come, come, to the Writing, *Charles*; prithee leave thy ſtudying, Man.

Car. I leave my Life firſt; I ſtudy now to be a Man; before, *what Man was*, was but my *Argument*;—— I am now on the *Proof!* I find, I feel myſelf a Man—— nay, I fear it too.

D. *Lew.* He has it! he has it! my Boy's in for't.

Clo. Come, come, will you——

D. *Lew.* Stand out of the Way, Puppy.

[*Interpoſing with his Back to* Clody.

Car. Whence is it, Fair, that while I offer Speech to you, my Thoughts want Words, my Words their free and honeſt Utterance? Why is it thus I tremble at your Youth, and fear your Frown, as would a frighted Child the

the dreadful Lightning? Yet ſhould my deareſt Friend or Brother dare to check my vain deluded Wiſhes, O! I ſhould turn, and tear him like an offended Lion —— Is this, can it, muſt it be in a Siſter's Power?

Clo. Come, come, will you ſign, Brother?

D. *Lew.* Time enough, Puppy.

Car. O! if you knew with what precipitated Haſte you hurry on a Deed that makes you bleſs'd, or miſerable for ever, ev'n yet, near as you are to Happineſs, you'd find no Danger in a Moment's Pauſe.

Clo. I ſay, will you ſign, Brother?

Car. Away, I have no Time for Trifles! Room for an elder Brother.

D. *Lew.* Why, did not I bid thee ſtand out of the Way now?

Ant. Ay, but this is trifling, *Charles!* come, come, your Hand, Man.

Car. Your Pardon, Sir, I cannot ſeal yet; had you only ſhew'd me Land, I had reſign'd it free, and proud to have beſtow'd it to your Pleaſure: 'Tis Care, 'tis Dirt, and Trouble: But you have open'd to me ſuch a Treaſure, [illegible] Mines of ſolid Joy, that I perceive my Temper ſtubborn now, ev'n to a churliſh Avarice of Love —— Heaven direct my Fortune.

Ant. And ſo you won't part with your Title, Sir?

Car. Sooner with my Soul of Reaſon, be a Plant, a Beaſt, a Fiſh, a Fly, and only make the Number of Things up, than yield one Foot of Land —— if ſhe be ty'd to't.

Cha. I don't like this; he talks odly, methinks.

Ang. Yet with a Bravery of Soul might warm the coldeſt Heart. [*Aſide.*

Clo. Pſhaw, Pox, prithee, Brother, you had better think of thoſe things in your Study, Man!

Car. Go you and ſtudy, for 'tis Time, young Brother: Turn o'er the tedious Volumes I have read; think, and digeſt them well! the wholſomeſt Food for green conſumptive Minds; wear out whole faſted Days, and by the pale weak Lamp, ſpore away the freezing Nights; rather make dim thy Sight, than leave thy Mind in

Doubt

Doubt and Darkneſs: Confine thy uſeleſs Travels to thy Cloſet, traverſe the wiſe and civil Lives of good and great Men dead; compare 'em with the Living: Tell me why *Cæſar* periſh'd by the Hand that lov'd him moſt? and why his Enemies deplor'd him? Diſtil the Sweetneſs from the Poet's Spring, and learn to ſoften thy Deſires; nor dare to dream of Marriage-Vows, 'till thou haſt taught thy Soul, like mine, to love —— Is it for thee to wear a Jewel of this ineſtimable Worth?

D. *Lew.* Ah! *Charles*! [*Kiſſes him.*] What ſay you to the Scholar now, Chicken?

Ang. A Wonder! —— Is this Gentleman your Brother, Sir? [*To* Clody.

Clo. Hey! no, my —— Madam, not quite — that is, he is a little a-kin by the —— Fox on him, would he were bury'd —— I can't tell what to ſay to him, ſplit me.

Ant. Poſitively, you will not ſeal then, ha?

Car. Neither —— I ſhould not blindly ſay I will not ſeal —— Let me intreat a Moment's Pauſe —— for, even yet, perhaps, I may. [*Sighing.*

Ang. Forbid it, Fortune!

Ant. O, may you ſo, Sir!

Clo. Ay! Sir, hey! What, you are come to yourſelf I find, 'ſheart!

Cha. Ay, ay, give him a little Time, he'll think better on't, I warrant you.

Car. Perhaps, fair Creature, I have done you Wrong, whoſe plighted Love and Hope went Hand in Hand together; but I conjure you, think my Life were hateful after ſo baſe, ſo barbarous an Act as parting 'em: What! to lay waſte at once for ever, all the gay Bloſſoms of your forward Fortune, the promis'd Wiſhes of your young Deſire, your fruitful Beauty, and your ſpringing Joy; your thriving Softneſs, and your cluſter'd Kiſſes, growing on the Lips of Love, devour'd with an unthirſty Infant's Appetite! O forbid it, Love! forbid it, Nature and Humanity! I have no Land, no Fortune, Life, or Being, while your Neceſſity of Peace requires 'em: Say! or give me Need to think your ſmalleſt Hope depends

on

on my objected Ruin; my Ruin is my Safety there; my Fortune, or my Life resign'd with Joy, so your Account of happy Hours were thence but rais'd to any added Number.

Cha. Why ay! there's some Civility in this.

Clo. The Fellow really talks very prettily.

Car. But if in bare Compliance to a Father's Will, you now but suffer Marriage, or what's worse, give it as an extorted Bond, impos'd on the Simplicity of your Youth, and dare confess you wish some honest Friend would save, or free you from its hard Conditions; I then again have Land, have Life, and Resolution, waiting still upon your happier Fortune.

Clo. Ha, ha! pert enough, that! I'gad! I long to see what this will come to!

Priest. In truth, unless somebody is marry'd presently, the Dinner will be spoil'd, and then —— no body will be able to eat it.

Ant. Brother, I say, let's remove the Lady.

Cha. Force her from him!

Car. 'Tis too late! I have a Figure here! Sooner shall Bodies leave their Shade; as well you might attempt to shut old Time into a Den, and from his downy Wings wash the swift Hours away, or steal Eternity to stop his Glass; so fix'd, so rooted here, is every growing Thought of her.

Clo. Gads me; what, now it's troublesome again, is it?

Car. Consider, fair one, now's the very Crisis of our Fate: You cannot have it sure, to ask if Honour be the Parent of my Love: If you can love for Love, and think your Heart rewarded there, like two young Vines we'll curl together, circling our Souls in never-ending Joy; we'll spring together, and we'll bear one Fruit; one Joy shall make us smile, one Sorrow mourn; one Age go with us, one Hour of Death shall close our Eyes, and one cold Grave shall hold us happy —— Say but you hate me not! O speak! Give but the softest Breath to has transporting Thought!

Ang. Need I then speak; to say, I am far from hating you

you —— I would ſay more, but there is nothing fit for me to ſay.

Cha. I'll bear it no longer——

Ang. On this you may depend, I cannot like that Marriage was propos'd me.

Car. How ſhall my Soul requite this Goodneſs?

Cha. Beyond Patience! This is downright Inſolence! Roguery! Rape!

Ant. Part 'em.

Clo. Ay, ay! part 'em, part 'em.

D. *Lew.* Doll! dum! dum!——

[*Sings and draws in their Defence.*

Cha. Call an Officer, I'll have 'em forc'd aſunder.

Ang. Nay, then I am reduc'd to take Protection here.

[*Goes to* Carlos.

Car. O Extaſy of Heart! tranſporting Joy!

D. *Lew.* Lorra! Dorrol! Loll! [*Sings, and dances.*

Cha. A Plot! a Plot againſt my Honour! Murder! Treaſon! Gun-powder! I'll be reveng'd!

Ant. Sir, you ſhall have Satisfaction.

Cha. I'll be reveng'd!

Ant. Carlos, I ſay, forego the Lady.

Car. Never, while I have Senſe of Being, Life, or Motion.

Clo. You won't! Gadſo! What, then I find I muſt lug out upon this Buſineſs? *Allons!* the Lady, Sir!

D. *Lew.* Lorra! Dorrol! Loll!

[*Preſenting his Point to* Clodio.

Cha. I'll have his Blood!

Car. Hold, Uncle! Come Brother! ſheath your Anger——I'll do my beſt to ſatisfy you all——but firſt I would intreat a Bleſſing here.

Ant. Out of my Doors, thou art no Son of mine.

[*Exit* Ant.

Car. I am ſorry I have loſt a Father, Sir——For you, Brother, ſince once you had a ſeeming Hope, in lieu of what you've loſt, half of my Birth-right.

Clo. No Halves! no Halves, Sir! the whole Lady!

Car. Why, then the Whole, if you can like the Terms.

Clo.

Clo. What Terms? What Terms? Come, quick, quick.

Car. The first is this ——— [*Snatches* Don Lewis's *Sword.*] Win her, and wear her; for on my Soul, unless my Body fail, my Mind shall never yield thee up a Thought in Love.

D. *Lew.* Gramercy, *Charles!* To him, Boy! I'gad, this Love has made a Man of him.

Car. This is the first good Sword I ever pois'd in Anger yet; 'tis sharp I'm sure; if it but hold my putting home, I shall so hunt your Insolence! ——I feel the Fire of ten strong Spirits in me: Wer't thou a native Fencer, in so fair a Cause, I thus should hold thee at the worst Defiance.

Clo. Look you, Brother, take care of yourself, I shall certainly be in you the first Thrust; but if you had rather, d'ye see, we'll talk a little calmly about this Business.

Car. Away, Trifler! I would be loth to prove thee a Coward too.

Clo. Coward! why then, really, Sir, if you please, Midriff's the Word, Brother; you are a Son of a Whore—*Allons!* [*They fight, and* Clodio *is disarm'd.*

Clo. I say his Blood! I'll have it, by all the Scars and Wounds of Honour in my Family. [*Exit.*

Car. There, Sir, take your Life—— and mend it—— be gone without Reply.

Ang. Are you wounded, Sir?

Car. Only in my Fears for you: How shall we bestow us, Uncle?

D. *Lew.* Positively, we are not safe here, this Lady being an Heiress. Follow me.

Car. Good Angels guard us. [*Exeunt with* Ang.

Clo. Gadso! I never fenc'd so ill in all my Life—— never in my Life, split me!

Enter Monsieur.

Mons. Sire, here be de Trompete, de Haute-Boy, de Musique, de Maitre Danser, dat desier to know if you shall be please to 'ave de Masque begin.

Car. Hey! what does this Puppy say now?

Mons.

Monſ. Sire, de Muſique.

Clo. Why ay——that's true —— but — tell 'em—— Plague on 'em, tell 'em, they are not ready tun'd.

Monſ. Sire, dare is all Tune, all prepare.

Clo. Ay! Why then, tell 'em that my Brother's wife again, and has ſpoil'd all, and I am bubbled, and ſo I ſhan't be marry'd till next Time: But I have fought with him, and he has diſarm'd me; and ſo he won't releaſe the Land, nor give me my Miſtreſs again; and I——I am undone, that's all. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Charino, Antonio, *Officers, and Servants.*

Cha. Officer, do your Duty: I ſay, ſeize 'em all.

Ant. Carry 'em this Minute before a —— How now! what, all fled?

Cha. Ha! my Girl! my Child! my Heireſs! I am abus'd! I am cheated! I am robb'd! I am raviſh'd! murder'd! and flung in a Ditch.

Ant. Who let 'em out? Which Way went they, Villains?

Serv. Sir, we had no Order to ſtop them; but they went out at that Door, not ſix Minutes ago.

Cha. I'll purſue them with Bills, Warrants, Actions, Writs, and Malice: I'm a Lawyer, Sir; they ſhall find I underſtand Ruin.

Ant. Nay, they ſhall be found, Sir; run you to the Port, Sirrah, ſee if any Ships are going off, and bring us Notice immediately.

Enter Sancho *drunk.*

Sanc. Ban, ban, Cac-caliban! [*Sings.*

Ant. Here comes a Rogue, I'll warrant, knows the Bottom of all! Where's my Son, Villain?

Sanc. Son, Sir!

Cha. Where's my Daughter, Sirrah?

Sanc. Daughter, Sir!

Cha. Ay, my Daughter, Raſcal!

Sanc. Why, Sir, they told me, juſt now, Sir——that ſhe's——ſhe's run away.

Ant. Dog, where's your Maſter?

Sanc. My Maſter! why, they ſay he is ——

Ant. Where, Sirrah?

Sanc. Why, he is —— he is —— gone along with her.

Ant. Death! you Dog, diſcover him, or ——

Sanc. Sir, I will —— I will.

Ant. Where is he, Villain?

Sanc. Where, Sir? Why, to be ſure he is —— he is —— upon my Soul, I don't know, Sir.

Ant. No more trifling, Raſcal.

Sanc. If I do, Sir, I wiſh this may be my Poiſon. [*Drinks.*

Ant. Death! you Dog, get out of my Houſe, or I'll —— So Sir, have you found him?

Re-enter the Servant haſtily, and Clodio.

Clo. Ay, Sir, have you found 'em?

Serv. Yes, Sir, I had Sight of 'em; but they were juſt got on board a ſmall Veſſel, before I could overtake 'em.

Cha. Death, and Furies!

Ant. Sirrah, were they bound, Sirrah?

Serv. Sir, I could not diſcover that; but they were full before the Wind, with a very ſmart Gale.

Ant. What ſhall we do, Brother?

Clo. Be as ſmart as they, Sir; follow 'em; follow 'em.

Cha. Send to the Port this Moment, and ſecure a Ship; I'll purſue 'em thro' all the Elements.

Clo. I'll follow you, by the Northern Star.

Ant. Run to the Port again, Rogue; hire a Ship, and tell 'em they muſt hoiſt Sail immediately.

Clo. And you Rogue, run to my Chamber, fill up my Snuff-box —— Cram it hard, you Dog, and be here again before you get thither.

Ant. What, will you take nothing elſe, Boy?

Clo. Nothing, Sir, but Snuff and Opportunity —— we're in haſte. *Allons!* hey! *Je vole.*

ACT III.

The SCENE Lisbon.

Enter Elvira, *Don* Duart, *and Governor.*

Elv. DEAR Brother, let me intreat you, ſtay; why will you provoke your Danger?

D. *Du.* Madam, my Honour muſt be ſatisfied.

Elv. That's done already, by the degrading Blow you gave him.

Gov. Pray, Niece, what is it has incens'd him?

Elv. Nothing but a needleſs Quarrel.

Gov. I am ſorry for him —— For whom is all this Fury, Nephew?

D. *Du.* To you, Sir, or any Man that dares oppoſe me.

Gov. Come, you are too boiſterous, Sir; and this vain Opinion of your Courage, taken on your late Succeſs in Duelling, makes you daily ſhunn'd by Men of civil Converſation: For Shame, leave off theſe ſenſeleſs Brawls; if you are valiant, as you would be thought, turn out your Courage to the Wars; let your King and Country be the better for't.

D. *Du.* Yes, ſo I might be General —— Sir, no Man living ſhall command me.

Gov. Sir, you ſhall find that here in *Lisbon* I will: I'm every Hour follow'd with Complaints of your Behaviour from Men of almoſt all Conditions; and my Authority, which you preſume will bear you out, becauſe you are my Nephew, no longer ſhall protect you now: Expect your next Diſorder to be puniſh'd with as much Severity, as his that is a Stranger to my Blood.

D. *Du.*

D. *Du.* Punish me! You, nor your Office, dare not do't.

Gov. Away! Justice dares do any thing she ought.

Elv. Brother, this brutal Temper must be cast off: When you can master that, you shall gladly command my Fortune. But if you still persist, expect my Prayers and Vows for your Conversion only; but never Means, or Favour.

D. *Du.* Fire! and Furies! I'm tutor'd here like a mere School-boy! Women shall judge of Injuries in Honour!——For you, Sir——I was born free, and will not curb my Spirit, nor is it for your Authority to tempt it: Give me the Usage of a Man of Honour, or 'tis not your Government shall protect you. [*Exit.*

Gov. I am sorry to see this, Niece, for your sake.

Elv. Wou'd he were not my Brother.

Enter Don Manuel, *and Sailors, with* Angelina.

D. *Man.* Divide the Spoil amongst you: This fair Captive I only challenge for myself.

Gov. Ha! some Prize brought in.

Sail. Sir, she's yours; you fought, and well deserve her.

Gov. Noble Don *Manuel!* welcome on Shore! I see you are fortunate; for I presume that's some uncommon Prize.

D. *Man.* She is indeed——These ten Years I have known the Seas, and many rough Engagements there; but never saw so small a Bark so long defended, with such incredible Valour, and by two Men scarce arm'd too.

Gov. Is't possible!

D. *Man.* Nay, and their Contempt of Death, when taken, exceeds even all they acted in their Freedom.

Gov. Pray, tell us, Sir.

D. *Man.* When they were brought aboard us, both disarm'd and ready to be fetter'd, they look'd as they had sworn never to take the Bread of Bondage, and on a sudden snatching up their Swords, (the younger taking

firſt from this fair Maid a Farewel only with his Eyes) both leapt into the Sea.

Gov. 'Tis wonderful indeed.

D. *Man.* It wrought ſo much upon me, had not our own Safety hinder'd, (at that Time a great Ship purſuing us) I wou'd in Charity have ta'en 'em up, and with their Lives they ſhould have had their Liberty.

Ang. Too late, alas! they're loſt! (Heart-wounding Thought!) for ever loſt!—— I now am friendleſs, miſerable, and a Slave.

D. *Man.* Take Comfort, Fair One, perhaps you yet again may ſee 'em: They were not quite a League from Shore, and with ſuch Strength and Courage broke through the rolling Waves, they cou'd not fail of Life and Safety.

Ang. In that laſt Hope, I brook a wretched Being: But if they're dead, my Woes will find ſo many Doors to let out Life, I ſhall not long ſurvive 'em.

Elv. Alas! poor Lady! Come, Sir, Miſery but weeps the more, when ſhe is gaz'd on—— we trouble her.

Gov. I wait on you: Your Servant, Sir——

[*Exeunt* Elv. *and* Gov.

D. *Man.* Now, my fair Captive, tho' I confeſs you beautiful, yet give me Leave to own my Heart has long been in another's keeping; therefore the Favour I am about to aſk, you may at leaſt hear with Safety.

Ang. This has engag'd me, Sir, to hear.

D. *Man.* Theſe three Years have I honourably lov'd a noble Lady, her Name *Louiſa*, the beauteous Niece of great *Ferrara*'s Duke: Her Perſon and Fortune uncontrol'd, ſole Miſtreſs of herſelf and me, who long have languiſh'd in an hopeleſs Conſtancy. Now I perceive, in all your Language, and your Looks, a ſoft'ning Power, nor can a Suit by you promoted be deny'd: Therefore I wou'd awhile intreat your Leave to recommend you, as her Companion, to this Lady's Favour: And (as I am ſure you'll ſoon be near her cloſeſt Thoughts) if you can think upon the honeſt Courteſies I hitherto have ſhewn your Modeſty, and in your happy Talk, but name with any Mark of Favour me, or my unweary'd Love,

Love, 'twould be a generous Act wou'd fix me ever grateful to its Memory.

Ang. Such poor Aſſiſtance, Sir, as one diſtreſs'd like me, can give, ſhall willingly be paid: If I can ſteal but any Thoughts from my own Misfortunes, reſt aſſur'd, they'll be employ'd in healing yours.

D. *Man.* I'll ſtudy to deſerve this Goodneſs; for the preſent, think my poor Houſe your own; at Night I'll wait on you to the Lady, 'till when I am your Guard.

Ang. You have bound me to your Service ——

[*Exeunt D.* Manuel *and* Angelina.

The SCENE changes to a Church, the Veſpers ſuppos'd to be juſt ended, ſeveral walking out. Carlos *and Don* Lewis *riſing near* Louiſa *and* Honoria. Louiſa *obſerving* Carlos.

Hon. Come, Madam, ſhall we walk out? The Croud's pretty well over now.

Lou. But then that melancholy Softneſs in his Look! [*To herſelf.*

[illegible] Couſin! *Donna Louiſa!*

Lou. Ev'n in his Devotions too, ſuch graceful Adoration —— ſo ſweet a ——

Hon. Couſin, will you go?

Lou. Pſhaw, time enough —— Prithee let's walk a little this Way.

Hon. What's the Matter with her?

[*They walk from D.* Lewis *and* Carlos.

Car. To what are we reſerv'd?

D. *Lew.* For no Good, I am afraid —— My ill Luck don't uſe to give over, when her Hand's in; ſhe's always in haſte —— One Misfortune generally comes galloping in upon the Back of another —— Drowning we have eſcap'd miraculouſly; wou'd the Fear of Hanging were over too; our being ſo ſtrangely ſav'd from one, ſmells damnable rank of the other. Tho' I am oblig'd to thee, *Charles*, for what Life I have, and I'll thank thee for't, if ever I ſet Foot upon my Eſtate again: Faith, I was juſt gone, if thou hadſt not taken me upon

thy Back the laſt hundred Yards, by this Time I had been Food for Herrings and Mackrel——But it's pretty well as it is; for there is not much Difference between Starving and Drowning——All in good Time—We are poor enough in Conſcience, and I don't know, but two Days more Faſting, might really make us hungry too.

Lou. They are Strangers then, and ſeem in ſome Neceſſity. [*Aſide.*

Car. Theſe are light Wants to me, I find 'em none, when weigh'd with *Angelina*'s Loſs; when I reflect on her Diſtreſs, the Hardſhips and the Cries of helpleſs Bondage; the inſolent, the deaf Deſires of Men in Power; O! I cou'd wiſh the Fate that ſav'd us from the Ocean's Fury, in kinder Pity of our Love's Diſtreſs, had bury'd us in one Wave embracing.

Lou. How tenderly he talks! This were indeed a Lover! [*Aſide.*

D. *Lew.* A moſt unhappy Loſs indeed! but come, don't deſpair, Boy; the Ship that took us as a *Portugueſe*, of *Liſbon* too, I believe; who knows but ſome way or other we may hear of her yet?

Car. In that poor Hope I live——O thou dread Power! ſtupendous Author of univerſal Being, and of thy wondrous Works, that Virgin Wife, the Maſterpiece, look down upon her; let the bright Virtues of her untainted Mind, ſue for, and protect her: O let her Youth, her ſpotleſs Innocence, to which all Paſſages in Heaven ſtand open, appear before thy Throne diſtreſs'd, and meet ſome Miracle to ſave her.

Lou. Who would not die, to be ſo pray'd for? [*Aſide.*

D. *Lew.* Faith, *Charles*, thou haſt pray'd heartily, I'll ſay that for thee; ſo that if any good Fortune will pay us a Viſit, we are ready to receive her now, as ſoon as ſhe pleaſes. Come, don't be melancholy.

Car. Have I not Cauſe? Were not my force of Faith ſuperior to my hopeleſs Reaſon, I could not bear the Inſults of my Fortune; but I have rais'd myſelf, by elevated Faith, as far above Deſpair, as Reaſon lifts me from the Brute.

D. *Lew.*

D. *Lew.* Why now, would not this make any one weep, to hear a young Man talk ſo finely, when he is almoſt famiſh'd?

Lou. What were you ſaying, Couſin?

Hon. I wou'd have ſaid, Madam, but you wou'd not hear me.

Lou. Prithee forgive me, I was in the oddeſt Thought: let's walk a little. I'll have him dogg'd. [*Aſide.*] *Jaques!* [*Whiſpers.*] What was't you aſk'd me, Couſin?

Hon. The Reaſon of your Averſion to Don *Manuel?* you know he loves you.

Lou. I hate his Love.

Hon. But why, pray? You know 'tis honourable, and ſo is his Family; nor is his Fortune leſs: I ſhould think, the more deſirable, becauſe his Courage and his Conduct on the Seas have rais'd it; nay, with all this, he's extremely modeſt too.

Lou. Therefore, I might hate him.

Hon. For his Modeſty?

Lou. Is any thing ſo ſleepy, ſo flat, and inſupportable, as a modeſt Lover?

Lew. Wou'd you bear Impudence in a Lover?

Lou. I don't know; it's more tolerable in the Man, than the Woman; and there muſt be Impudence on the one Side, before they can both come to a right Underſtanding.

Hon. Why, what will you have him do?

Lou. That's a very home Queſtion, Couſin; but, if I lik'd him, I could tell you.

Hon. Suppoſe you did like him?

Lou. Then I would not tell you.

Hon. Why?

Lou. 'Cauſe I ſhould have more Diſcretion.

Hon. Bleſs me! ſure you would not do any thing you would be aſham'd to tell?

Lou. That's true; but if one ſhou'd, you know, 'twou'd be ſilly to tell. No Woman would be fond of Shame, ſure.

Hon. But there's no avoiding it in a ſhameful Action.

Lou. Don't be ſo poſitive.

Hon. All your Friends would ſhun you, point at you.

Lou. And yet you ſee there's a World of Friendſhip and good Breeding among all the Women of Quality.

Hon. Suppoſe there be?

Lou. Why then, I ſuppoſe, that a great many of them are mightily hurry'd in the Care of their Reputation.

Hon. So you conclude, that a Woman doing an ill Thing, does herſelf no Harm, while her Reputation's ſafe.

Lou. It does not do her ſo much Harm; and of two Evils, I'm always for chuſing the leaſt.

Hon. What need you chuſe either?

Lou. Becauſe I have a vaſt Fortune in my own Hands, and love dearly to do what I have a mind to.

Hon. Why won't you marry then?

Lou. Becauſe then I muſt only do as my Huſband has a mind to; and I hate to be govern'd: On my Soul, I would not marry, to be an *Engliſh* Wife; not but the dear Jolting of a Hackney Coach, and an eaſy Huſband, are ſtrange Temptations; but from the cold Comfort of a fine Coach with Springs, and a dull Husband with none, good Lord deliver me: But then, the Inſolence of ours is inſupportable, becauſe the naſty Law gives 'em a Power over us, which Nature never deſign'd 'em. For my part, I had rather be in Love all Days of my Life, than marry.

Hon. That is, you had rather bear the Diſeaſe, than have the Cure.

Lou. Marriage is indeed a Cure for Love; but Love's a Diſeaſe I wou'd never be cur'd of; therefore, no more Phyſick, dear Couſin; no more Husbands —— I hate your bitter Draughts —— Not but I'm afraid I am a little Feveriſh —— You'll think me mad.

Hon. What's the Matter?

Lou. Did you obſerve thoſe Strangers that have walk'd by us.

Hon. Not much; but what of them?

Lou. Did you hear nothing of their Talk?

Hon. I think I did; one of 'em, the younger, ſeem'd concern'd for a loſt Miſtreſs.

Lou.

Lou. Ay, but ſo near, ſo tenderly concern'd, his Looks, as well as Words, ſpeaking an inward Grief, that could not flow from every common Paſſion: I muſt know more of him.

Hon. What do you mean?

Lou. ——— Muſt ſpeak to him.

Hon. By no means.

Lou. Why, you ſee they are Strangers, I believe in ſome neceſſity; and ſince they ſeem not born to beg Relief, to offer it unaſk'd, would add ſome Merit to the Charity.

Hot. Conſider.

Lou. I hate it——Sir——Sir——

D. *Lew.* Would you ſpeak with me, Madam?

Lou. If you pleaſe, with your Friend——not to interrupt you, Sir.

Car. Your Pleaſure, Lady?

Lou. You ſeem a Stranger, Sir.

Car. A moſt unfortunate one.

Lou. If I am not deceiv'd, in Want: Pardon my Freedom——if I have err'd, as freely tell me ſo; if not, as the leaſt of your better Fortune, this Trifle ſues for your Acceptance.

D. *Lew.* Take it, Boy.

Car. A Bounty ſo unmerited, and from an Hand unknown, fills me with Surpriſe and Wonder: But give me Leave, in Honeſty, to warn you, Lady, of a too heedleſs Purchaſe; for if you mean it as the Bribe to any Evil you would have me practiſe, be not offended, if I dare not take it.

Lou. How affably he talks! how chaſte! how innocent his Thoughts! he muſt be won!—— [*Aſide*]—— You are too ſcrupulous; I have no hard Deſigns upon your Honeſty——— only this——Be wiſe and cautious, if you ſhould follow me; I am obſerv'd, farewell. *Jaques!*——Will you walk, Couſin?—— [*Whiſpers* Jaques.]——and bring me Word immediately. I am going Home. [*Exe. Lou. and Hon.*

D. *Lew.* Let's ſee, Odſheart! follow her, Man——why, 'tis all Gold!

Car. Diſpoſe it as you pleaſe.

D. *Lew.* I'll firſt have a better Title to't.——No, 'tis all thine, Boy——I hold an hundred Piſtoles ſhe's ſome great Fortune in Love with you——I ſay, follow her—ſince you have loſt one Wife before you had her, I'd have you make ſure of another before you loſe her.

Car. Fortune, indeed, has diſpoſſeſs'd her of my Perſon; but her firm Title to my Heart, not all the ſubtle Arts or Laws of Love can ſhake or violate.

D. *Lew.* Prithee follow her now! methinks I'd fain ſee thee in Bed with ſome body before I die.

Car. Be not ſo poor in Thought; let me intreat you rather to employ 'em, Sir, with mine, in Search of *Angelina*'s Fortune.

D. *Lew.* Well, dear *Charles*, don't chide me now. I do love thee, and I will follow thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE the Street. Enter Antonio *and* Charino.

Ant. You heard what the Sailor ſaid, Brother, ſuch a Ship has put in here, and ſuch Perſons were taken in it. Therefore my Advice is, immediately to get a Warrant from the Government to ſearch and take 'em up where-ever me can find 'em.

Cha. Sir, you muſt not tell me—I won't be chous'd of my Daughter; I ſhall expect her, Sir; if not, I'll take my Courſe; I know the Law. [*Walks about.*

Ant. You really have a great deal of dark Wit, Brother; but if you know any Courſe better than a Warrant to ſearch for her, in the Name of Wiſdom, take it; if not, here's my Oath, and yours, and——how now, where's *Clody*?——oh, here he comes——

Enter Clodio, *ſearching his Pockets.*

How now! What's the Matter, Boy?

Clo. Ay, it's gone, ſplit me.

Ant. What's the Matter? [*Louder.*

Clo. The beſt Joint in Chriſtendom.

Ant. Clody!

Clo.

Clo. Sir, I have loſt my Snuff-box.

Ant. Pſhaw, a Trifle; get thee another, Man.

Clo. Sir, 'tis not to be had —— beſides, I dare not ſhew my Face at *Paris* without it. What do you think her Grace will ſay to me?

Cha. Well, upon ſecond Thoughts, I am content to ſearch.

Clo. I have ſearch'd all my Pockets fifty times over, to no purpoſe.

Cha. Pockets!

Clo. It's impoſſible to fellow it, but in *Paris* —— I'll go to *Paris*, ſplit me. [*Aſide.*

Cha. To *Paris!* Why you don't ſuppoſe my Daughter's there, Sir?

Clo. I don't know but ſhe may, Sir: but I am ſure they make the beſt Joints in *Europe* there.

Cha. Joints! —— my Son-in-law that ſhou'd have been, ſeems ſtrangely alter'd for the worſe. But come, let's to the Governor.

Clo. I'll have it cry'd, Faith; or, if that won't do, I have a lucky Thought; I'll offer thirty Piſtoles to the Finder, in the *Paris Gazette*, in pure Compliment to the Favours of *Madam la Ducheſs de* ——— *Mum.* I'll do't, Faith.

Ant. Come along, *Clody.* [*Exe.* Ant. *and* Charino.

Clo. Sir, I muſt look a little, I'll follow you preſently; my poor pretty Box! Ah, Plague o' my Sea-Voyage.

Enter a Servant haſtily with a Flambeau.

Serv. By your Leave, Sir, my Maſter's coming; pray, Sir, clear the Way.

Clo Ha! why thou art pert, my Love; prithee, who is thy Maſter, Child!

Serv. The valiant Don *Duart*, Sir; Nephew to the Governor of *Lisbon.*

Clo. Well, Child, and what? does he eat every Man he meets?

Serv. No, Sir, but he challenges every Man that takes the Wall of him, and always ſends me before, to clear the Way.

Clo. Ha! a pretty harmleſs Humour that? Is this he, Child?——You may look as terrible as you pleaſe, I muſt banter you, ſplit me, [*Aſide.*

Enter Don Duart, *ſtalking up to* Clodio.

D. *Du.* Do you know me, Sir?

Clo. Hey! ho! [*Looks careleſly on him, and gapes.*

D. *Du.* Do you know me, Sir?

Clo. You did not ſee my Snuff-box, Sir, did you?

D. Du. Sir, in *Lisbon* no Man asks me a Queſtion cover'd. [*Strikes off* Clody's *Hat.*] Now you know me.

Clo. Perfectly well, Sir.—Hi! hi! I like you mightily—you are not a Bully, Sir?

D. *Du.* You are ſaucy, Friend.

Clo. Ay, it's a Way I have, after I'm affronted—— Thou art really the moſt extraordinary — umph——that ever I met with! Now, Sir, do you know me, ſplit me?

D. *Du.* Know thee! take that, Peaſant! [*Strikes him, and both draw.*

Clo. I can't, upon my Soul, Sir; *Allons!* now we ſhall come to a right Underſtanding. [*They fight.*

Serv. Help! Murder! help!

Clo. Allons! to our better Acquaintance, Sir; A, hah! [*D.* Du. *falls.*] he has it! Never puſh'd better in my Life, never in my Life, ſplit me.

Serv. O! my Maſter's kill'd! help ho! Murder! help!

Clo. Hey! why Faith, Child, that's very true as thou ſay'ſt, and ſo the Devil take the Hindmoſt.

[*Exit* Clodio.

Enter Officers.

1ſt *Offi.* How now! Who's that cries Murder?

Serv. O, my Maſter's murder'd; ſome of you follow me, this Way he took! let's after him——help! Murder! help! [*Exit.*

2d *Offi.* 'Tis Don *Duart.*

1ſt *Offi.* So, Pride has got a Fall; he has paid for't now;

now; you have met with your Match, Faith, Sir. Come, let's carry the Body to the good Lady his Siſter *Donna Elvira*; you purſue the Murderer, I'll warrant him ſome civil Gentleman; ye need not make too much Haſte, for if he does 'ſcape, 'tis no great Matter—— Come along. [*Exeunt with the Body.*

Enter Carlos *and Don* Lewis, *followed at ſome Diſtance by* Jaques, *and* Bravoes, *with a Chair.*

D. *Lew.* Come along, *Charles*, I'm ſure 'tis ſhe by their Deſcription; and if that brawny Dog, the Captain, has plaid her no foul Play, ſhe ſhan't want Ranſom, if all my Eſtate can purchaſe it.

Car. Now Fortune guide us. [*Exeunt.*

Jaques. That's he, the talleſt——beſure you ſpare his Perſon — only force him into this Chair, and carry him as directed.

1ſt *Bra.* What muſt be done with the old Fellow?

Jaques. We muſt have him too, leſt he ſhould dog the other, and be troubleſome. If he won't come quietly, bring him any how——Follow ſoftly, we ſhall ſnap 'em as they turn the Corner.

A Noiſe of Follow, &c. *Enter* Clodio *haſtily from the other Side.*

Clo. Ah! Pox of their Noſes! the Dogs have ſmelt me out! What ſhall I do? If they take me, I ſhall be hang'd, ſplit me!——Ha! a Door open! Faith I'll in at a venture. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Bravoes *with* Carlos *in a Chair, ſome haling in* Don Lewis.

D. *Lew.* O my poor Boy *Charles!*——*Charles!*—help! Murder!

1ſt *Bra.* Hold your Peace, Fool, if you'd be well us'd.

D. *Lew.* Sir, I will not hold my Peace; Dogs! Rogues! Villains! Help! Murder!

1ſt *Bra.*

1st Bra. Nay, then by your Leave, old Gentleman. ——So, bring him along.

D. Lew. Aw! aw! aw! [*They gag him, and carry him Head and Heels. Exeunt.*

SCENE a Chamber, Elvira *and her Servants with Lights.*

Elv. Is not my Brother come home yet?

Serv. I have not ſeen him, Madam.

Elv. Go and ſeek him; go all of ye every where—— I'll not reſt 'till you return; take away your Lights too; for my Devotions are written in my Heart, and I ſhall read 'em without a Taper, [*Exeunt Servants.*

Enter Clodio *ſtealing in.*

Clo. Ah! poor *Clody!* what will become of thee? thy Condition, I'm afraid, is but very indifferent. Follow'd behind! ſtopt before! and beſet on both Sides! Ah! Pox o' my Wit! I muſt be bantering, muſt I? But let me ſee! where am I! an odd ſort of an Houſe this—— all the Doors open, and no body in't! no Noiſe! no Whiſper! no Dog ſtirring!

Elv. Who's that?

Clo. Ha! a Woman's Voice.

Elv. Who are you? Who waits there? *Stephano! Julia!*

Clo. Gadſo! 'tis the Lady of the Houſe; ſhe can't ſee my unfortunate Face however. Faith, I'll e'en make a grave Speech, tell her my Caſe, and beg her Protection.

Elv. Speak! what are you?

Clo. Madam, a moſt unfortunate young Gentleman.

Elv. I am ſure you are a Man of moſt ill Manners, to preſs thus boldly to my private Chamber. Whither wou'd you? What want you?

Clo. Gracious Madam, hear me; I am a Stranger moſt unfortunate, and my Diſtreſs has made me rudely preſs for your Protection: If you refuſe it, Madam, I am undone for ever by——I ſay, Madam, I am utterly undone! 'Twas coming, Faith! [*Aſide.*

Elv.

Elv. Alas! his Fear confounds him. What is't purſues you, Sir?

Clo. An Outcry of Officers; the Law's at my Heels, Madam, tho' Juſtice I'm not afraid of.

Elv. How could you offend the one, and not the other?

Clo. Being provok'd, Madam, by the Inſolence of my Enemy, in my own Defence, I juſt now left him dead in the Street. I am a very young Man, Madam, and I would not willingly be hang'd in a ſtrange Country, methinks; which I certainly ſhall be, unleſs your tender Charity protects me——Gad, I have a rare Tongue, I have a rare Tongue, Faith! [*Aſide.*

Elv. Poor Wretch, I pity him!

Clo. Madam, your Houſe is now my only Sanctuary, my Altar; therefore I beg you, upon my Knees, Madam, take pity of a poor bleeding Victim.

Elv. Are you a *Caſtilian?*

Clo. No, Madam, I was born in—in—in—What d'ye call'um—in——

Elv. Nay, I aſk not with Purpoſe to betray you; were you ten thouſand times a *Spaniard*, the Nation we *Portugueſe* moſt hate, in ſuch Diſtreſs, I yet would give you my Protection.

Clo. May I depend upon you, Madam? am I ſafe?

Elv. Safe as my Power, my Word, or Vow can make you: Enter that Door, which leads you to a Cloſet; ſhould the Officers come, as you expect, they owe ſuch Reverence to my Lodgings, they'll ſearch no further than my Leave invites 'em.

Clo. D'ye think, Madam, you can perſuade 'em?

Elv. Fear not, I'll warrant you; away!

Clo. The Breath of Gods, and Eloquence of Angels, go alo——with you. [*Exit.*

Elv. Alas! who knows but that the Charity I afford this Stranger, perhaps my Brother, elſewhere, may ſtand in need of. How he trembles! I hear his Breath come ſhort, hither. Be of Comfort, Sir, once more I give you my ſolemn Promiſe for your Safety.

Enter

Enter Servant and Officers, with Don Duart's *Body.*

Serv. Here, bring in the Body —— O! Madam, my Maſter's kill'd.

Elv. What ſay'ſt thou?

Serv. Your Brother, Madam, my Maſter, young *Don Duart*'s dead; he juſt now quarrell'd with a Gentleman, who unfortunately kill'd him in the Street.

Elv. Ah me!

1ſt Offi. We are inform'd, Madam, that the Murderer was ſeen to enter this Houſe, which made us preſs into it to apprehend him.

Elv. Oh!

Serv. Help, ho, my Lady faints.

1ſt Offi. Give her Air, ſhe'll recover. [Clodio *peeps in.*

Clo. Hey! — why, what the Devil! am I ſafer than I would be now? —Exactly — I have nick'd the Houſe to an Hair — Juſt ſo I did at *Paris* too, when I took a Lodging at a Bailiff's that had three Writs againſt me— This damn'd Cloſet too has ne'er a Chimney to creep out at — Ah! poor *Clody!* wou'd thou wert fairly in a Storm at Sea again, for I'm plaguily afraid thou wert not born to be drown'd. [*Retires.*

Elv. Stand off, my Sorrows will have Way; O my unhappy Brother! ſuch an End as this thy haughty Mind did long ſince propheſy! and to increaſe my Miſery, thy wretched Siſter wilfully muſt make a Breach of what ſhe has vow'd, or thou fall unreveng'd. Revenge and Juſtice both ſtand knocking at my Heart, but hoſpitable Faith has barr'd their Entrance: If I ſhou'd give 'em Way, I am forſworn; if not, am impious to a Brother's Memory. Is there no Means? no middle Path of Safety left? muſt I protect my Brother's Murderer? or break a ſolemn Vow, on which another's Life depends?

Enter Governor and Servants.

Gov. Where's this unhappy Sight? —Alas! he's gone paſt all Recovery. Reproof comes now too late.

Elv. It ſhall be ſo; I'll take the lighter Evil of the two,

two, and keep the ſolemn Vow to which juſt Heaven was Witneſs: The Wounds of Perjury never can be cur'd, but Juſtice may again overtake the Murderer, when no raſh Vows protect him.

Gov. Take Comfort, Niece.

Elv. O forbear; ſearch for the Murderer, and remove the Body at your Diſcretion, Sir, to be inter'd, while I ſhut out the offenſive Day, and here in Solitude indulge my Sorrow; therefore I beg my neareſt Friends, and you, my Lord, for ſome few Days, to ſpare your charitable Viſits.

Gov. I grieve for your Misfortune, Niece; but ſince you'll have it ſo, we take our Leaves; farewel — Bring forth the Body. [*Exit.*

Clo. Hey! what, are they gone away without me? and by her Contrivance too —— Gadſo!

Elv. Whoe'er thou art, to whom I've given Means of Life, to let thee ſee with what Religion I have kept my Vow, come fearleſs forth, while Night's thy Friend, and paſs unknown.

Clo. If this is not Love, the Devil's in't. [*Aſide.*

Elv. Fly with thy utmoſt Speed, where I may never ſee thee more.

Clo. Ay, that's her Modeſty. [*Aſide.*

Elv. And let that charitable Faith thou haſt found in me, perſuade thee to atone thy Crime by Penitence.

Clo. Poor Soul! I may find a better Way to thank thee for't.

Elv. You are at the Door now, farewel for ever.

Clo. Which is as much as to ſay, what wou'd I give to ſee you again? —— All in good Time, Child ——

ACT IV.

Enter Don Duart *in his Night-Gown, Surgeon, and Servants.*

D. *Du.* MAY I venture yet Abroad, Sir?

Surg. With Safety, Sir, your Wound was never dangerous; tho' from your great Loss of Blood, you seem'd awhile without Signs of Life.

D. *Du.* Sir, do you know if the Gentleman that wounded me be in Custody?

Surg. He was never taken, Sir, nor known, that I could hear of.

D. *Du.* I am sorry for't; for could I find him, which now shall be my earnest Care, I would with real Services acknowledge him my best of Friends, in having proved so fortunate an Enemy; he has bestow'd on me a second Life, which, from a clearer Insight of myself, will teach me now to use it better too. How does my Sister seem to bear my Fortune?

Surg. I never knew the Loss of any Friend lamented with more Sorrow; she suffers none to visit her, nor is she acquainted with your Recovery.

D. *Du.* I would not have her yet, nor any of my Friends; no Moisture sooner dries, than Women's Tears; and tho' I am apt to think my Sister honest in her Sorrow, yet knowing her a Woman, still I am resolv'd to make a further Trial of her Virtue.

Surg. Sir, you may command my Secrecy.

D. *Du.* I thank you, Sir, 'twill oblige me — Boy!

Serv. Sir.

D. *Du.* Do you think you know again the Gentleman that fought me?

Serv.

Serv. I believe I may, Sir.

D. *Du.* I'd have you ſuddenly inquire him out; he ſeem'd, by his Report, of *France*, or *England*; if ſo, you'll probably find him in ſome lewd Houſe or other.

Serv. Rather at Church, Sir; for no body will ſuſpect him there.

D. *Du.* Seek him every where; come, Sir, I wait for you. [*Exeunt.*

The SCENE *changes to* Louiſa's *Houſe.*

Don Manuel *and* Angelina.

D. *Man.* Now, Madam, let my hard Fortune teach you a little to endure your own. You ſee with what ſevere Neglect ſhe ſtill receives my humble Love; nothing I ſay, or do, has any Weight or Motion in her Thoughts for me.

Ang. You are too diffident of your Fortune; I wou'd not have an honeſt Mind deſpair; ſhe ſeem'd, indeed, a little careleſs of you—you gave her no Offence, I'm confident. See, here ſhe comes; take heed how you diſpleaſe her by an impatient Stay—Pray go, in the mean time I'll think of you——indeed I will.

D. *Man.* I am yours for ever—— [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Louiſa *and* Jaques, *Servants waiting.*

Lou. Were they both ſeiz'd?

Jaq. Both, Madam, and will be here immediately. I ran before, to give your Ladyſhip Notice.

Lou. You know my Orders; when they are enter'd, bar all the Doors, and on your Lives let every one be mute, as I directed—I muſt retire awhile. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bravoes, *who let* Carlos *out of the Chair, while others throw down Don* Lewis *gagg'd and bound.*

Car. So, Gentlemen, you find I've not reſiſted you—but now pray let me know my Crime? Why have you brought

brought me hither? where am I? if in Priſon, look in my Face, perhaps you have miſtaken me for another.

[Jaques *holds up his Lanthorn, nods, and Exit with the reſt.*

You ſeem to know me, Sir——All dumb, and vaniſh'd; my Fortune's humourous, ſhe ſports with me.

D. *Lew.* Aw! aw!

Car. What's here! a Fellow Priſoner! Who are you!

D. *Lew.* Aw! aw!

Car. Do you ſpeak no other Language?

D. *Lew.* Aw! aw! aw! [*Louder.*

Car. Nay, that's the ſame.

D. *Lew.* Oh! [*Sighing.*

Car. Poor Wretch! I am afraid he would ſpeak if he cou'd.

Re-enter Jaques *and Servants with Lights, who releaſe* Don Lewis.

Sure they think I walk in my Sleep, and won't ſpeak, for fear of waking me.

D. *Lew.* Sir, your moſt humble Servant; and now my Tongue's at Liberty, pray, will you do me the Favour to ſhew me the Way home again?

What a Pox, are you all dumb?—— [*Exeunt mute.*

Well, Sir, and pray what are——*Charles!* ah! my dear Boy! [*Kiſſes him.*

Car. My Uncle! nay then my Fortune has not quite forſaken me! How came you hither, Sir!

D. *Lew.* Faith, like a Corpſe into Church, Boy, with my Heels foremoſt; but prithee how didſt thou come?

Car. You ſaw the Men that ſeiz'd us; they forc'd me into a Chair, and brought me.

D. *Lew.* Well, but a Pox plague 'em, what is all this for? what wou'd they have?

Car. That we muſt wait their Pleaſure to be inform'd of; they have indeed alarm'd my Reaſon, not my Conſcience; that's ſtill at reſt, fearleſs of any Danger.

D. *Lew.* The Sons of Whores won't ſpeak neither. Hey Day! what's to be done now?

Enter

Enter Jaques, *and Servants, with a Banquet, Wine, and Lights.*

Car. More Riddles yet! I dream ſure.

[Jaques *compliments D.* Lewis *to take his Chair.*

D. *Lew.* For me? Sir, your moſt humble Servant; [*Sits.*] *Charles!* ſit down, Boy. Ha! ha! ha! a Parcel of ſilly dumb Dogs! Is this all the Buſineſs? Puppies! did they think I wou'd not come to Supper, without being brought Neck and Heels to't?

Car. Amazement all! what can it end in?

D. *Lew.* Never trouble thy Head, prithee; Pox of Queſtions: fall to, Man—Delicate Food truly—Here—Dumb, prithee give's a Glaſs of Wine, to wet the Way a little: Come, *Charles*, here's, here's—honeſt Dumb's Health to thee: [*Drinks.*] Dumb's a very honeſt Fellow, Faith. [*Claps* Jaques *on the Head.*

Car. What Harmony's this? [*A Flouriſh.*

D. Lew. Rare Muſick indeed! let's eat and hear it. [*Muſick here.*

Mighty fine, truly—I have not made an heartier Meal a great while.

[*Here* Jaques *offers a Night-Gown and Cap to Don* Lewis.

Well, and what's to do now, Lad? for me, Boy? Odſo! we lie here, do we?—mighty well that again, Faith; (for I was juſt thinking to go Home, but that I had ne'er a Lodging:) Nay, I always ſaid honeſt Dumb knew how to make his Friends welcome—Well, but it's Time enough yet, ſhan't we crack a Bottle firſt? *Charles* is melancholy. [Jaques *ſhakes his Head.* What! that's as much as to ſay, if I won't go, I ſhall be carry'd—Sir, your humble Servant: [*Puts on the Gown.*] Well, *Charles*, good Night, ſince they won't let me have a mind to ſtay any longer! I'd give a Piſtole tho', to know what this will come to!—Dumb, come along.

Car. I'm bury'd in Amazement—Why am I buſy'd thus in Trifles, having ſo many nearer Thoughts that wound

wound my Peace—Ha, more Muſick? I could almoſt ſay, 'twere welcome now.

[*A Song here; which ended,* D. Lewis *appears above.*

D. *Lew.* So! at laſt I have grop'd out a Window, that will let me into the Secret; now if any foul Play ſhould happen, I am pretty near the Street too, and can bawl out Murder to the Watch——

But Mum! the Door opens!

Enter Louiſa.

Hey! ah! what dull Rogues were we not to ſuſpect this before!——Dumb's a ſly Dog; 'tis ſhe, Faith——tum, dum, dum —— here will be fine Work preſently, toll, dum, di, dum —— Now I ſhall ſee what Mettle my Boy's made of; tum, dum, dum.

Lou. You ſeem amaz'd, Sir.

Car. Your Pardon, Lady, if I confeſs it raiſes much my Wonder, why a Stranger, friendleſs, and unknown, ſhould meet, unmerited, ſuch Floods of Courteſy; for, if I miſtake not, once this Day before, I've taſted of your Bounty.

Lou. I have forgot that; but I confeſs I ſaw you, Sir.

Car. Why then was I forc'd hither? If you reliev'd me only from a ſoft Compaſſion of my Fortune, you cou'd not think but ſuch Humanity might, on the ſlighteſt Hint, have drawn me to be grateful.

Lou. I own I cou'd not truſt you to my Fortune; I knew not but ſome other might have ſeen you—beſide, methought you ſpoke leſs kind to me before.

Car. If my poor Thanks were offer'd in too plain a Dreſs, (as I confeſs, I'm little practis'd in the Rules of grac'd Behaviour) rather think me ignorant, than rude, and pity what you cannot pardon.

Lou. Fy! you are too modeſt——how cou'd you charge yourſelf with ſuch a Thought? I ſcarce can think 'tis in your Nature to be rude——at leaſt to our Sex.

Car. 'Twere more unpardonable there.

Lou. Nay, now you are too ſtrict on the other Side; for there may happen Times, when what the World calls Rude-

Rudeneſs, a Woman might be brought to pardon; Seaſons, when even Modeſty were Ignorance ——— Pray be ſeated, Sir——nay, I'll have it ſo——I ſay, ſometimes too much Reſpect (pray be nearer, Sir,) were moſt offenſive: Suppoſe a Woman were reduc'd to offer Love, her Pains of Shame are inſupportable: and ſhou'd ſhe call that Lover rude, who, kindly conſcious of her Wiſhes, bravely reſolves to take, and ſaves her Modeſty the Guilt of giving? Suppoſe yourſelf the Man ſo lov'd, where cou'd you find, at ſuch a Time, Excuſes for your Modeſty?

Car. If I cou'd love again, my Eyes wou'd tell her; if not, I ſhou'd not eaſily believe; at leaſt, in Manners, wou'd not ſeem to underſtand her.

Lou. Alas! you have too poor a Senſe of Woman's Love. Think you we have no Invention? You wou'd not underſtand her! how wou'd you avoid it? when ev'n her ſlighteſt Look would ſpeak too plain for that Excuſe; if not, ſhe'd ſtill proceed ——Thus gently ſteal your Hand, and ſigh, and preſs it to her Heart, and then look wiſhing in your Eyes 'till Love himſelf ſhot forth, and wak'd you to Compaſſion.

Car. Amazing! can ſhe be the Creature ſhe deſcribes?

Lou. O! they have ſuch ſubtle Ways to ſteal into a Lover's Heart; nay, if ſhe's reſolute, not all your Strength of Modeſty can guard you; ſhe'd preſs you ſtill with plainer, ſtronger Proofs; her Life, her Fortune ſhou'd be yours: For where a Woman loves, ſuch Gifts as theſe are Trifles; thus, like the lazy Minutes, wou'd ſhe deal 'em on, which once but paſt, are quite forgotten.

[*Gives him Jewels.*

Car. Is't poſſible! can there be ſuch a Woman?

Lou. Fy! I cou'd chide you now; you wou'd not ſure be thought ſo low of Apprehenſion!

Car. I wou'd not willingly be thought ſo vain, or ſo uncharitable, to ſuppoſe there cou'd be ſuch a one.

[redacted] you force me to forſake my Sex, and [redacted] cannot ſpeak it——yet you muſt [redacted] I needs bluſh to own a Paſſion that's

that's ſo tender of you? I am this Creature ſo reduc'd for you, and all you've ſeen ſuppoſed was natural, all but the ſoft Reſult of growing Love —— Why are you ſtill thus fix'd, and ſilent? what is't you fear?

Car. Monſtrous! [*Aſide, and riſing.*

Lou. What is't you ſtart at?

Car. Not for your Beauty; tho' I confeſs you fair to a Perfection, compleat in all that may engage the Eye: But when that Beauty fades (as Time leaves none unviſited) what Charm ſhall then ſecure my Love? Your Riches? no —— an honeſt Mind's above the Bribes of Fortune: For tho' diſtreſs'd, a Stranger, and in Want, I thus return 'em thankleſs: Be modeſt, and be virtuous, I'll admire you; all good Men will adore you, and when your Beauty and your Fortune are no more, will ſtill deliver down your Name rever'd to Ages: But while you thus enſlave your generous Reaſon to ſo intemperate a Folly, your very Nature ſeems inverted: Cou'd you but one Moment calmly lay it by, you'd find ſuch a vile Indignity to your Sex, as Modeſty could never pardon.

Lou. If I appear too free a Lover, and talk beyond the uſual Courage of my Sex, forgive me; I'll be again the fearful, ſoft'ning Wretch, that you would have me: My Wiſhes ſhall be dumb, unleſs my Eyes may ſpeak 'em; or if I dare to touch your Hand, it ſhall be gently trembling, and unperceiv'd as Air; nay, fix'd, and ſilent, as your Shade, I'll watch whole Winter Nights content, and liſtening to your Slumbers: Is this Intemperance? for Pity ſpeak, for I confeſs your hard Reproofs have ſtruck upon my Heart! O! ſay you will be mine, and I'll make your own Conditions. If you ſuſpect my Temper, bind me by the moſt ſacred Tye, and let my Love, my Perſon, and my Fortune, lawfully be yours.

Car. Take heed! conſider yet, if even this Humility be not the Offspring of your firſt unruly Paſſion: But ſince at leaſt it carries ſomething a better Claim to my Concern, I'll be at once ſincere, and tell you, 'tis impoſſible that we ſhould ever meet in Love.

Lou. Impoſſible! O! why?

Car. Becauſe my Love, my

given to another: Therefore, since you find I dare be honest, be early wise, and now release me to my Fortune.

Lou. I cannot part with you.

Car. You must! I cannot with my Reason——Pray let me pass! Why do you thus hang upon my Arm, and strain your Eyes, as if they had Power to hold me?

Lou. Ungrateful! will you go? Take heed! for you have prov'd I am not Mistress of my Temper.

Car. I see it, and am sorry, but needed not this Threat to drive me; for still I dare be just, and force myself away. [*Exit* Carlos.

Lou. O Torture! left! refus'd! despis'd! Have I thrown off my Pride for this? O! insupportable!—— If I am not reveng'd, may all the——well.

[*Walks disorder'd.*

D. *Lew.* What a Pox, are all these fine Things come to nothing then?——Poor Soul! she's in great Heat truly——Ah! silly Rogue!——now could I find in my Heart to put her into good Humour again—I have a great Mind, Faith——Odd! she's a Hummer!——A strange Mind, I ha'nt had such a Mind a great while—Hey!——! I'll do't, Faith——if she does but stay now; ah! if she does but stay! [*As he is getting from the Balcony,* Louisa *is speaking to* Jaques.

Lou. Who waits there?

Enter Jaques.

Where's the Stranger?

Jaq. Madam, I met him just now walking hastily about the Gallery.

Lou. Are all the Doors fast?

Jaq. All barr'd, Madam.

Lou. Put out all your Lights too, and on your Lives let no one ask or answer him any Question: But be you still near to observe him. [*Exit* Jaques.

Ah! [*Don* Lewis *drops down.*

D. *Lew.* Odso! my Back!

Lou. Bless me, who's this? what are you?

D. *Lew.* Not above fifty, Madam.

Lou. Whence come you? What's your Buſineſs?

D. *Lew.* Finiſhing.

Lou. Who ſhew'd, who brought you hither?

D. *Lew.* Dumb, honeſt Dumb.

Lou. Will you be gone, Sir? I have no Time to fool away.

D. *Lew.* Yes, but you have; what! don't I know?

Lou. Pray, Sir, who? what is't you take me for?

D. *Lew.* A delicate Piece of Work truly, but not finiſh'd; you underſtand me.

Lou. You are mad, Sir.

D. *Lew.* I ſay, don't you be ſo modeſt; for there are Times, do you ſee, when even Modeſty is Ignorance, (pray be ſeated, Madam——nay, I'll have it ſo) ah!

[*Sits down and mimicks her Behaviour to* Carlos.

Lou. Confuſion! have I expos'd myſelf to this Wretch too!——had Witneſſes to my Folly!——nay, I deſerve it. [*Stands mute.*

D. *Lew.* So! ſo! I ſhall bring her to Terms preſently——you have a World of pretty Jewels here, Madam——ay, theſe now——theſe are a Couple of fine large Stones truly; but where a Woman loves, ſuch Gifts as theſe are Trifles. [*Mimicks again.*

Lou. Inſupportable! within there!

Enter Servants and Bravoes.

D. *Lew.* Hey! [*Riſing.*

Serv. Did your Ladyſhip call, Madam?

D. *Lew.* I don't like her Looks, Faith. [*Aſide.*

Lou. Here, take this Fool, let him be gagg'd, ty'd Neck and Heels, and lock'd into a Garret; away with him.

D. *Lew.* Dumb! Dumb! help, Dumb! Dumb! ſtand by me Dumb! A Pox of my finiſhing, Aw! aw!

[*They gag him, and carry him off.*

Lou. The Inſolence of this Fool was more provoking than the other's Scorn; but I ſhall yet find Ways to meaſure my Revenge. [*Exit* Louiſa.

Re-enter

Re-enter Carlos *in the Dark.*

Car. What can this evil Woman mean me? the Doors all barr'd! the Lights put out! the Servants mute, and ſhe with Fury in her Eyes now ſhot regardleſs by me: I wou'd the worſt wou'd ſhew itſelf. Ha! yonder's a Light, I'll follow it, and provoke my Fortune. [*Exit.*

The SCENE *changes to another Room.*

Angelina, *with a Light.*

Ang. I cannot like this Houſe; for now, as going to my Reſt, my Ears were 'larm'd with the Cries of one that call'd for Help: I've ſeen ſtrange Faces too, that carry Guilt and Terror in their Looks; and yet the Officer that plac'd me here, appear'd of honeſt Thoughts—What can this mean! No Matter what, ſince nothing, but the Loſs of him I love, can worſe befal me!——Hark! what Noiſe! is the Door faſt? Ah!

[*Going to ſhut it.*

Re-enter Carlos; *and* Jaques *liſtening.*

Car. Ha! another Lady! and alone!

Ang. Heavens, how I tremble!

Car. Sure, by her Surpriſe, ſhe is not of the other's Counſel—Pardon this Intruſion, Lady, I am a Stranger, and diſtreſs'd, be not diſmay'd: I have no ill Deſigns, unleſs to beg your charitable Aſſiſtance be offenſive.

Ang. Ha! that Voice! [*Amaz'd.*

Car. Save me, ye Powers! and give me Strength to bear this inſupportable Surpriſe of ruſhing Joy.

Ang. My *Carlos*——oh!

Car. 'Tis ſhe! my long loſt Love, my living *Angelina.*

[*Embraces her.*

Jaq. Say you ſo, Sir! this ſhall to my Lady.

[*Exit* Jaques.

Ang. O! let me hold you ever thus, leſt Fate again [illegible] us.

Car. 'Twas Death indeed to part, but from ſo hard a Separation, thus again to meet, is Life reſtor'd; it draws whole Years to Hours, and we grow old with Joy in Moments.

Ang. O! I were happy, bleſs'd above my Sex, cou'd but my plain Simplicity of Love deſerve your kind Endearments.

Car. Is't poſſible! thou Miracle of Goodneſs, that thou canſt thus forget the Miſery, the Want, the Ruin my unhappy Love has brought thee to? Truſt me, that ſtormy Thought has clouded ev'n the very Joy I had to ſee thee.

Enter Jaques *and* Louiſa *at a Diſtance.*

Jaq. They are there; from hence your Ladyſhip may hear 'em.

Lou. Leave me. [*Exit* Jaques, *and* Lou. *liſtens.*

Ang. I cannot bear to ſee you thus: For my Sake don't deſpond; for while you ſeem in Hope, I ſhall eaſily be chearful.

Car. O! thou engaging Softneſs! thy [illegible]s reviv'd me; no, we'll not deſpair; the Guardian Power that hitherto has ſav'd us, may now, with leſs Expence of Providence, protect and fix us happy.

Lou. Ha! ſo near acquainted——— [*Behind.*

Car. And yet our Safety bids us part this Moment. How came you hither?

Ang. The Officer that made me Captive, prov'd a worthy Man, and plac'd me here, as a Companion to the Lady of this Dwelling.

Car. Ha! to what End?

Ang. He ſaid, to be the Advocate of his ſucceſsleſs [illegible] he confeſs'd he woo'd her honourably.

Car. Is't poſſible? Is there a Wretch ſo curs'd among Mankind, to be her honourable Lover?

Lou. So! [*In Anger.*

Car. Take heed, my Love, avoid her as a Diſeaſe to Modeſty.

Lou. Very well.

Car.

Car. Oh! I have a ſhamefnl Tale to tell thee of her Intemperance, as wou'd ſubject her even to thy Loathing.

Lou. Inſolent! —— well!

Ang. You amaze me; pray what is it?

Car. This is no Time to tell; I had forgot my Danger: Let it ſuffice, the Doors are barr'd againſt me; now, this Moment I am a Priſoner to her Fury; if thou canſt help me to any Means of Safety, or Eſcape, aſk me no Queſtions, but be quick, and tell me.

Ang. Now you frighten me; but here, through my Apartment, leads a Paſſage to the Garden, at the lower End you'll find a Mount; if you dare drop from thence, I'll ſhew you: But can't you ſay when I may hope again to ſee you?

Car. About an Hour hence walking in the Garden, ready for your Eſcape; for if I live, I'll come provided with the Means to make it ſure —— Now I dare thank thee, Fortune.

Ang. You will not fail.

Car. If I ſurvive, depend on me; 'till when, may Heaven ſupport thy Innocence.

Ang. Follow me—— [*Exeunt haſtily*

Lou. Are you ſo nimble, Sir? Who waits there? [*Enter* Jaques.] Run, take Help, and ſtop the Stranger; he is now making his Eſcape through the Garden; fly. [*Exit* Jaques.

Love and Revenge, like Vipers, gnaw upon my Quiet, and I muſt change their Food, or leave my Being; though I cou'd bear ev'n the low Contempt he has thrown on me, cou'd it but woo him to the leaſt Return of Love; but I would bear again ten thouſand Racks, rather than confeſs this Dotage; No, if I forego a ſecond Time that dear Support, my Pride, may I become as miſerable as that Wretch that deſtin'd Fool he doats on Ha! ſhe is return'd! yonder ſhe paſſes; with what aſſu. Contentment in her Looks! ——how pleas'd the Thing is —— ſtrangely impudent —— ſure! the ugly Creature thinks I won't ſtrangle her.

Now, have you brought him? [*Enter* Jaques.

Jaq. Madam, we made what Haſte we cou'd, but the Gentleman reach'd the Mount before us, and eſcap'd over the Garden Wall.

Lou. Eſcap'd, Villain! durſt thou tell me ſo?

Jaq. If your Ladyſhip had call'd me a little ſooner, we had taken him.

Who the Devil is this Stranger? [*Aſide.*

Lou. Fool that I am, I betray myſelf to my own Servants,——Well, 'tis no matter, bid the Bravoes ſtay, I have Directions for 'em go. [*Exit* Jaques.

He has not left me hopeleſs yet; an Hour hence he has promis'd to be here again; and if he keeps his Word, (as I've an odious Cauſe to fear he will) he yet, at leaſt in my Revenge, ſhall prove me Woman. [*Exit* Lou.

SCENE *the Street.*

Enter D. Duart *diſguis'd, with a Servant.*

D. *Du.* Where did you find him?

Serv. Hard by, Sir, at an Houſe of civil Recreation; he's now coming forth; that's he.

Enter Clodio.

D. *Du.* I ſcarce remember him, I would not willingly miſtake——I'll obſerve him.

Clo. So! now if I can but pick up an honeſt Fellow, to crack one healing Bottle, I think I ſhall finiſh the Day as ſmartly as the *Grand Seignior*——Hold, let me ſee, what has my haſty Refreſhment coſt me here;——umb——umb——umb [*Counts his Money*] ſeven Piſtoles by *Jupiter*; why, what a plaguy Income this Jade muſt have in a Week, if ſhe's thus paid by the Hour?

D. *Du.* 'Tis the ſame; leave me. [*Exit Servant.*

Your Servant, Sir.

Clo. . . . Sir——your humble Servant.

D. *Du.* Pardon a Stranger's Freedom, Sir; but when you know my Buſineſs——

Clo. Sir, if you'll take a Bottle, I ſhall be proud of your

your Acquaintance; and if I don't do your Buſineſs before we part, I'll knock under the Table.

D. *Du.* Sir, I ſhall be glad to drink with you, but at preſent am incapable of ſitting to it.

Clo. Why then, Sir, you ſhall only drink as long as you can ſtand; we'll have a Bottle here, Sir. ——— Hey, *Madona?* [*Calls at the Door.*

D. *Du.* A very frank humour'd Gentleman; I'll know him farther——I preſume, Sir, you are not of *Portugal?*

Clo. No, Sir,—— I am a kind of a——what d'ye call'um——a Sort of a Here——and——therian; I am a Stranger no where.

D. *Du.* Have you travell'd far, Sir?

Clo. My Tour of *Europe*, or ſo, Sir;——dangled about a little; I came this Summer from the Jubilee.

D. *Du.* Did you make any Stay there, Sir?

Clo. No, Sir, I only call'd in there at the Salvation-Office, juſt bought an Annuity of Indulgences for Life; got an Aſſurance for my Soul; lay with a Nun, flux'd; and ſo came home again.

Enter Servant with Wine.

So! ſo! here's the Wine! Come! Sir, to our better Acquaintance———Faith, I like you mightily——— *Allons! Baiſes donc!* [*Kiſſes, drinks.*

Morbleu! ce ne'ſt pas Mauvais! Allons encore hey! Vive L'amour! Quand Iris, &c. [*Sings.*

D. *Du.* I find, Sir, you have taken a Taſte of all the Countries you have travell'd through; but I preſume your chief Amuſement has lain among the Ladies: You far'd well in *France*, I hope.

Clo. Yes, Faith, as far as my Pocket wou'd go: The Devil a Stroke without it: No Money, no Mademoiſelle; No Ducat, no Dutcheſs; no Piſtole, no Princeſs——— By the Way, let me tell you, Sir, your *Liſbonites* are held up at a pretty ſmart Rate too——I was forc'd to come down to the Tune of ſeven Piſtoles here——a Man may keep a Pad of his own, cheaper than he can ride

Poſt, ſplit me: But, a Pox on 'em, it's no Wonder the Jades are ſo ſaucy in a Country where there are ſo many Swarms of unmarry'd Friars, Monks, and brawny Jeſuits: The Game may well be ſcarce, Faith, where there are ſo many canonical Poachers. Now, Sir, in little *England*, where your Gowns and Caſſocks are honeſtly marry'd, your right Women are as cheap as *Mackrel*—Gad, Sir, I have taken you a faſting Velvet Scarf out of the Side-box there, and the Jade has jump'd at a Beef-Stake and a Bottle; nay, ſometimes at Coach-hire, and a ſingle Glaſs of Cinamon——Seven Piſtoles! unconſcionable! Odſheart, in *London* now, for half the Sum, a Man might have pick'd up the three firſt Rows of the Middle Gallery.

D. *Du.* I find, Sir, you know *England* then.

Clo. Ay, Sir, and every Woman there that's worth knowing, from honeſt *Betty Sands*, to the Counteſs of *Ogletown*: Yes, Sir, I do know *London* pretty well, and the Side-box, Sir, and behind the Scenes; ay, and the Green-Room, and all the Girls and Women-Actreſſes there, Sir——Sir, I was a whole Winter there the particular Favourite of the giggling Party——Sir, if you pleaſe, here's Miſs *Riggle*'s Health to you.

D. *Du.* Pray, Sir, how came you ſo well acquainted there?

Clo. Why, Sir, I firſt introduc'd myſelf with a ſingle Pinch of *Bergamot*; the next Night I preſented 'em a Box full; next Day came to Rehearſal: in a Week I deſir'd 'em to uſe my Name whenever they pleas'd, for what the Chocolate-Houſe afforded—upon this, I was choſen *Valentine*, if I don't miſtake, to about eleven of 'em; and in three Days more, I think, it coſt me fifty Guineas in Gloves, Knots, Heads, Fans, Muffs, Coffee, Tea, Snuff-boxes, Orangerie, and Chocolate.

D. *Du.* But pray, Sir, were you as intimate at both Play-houſes?

Clo. No, ſtretch 'em! at the New-Houſe they are ſo us'd to be Queens and Princeſſes, and are ſo often in their Airs Royal forſooth, that I'gad! there's no reaching one of their Copper-tails there, without a long Pole, or a Settlement, ſplit me.

D. *Du.*

D. *Du.* But I wonder, Sir, that in a Country ſo fam'd for handſome Women, the Men are ſo generally blam'd for their ſcandalous Uſage of 'em.

Clo. O damn'd ſcandalous, Sir, —— they uſe their Miſtreſſes as bad as their Wives, Faith: I tell you what, Sir, I knew a Citizen's Daughter there, that ran away with a Lord, who in the firſt ſix Months of her Preferment, never ſtirr'd out, but ſhe made the Ladies cry at her Equipage; and about eight Months after, I think, one Morning reeling pretty early into a certain Houſe in the *Savoy*, I found the ſelf-ſame, caſt-off, ſolitary Lady, in a Room with bare Walls, dreſſing her dear, pretty Head there, in the corner Bit of a Looking-Glaſs, prudently ſupported by a Quartern Brandy-pot, upon the Head of an Oyſter-barrel.

D. *Du.* I find few Miſtreſſes make their Fortunes there; but, pray, Sir, among all your Adventures, has no particular Lady's Merit encourag'd you to advance your own Marriage?

Clo. Sir, I have been ſo near Marriage, that my Wedding-Day has been come, but it was never over yet; ſplit me.

D. *Du.* How ſo, Sir?

Clo. Why, the Prieſt, the Bride, and the Dinner, were all ready dreſs'd, Faith; but before I could fall to, my elder Brother, Sir, comes me in with a damn'd long Stride, and a ſharp Stomach——ſays a ſhort Grace, and ——whip'd her up like an Oyſter.

D. *Du.* You had ill Fortune, Sir.

Clo. Sir, Fortune is not much in my Debt, for you muſt know, Sir, tho' I loſt my Wife, I have eſcaped hanging ſince here in *Lisbon*.

D. *Du.* That I know you have; be not amaz'd, Sir.

Clo. Hey! what the Devil! have I been all this while treating an Officer, that has a Warrant againſt me—— Pray, Sir, if it be no Offence——may I beg the Favour to know who you are?

D. *Du.* Let it ſuffice, I own myſelf your Friend—I am your Debtor, Sir; you fought a Gentleman they call *Don Duart*——I knew him well; he was a proud inſultin

ſulting Fellow, and my mortal Foe: but you kill'd him, and I thank you; nay, I ſaw you do it fairly too; and for the Action, I deſire you will command my Sword or Fortune.

Clo. Pray, Sir——is there no Joke in all this?

D. *Du.* There, Sir, the little All I'm Maſter of, may ſerve at preſent to convince you of my Sincerity: I aſk for no Return, but to be inform'd how I may do you farther Service. [*Gives him a Purſe.*

Clo. Sir, your Health——I'll give you Information preſently. [*Drinks.*] Pray, Sir, do you know the Gentleman's Siſter that I fought with? that is, do you know what Reputation, what Fortune ſhe has?

D. *Du.* I know her Fortune to be worth above twelve thouſand Piſtoles; her Reputation yet unſully'd: But pray, Sir, why may you aſk this?

Clo. Now, I'll tell you, Sir——twelve thouſand Piſtoles, you ſay!

D. *Du.* I ſpeak the leaſt, Sir.

Clo. Why, this very Lady, after I had kill'd her Brother, gave me the Protection of her Houſe; hid me in her Cloſet, while the Officers that brought in the dead Body came to ſearch for me; and, as ſoon as their Backs were turn'd, poor Soul! hurry'd me out at a private Door, with Tears in her Eyes, Faith! Now, Sir, what think you? Is not this Hint broad enough for a Man to make Love upon?

D. *Du.* Confuſion!

Clo. Look you, Sir, now, if you dare, give me a Proof of your Friendſhip; will you do me the Favour to carry a Letter to her?

D. *Du.* Let me conſider, Sir —— Death and Fire! is all her Height of Sorrow but diſſembled then?—A Proſtitute, ev'n to the Man ſuppos'd my Murderer! If it be true, the Conſequence is ſoon reſolv'd——but this requires my farther Search——May I depend on this for Truth, Sir?

Clo. Why, Sir, you don't ſuppoſe I'd banter a Lady of her Quality?

D. *Du.* Damnation! Well, Sir! I'll take your Letter! but firſt let me be well acquainted with my Errand.

Clo.

Clo. Sir, I'll write this Moment; if you pleaſe, we'll ſtep into the Houſe here, and finiſh the Buſineſs over another Bottle.

D. *Du,* With all my Heart.

Clo. Allons! Entres. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Elvira *is diſcover'd alone in Mourning, a Lamp by her. Don* Duart *enters behind, diſguis'd.*

D. Du. THUS far I am paſs'd unknown to any of the Servants——now for the Proof of what I fear——Ha! yonder ſhe is——This cloſe Retirement, thoſe ſable Colours, the ſolemn Silence that attends her, no Friends admitted, nor ev'n the Day to viſit her: Theſe ſeem to ſpeak a real Sorrow; if not, the Counterfeit is deep indeed——I'll fathom it——Madam——

Elv. Who's there? another Murderer! where are my Servants? will nothing but my Sorrows wait upon me?

D. Du. Your Pardon, Lady; I have no evil Meaning; this Letter will inform you of my Buſineſs, and excuſe this rude Intruſion.

Elv. For me! whence comes it, Sir?

D. *Du.* The Contents, Madam, will explain to you——She ſeems amaz'd! looks almoſt thro' the Letter——I ſhould ſuſpect the Stranger had bely'd her, but that he gave me ſuch convincing Circumſtances——Ha! ſhe pauſes! S'death! a Smile too——I fear her now!

Elv. My Prayers are heard; Juſtice at length has overta'en the Murderer: His vow'd Protection having been ſtrictly paid, I now unperjur'd may revenge my Brother's Blood. It lies on me, if I neglect this fair Occaſion: But 'twere not ſafe to ſhew my Thought; therefore to be juſt, I muſt diſſemble. [*Aſide.* I aſk your Pardon for my Rudeneſs, Sir; upon your Friend's Account, you might, indeed, have claim'd a better Welcome. D. *Du,*

D. *Du.* So! then ſhe's damn'd, I find. [*Aſide.*] But I'll have more, and bring 'em Face to Face. My Friend, Madam, thought his Viſits would be unſeaſonable, before the ſad Solemnity of your Brother's Funeral.

Elv. A needleſs Fear! My Brother, Sir! Alas, I owe your Friend my Thanks, for having eas'd our Family of ſo ſcandalous a Burthen! A riotous, unmanner'd Fellow; I bluſh to ſpeak of him.

D. *Du.* O! Patience! Patience! [*Aſide.*

Elv. Pray, let him know, his Abſence was the real Cauſe of this miſtaken Mourning: 'Tis true indeed, I give it out 'tis for my Brother's Death; but Womens Hearts and Tongues, you know, muſt not always hold Alliance; you'd think us fond and forward, ſhould not we now and then diſſemble.

D. *Du.* How ſhall I forbear her? [*Aſide.*

Elv. I grow impatient 'till he's wholly mine——to-morrow! 'tis an Age! I'll make him mine to-night—I'll write to him this Minute——Can you have Patience, Sir, 'till I prepare a Letter for you?

D. *Du.* You may command me, Madam.

Elv. I'll diſpatch immediately——will you walk this Way, Sir?

D. *Du.* Madam, I wait on you——Revenge and Daggers! [*Exeunt.*

The SCENE Louiſa's *Houſe.*

Louiſa *and* Jaques.

Lou. Is the Lady ſeiz'd?

Jaq. Yes, Madam, and half-dead with the Fright.

Lou. Let 'em be ready to produce her, as I directed: When the Stranger's taken, bring me immediate Notice: 'tis near his Time, away. [*Exit* Jaques.

Had he not lov'd another, methinks I could have born this Uſage, ſat me down alone content, and found a ſecret Pleaſure in complaining; but to be ſlighted for a Girl, a ſickly, poor, unthinking Wretch, incapable of Love! that! that ſtabs home! 'Tis Poiſon to my Thoughts.

Thoughts, and ſwells 'em to Revenge! My Rival! no! ſhe ſhall never triumph! Hark! what Noiſe! they have him ſure! How now!

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. Madam, the Gentleman is taken,
Lou. Bring him in——Revenge, I thank thee now.

Enter Bravoes *with* Carlos *diſarm'd.*

So, Sir! you are return'd, it ſeems; you can love then? You have an Heart, I find, tho' not for me! Perhaps you came to ſeek a worthier Miſtreſs here; 'twould be uncharitable to diſappoint your Love——I'll help your Search: If ſhe be here, beſure ſhe's ſafe!——Open that Door there.

Enter more Bravoes *with* Angelina, *an Handkerchief on her Neck, which they hold ready to ſtrangle her.*

Now, Sir, is this the Lady?
Car. My *Angelina!* Oh!
Ang. O miſerable Meeting!
Lou. Now let me ſee you ſmile, and rudely throw me from your Arms! now ſcorn my Love, my Perſon, and my Fortune! now let your ſqueamiſh Virtue fly me as a Diſeaſe to Modeſty! and tell her now your ſhameful Tale of my Intemperance!
Car. O! Cruelty of Fate! that could betray ſuch Innocence?
Lou. What, not a Word to ſoften yet thy obſtinate Averſion! thou wretched Fool, thus to provoke thy Ruin——End her. [*To the* Bravoes.
Car. O! hold! for pity hold, and hear me.
Lou. I've learn'd from you to uſe my Pity——S'death! I could laugh to ſee thy ſtrange Stupidity of Love——On one Condition yet ſhe lives an Hour, but if refus'd——

Car.

Car. Name not a Refuſal, be it Danger, Death, or Tortures, any thing that Life can do to ſave her.

Lou. Nay, if you are ſo over-willing.

Car. Speak, and I obey you.

Lou. Now then, this Moment kneel and curſe her.

Car. Preſerve her, Heav'n, and ſnatch her from the Jaws of gaping Danger. [*Kneeling.*] O! may the watchful Eye of Providence, that never ſleeps o'er Innocence diſtreſs'd, look nearly to her; or if ſome Miracle alone can ſave her, the ever waking Sun, in his eternal Progreſs, never ſaw ſo fair an Object to employ it on.

Lou. Preſuming Fool! were I inclin'd to ſave her Life, (which, by my Hopes of Peace, I do not mean) canſt thou believe this inſolent Concern for her to my Face would not provoke my Vengeance?

Car. Yet hold! forgive my Raſhneſs, I was to blame indeed; but Paſſion has tranſported both of us; Love made me as heedleſs of her Safety, as wild Revenge has you, ev'n of your neglected Soul.

Lou. What, doſt thou think to preach me from my Purpoſe?

Car. That were too vain an Hope; tho' I've a glorious Cauſe that might beſpeak, without a Tongue, the Mercy of a human Heart: But if Revenge alone can ſate your Fury, at leaſt miſplace it not; mine was the Offence, be mine the Puniſhment; but ſpare the innocent, the gentle Maid; ſhe ne'er intended yet a Thought 'gainſt your Peace; I have deſerv'd your Anger, nay, and juſtly too; for I confeſs I ought to have given you a milder Treatment; but to atone the Crime, rip up my Breaſt, and in my Heart you'll read the unhappy Cauſe of my Neglect and Rudeneſs.

Lou. How he diſarms my Anger! But muſt my Rival triumph then?

Ang. Charge me not with ſuch abhorr'd Ingratitude: be Witneſs, Heaven, I'll for ever ſerve you, court you, and confeſs you my Preſerver!

Car. For Pity, yet reſolve, and force your Temper to a Moment's Pauſe! Do not debaſe your generous Revenge with Cruelty; that every common Wretch can take

take; the ſavage Brutes can ſuck their Fellow-Creatures Blood, and tear their Bodies down; but greater human Souls have more Pride to curb, and bow the ſtubborn Mind of what they hate; and ſuch Revenge, the nobler far, I offer now to you; ſee at your Feet my humbled Scorn imploring, cruſh'd, and proſtrate, like a vile Slave, that falls below your laſt Contempt, and trembling begs for Mercy.

Lou. He buries my Revenge in Bluſhes.

Ang. O! generous Proof of the moſt faithful Love!

Car. Think what a glorious Triumph it would be, that when your ſwoln Reſentment, wild Revenge, and Indignation, all ſtood ready, waiting for the Word, you call'd your forceful Reaſon to your Aid, reſolv'd, and took that Tyrant-Paſſion Captive to your gentle Pity: O! 'twere ſuch a God-like Inſtance of your Virtue, as might alone, if poſſible, ev'n Crimes to come: Revenge, like this, can never give you that continu'd Peace of Mind, which Mercy may: Compaſſion has a thouſand ſecret Charms: Think you 'twere no Delight of Thought, to heal the Wounds of bleeding Lovers, to make two poor afflicted Wretches happy, whoſe higheſt Crime is loving well and faithfully? Were it no ſoothing Joy, no ſecret Pride, to raiſe 'em from the laſt Deſpair, to Hope? to Life and Love reſtor'd? Now, on my Heart, I read a ſtruggling Pity in your Eye! O cheriſh it, and ſpare our Innocence! Perhaps, the Story of our chaſte Affections, once compleat, may live a fair Example to ſucceeding Times, for which Poſterity ſhall ſtand indebted to your Virtue.

Lou. Releaſe the Lady — go. [*Exeunt* Bravoes. And now farewel my Follies, and my miſtaken Love; for I confeſs, the fair Example of your mutual Faith, your Tenderneſs, Humility, and Tears, have quite ſubdu'd my Soul; at once have conquer'd and reform'd me: O! you have given me ſuch an Image of the contentful Peace, th' unſhaken Quiet of an honeſt Mind, that now I taſte more ſolid Joy, being but the Inſtrument of your united virtuous Love, than all my late falſe Hopes propos'd even in the laſt Indulgence of my blind Deſire: Now

love long and happily; forgive my Follies paſt, and you have overpaid me. [*Joins their Hands.*

Car. O! providential Care of Innocence diſtreſs'd!

Ang. O! Miracle of rewarded Love!

Car. What ſhall I ſay? I ſcarce have yet the Power of Thought amidſt this Hurry of tranſporting Joy! My *Angelina!* do I then live to hold thee thus? O! I have a thouſand Things to ſay, to aſk, to weep, and hear of thee——But firſt let's kneel and pay our Thanks to Heaven, and this our kind Preſerver; to whoſe moſt happy Change, we owe even all our Lives to come, which chearful Gratitude can pay.

Lou. Nay, now you give me a Confuſion. [*Raiſes 'em.* But if you dare truſt me with the Story of your Love's Diſtreſs, as far as my Fortune can, command it freely to ſupply your preſent Wants, or any future Means propos'd to give you laſting Happineſs.

Car. Eternal Rounds of never-ending Peace reward your wond'rous Bounty; and when you know the Story of our Fortune, as we ſhall ſoon find due Occaſion to relate it, we cannot doubt 'twill both deſerve your Pity and Aſſiſtance——But I have been too buſy in my Joys, almoſt had forgot my friendly Uncle, the ancient Gentleman that firſt came hither with me; how have you diſpos'd of him?

Lou. I think he's here, and ſafe——who waits there? [*Enter* Jaques.

Releaſe the Gentleman above, and tell him that his Friends deſire him. [*Exit* Jaques.

You'll pardon, Sir, the Treatment I have ſhewn him; he made a little too merry with my Folly, which, I confeſs, at that time, ſomething too far incens'd me.

Car. He's old and cheerful, apt to be free; but he'll be ſorry when his Humour gives Offence.

Enter Don Lewis, Jaques *bowing to him.*

D. *Lew.* Prithee, honeſt Dumb, don't be ſo ceremonious! A Pox on thee, I tell thee it's very well as it is, (only my Jaws ake a little:) But as long as we're all

all Friends, it's no great matter—— My dear *Charles!* I muſt buſs thee, Faith!——Madam, your humble Servant——I beg your Pardon, dy'e ſee——you underſtand me. [*Exit* Jaques.

Lou. I hope we are all Friends, Sir.

D. *Lew.* I hope we are, Madam——I am an honeſt old Fellow, Faith; tho' now and then I am a little odd too.

Car. Here's a Stranger, Uncle.

D. *Lew.* What! my little Bloſſom! my Gilliflower! my Roſe! my Pink! my Tulip! Faith, I muſt ſmell thee. [*Salutes* Angelina.] Od! ſhe's a delicate Noſegay! I muſt have her touz'd a little——*Charles!* you muſt gather to-night; I can ſtay no longer——Well, Faith! I am heartily joy'd to ſee thee, Child.

Ang. I thank you, Sir, and wiſh I may deſerve your Love: Our Fortune, once again, is kind; but how it comes about——

D. *Lew.* Does not ſignify three pence; when Fortune pays me a Viſit, I ſeldom trouble myſelf to know which Way ſhe came——I tell you, I am glad to ſee you.

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. Madam, here's the Lord Governor come to wait upon your Ladyſhip.

Lou. At this late Hour! What can his Buſineſs be? Deſire his Lordſhip to walk in.

Enter Governor.

Gov. Pardon, Madam, this unſeaſonable Viſit.

Lou. Your Lordſhip does me Honour.

Gov. At leaſt, I hope, my Buſineſs will excuſe it: Some Strangers here below, upon their offer'd Oaths, demanded my Authority to ſearch your Houſe for a loſt young Lady, to whom the one of 'em affirms himſelf the Father: But the Reſpect I owe your Ladyſhip made me refuſe their Search, 'till I had ſpoken with you.

[illegible] muſt be they——Now, Madam, your Protection, or we yet are loſt.

Lou.

Lou. Be not concern'd! wou'd you avoid 'em?

Car. No, we muſt be found; let 'em have Entrance: We have an honeſt Cauſe, and would provoke it's Trial.

Lou. Conduct the Gentlemen without. [*Exit* Jaques. My Lord, I'll anſwer for their Honeſty; and, as they are Strangers, where the Law's ſevere, muſt beg you'd favour and aſſiſt 'em.

Gov. You may command me, Madam; tho' there's no great Fear; for having heard the moſt that they cou'd urge againſt 'em, I found in their Complaints, more Spleen and Humour, than any juſt Appearance of a real Injury.

Enter Don Manuel, Charino, Antonio, *and* Clodio.

Cha. I'll have Juſtice.

Ant. Don't be too hot, Brother.

Cha. Sir, I demand Juſtice.

D. *Man.* That's the Lady, Sir, I told you of.

Clo. Ah! that's ſhe, my Lord, I am Witneſs.

Car. My Father! Sir, your Pardon, and your Bleſſing.

Ant. Why truly, *Charles*, I begin to be a little reconcil'd to the Matter; I wiſh you well, tho' I can't join you together; for my Friend and Brother here is very obſtinate, and will admit of no Satisfaction: But however, Heaven will bleſs you in ſpite of his Teeth.

Cha. This is all Contrivance! Roguery! I am abus'd! I ſay, deliver my Daughter——ſhe is an Heireſs, Sir; and to detain her, is a Rape in Law, Sir, and I'll have you all hang'd; therefore no more Delays, Sir; for I tell you before-hand, I am a wiſe Man, and 'tis impoſſible to trick me.

Ant. I ſay, you are too poſitive, Brother; and when you learn more Wiſdom, you'll have ſome.

Cha. I ſay, Brother, this is mere Malice, when you know in your own Conſcience, I have ten times your Underſtanding; for you ſee I'm quite of another Opinion: And ſo once more, my Lord, I demand Juſtice againſt that Raviſher.

Gov. Does your Daughter, Sir, complain of Violence?

Cha.

Cha. Your Lordſhip knows young Girls never complain when the Violence is over; he has taught her better, I ſuppoſe.

Ang. [*To* Charino *kneeling.*] Sir, you are my Father, bred me, cheriſh'd me, gave me my Affections, taught me to keep 'em hitherto within the Bounds of Honour, and of Virtue; let me conjure you, by the chaſte Love my Mother bore you, when ſhe preferr'd, to her mikaken Parents Choice, her being yours without a Dower, not to beſtow my Perſon, where thoſe Affections ne'er can follow.——I cannot love that Gentleman more than a Siſter ought; but here my Heart's ſubdu'd, ev'n to the laſt Compliance with my Fortune: He, Sir, has nobly woo'd and won me; and I am only his, or miſerable.

Cha. Get up again.

Gov. Come, Sir, be perſuaded; your Daughter has made an honourable and happy Choice; this Severity will but expoſe yourſelf and her.

Cha. My Lord, I don't want Advice; I'll conſider with myſelf, and reſolve upon my own Opinion.

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. My Lord, here's a Stranger without enquires for your Lordſhip, and for a Gentleman that calls himſelf *Clodio.*

Clo. Hey! *Ah, mon cher' Amy!*

Enter Don Duart *diſguis'd.*

Well, what News, my Dear, has ſhe anſwer'd my Letter?

D. *Du.* There, Sir——This to your Lordſhip.

[*Gives him a Letter, and whiſpers.*

Gov. Marry'd to-night, and to this Gentleman, ſay'ſt thou? I'm amaz'd.

Don. He is her Choice, my Lord.

Clo. reading the Letter. ——Um——um——Charms——irreſiſtable——excuſe——ſo ſoon——Paſſion——Bluſhes——Conſent——Proviſion——Children——Settlement——Marriage——If this is not plain the Devil's in't. Hold, here's more, Faith——[*Reads to himſelf.*

D. *Man.*

D. *Man.* How ſhall I requite this Goodneſs? [*To* Louiſa,

Lou. I owe you more than I have Leiſure now to pay; Preſs me not too far, leaſt I ſhould offer more than you are willing to receive. Favours when long withheld, ſometimes grow taſteleſs; over-faſting often palls the Appetite.

D. *Man.* The Appetite of Love, like mine, can never die; it would be ever taſting and unſated.

[*They ſeem to talk apart.*

Gov. 'Tis very ſudden——but give my Service, I'll wait upon her.

Clo. Ha! ha! ha! Poor Soul! I'll be with her preſently; and, Faith, ſince I have made my own Fortune, I'll e'en patch up my Brother's too. Hark you, my dear Dad that ſhou'd ha' been—this Buſineſs is all at an End——for, look you, I find your Daughter's engag'd; and, to tell you the Truth, ſo am I Faith! If my Brother has a Mind to marry her, let him; for I ſhall not, ſplit me——And now, Gentlemen and Ladies, if you will do me the Honour to grace mine and the Lady *Elvira's* Wedding, ſuch homely Entertainment as my poor Houſe affords, you ſhall be all heartily welcome to.

D. *Lew.* Thy Houſe! ha! ha! well ſaid, Puppy!

Clo. Ha! old *Teſty!*

Cha. What doſt thou mean, Man? [*To* Clodio.

Gov. 'Tis even ſo, I can aſſure you, Sir; I have myſelf an Invitation from the Lady's own Hand, that confirms it: I know her Fortune well, and am ſurpris'd at it.

Ang. Bleſs'd News! This ſeems a forward Step to reconcile us all.

Cha. If this be true, my Lord, I have been thinking to no purpoſe; my Deſigns is all broke to pieces.

Ant. Come, Brother, we'll mend it as well as we can; and ſince that young Rogue has rudely turn'd Tail upon your Daughter, I'll fill up the Blank with *Charles's* Name, and let the reſt of the Settlement ſtand as it was.

Cha. Hold, I'll firſt ſee this Wedding, and then give you my final Reſolution.

Clo.

Clo. Come, Ladies, if you pleaſe, my Friend will ſhew you.

Lou. Sir, we wait upon you.

Cha. This Wedding's an odd Thing!

D. *Lew.* Ha! ha! if it ſhould be a Lie now. [*Exeunt.*

The SCENE *changes to* Elvira's *Apartment.*

Elvira *alone, with* Clodio's *Letter in her Hand.*

Elv. At how ſevere a Price do Women purchaſe an unſpotted Fame! when ev'n the juſteſt Title can't aſſure Poſſeſſion: When we reflect upon the inſolent and daily Wrongs, which Men and Scandal throw upon our Actions, 'twere enough to make a modeſt Mind deſpair: If we are fair, and chaſte, we are proud; if free, we are wanton; cold, we are cunning; and if kind, forſaken: Nothing we do or think on, be the Motive e'er ſo juſt, or generous, but ſtill the Malice or the Guilt of Men, interprets to our Shame: Why ſhould this Stranger elſe, this wretched Stranger, whoſe forfeit Life I raſhly ſav'd, preſume from that miſtaken Charity, to tempt me with his Love. [*Enter a Servant.*

Hark! what Muſick's that? [*Flouriſh.*

Serv. Madam, the Gentlemen are come.

Elv. 'Tis well; are the Officers ready?

Serv. Yes, Madam, and know your Ladyſhip's Orders.

Elv. Conduct the Company. Now Juſtice ſhall uncloud my Fame, and ſee my Brother's Death reveng'd.

Enter Hautboys playing, Clodio *ſinging*; *D.* Duart, *Governor, D.* Manuel, Louiſa, Carlos, Angelina, Antonio, Charino, *and D.* Lewis.

Clo. Well, Madam, you ſee I'm punctual——you've nick'd your Man, Faith; I'm always critical——to a Minute; you'll never ſtay for me. Ladies and Gentlemen, I deſire you'll do me the Honour of being better acquainted here——My Lord——

Go.

Gov. Give you Joy, Madam.

Clo. Nay, Madam, I have brought you ſome near Relations of my own too—This Don *Antonio*, who will ſhortly have the Honour to call you Daughter.

Ant. The young Rogue has made a pretty Choice, Faith.

Clo. This Don *Charino*, who was very near having the Honour of calling me Son. This my elder Brother—and this my noble Uncle, *Don Choleric*—*Snapſhorto de Teſty.*

D. *Lew.* Puppy.

Clo. Peeviſh.

D. *Lew.* Madam, I wiſh you Joy with all my Heart; but truely, I can't much adviſe you to marry this Gentleman, becauſe, in a Day or two, you'll really find him extremely ſhocking; thoſe that know him, generally give him the Title of *Don Diſmallo Thickſcullo de Half-witto.*

Clo. Well ſaid, Nuncle, ha, ha.

D. *Du.* Are you provided of a Prieſt, Sir?

Clo. Ay, ay, Pox on him, wou'd he were come tho'.

D. *Du.* So wou'd I, I want the Cue to act this Juſtice on my Honour; yet I cannot read the Folly in her Looks. [*Aſide.*

Gov. You have ſurpris'd us, Madam, by this ſudden Marriage.

Elv. I may yet ſurpriſe you more, my Lord.

D. *Du.* Sir, don't you think your Bride looks melancholy?

Clo. Ay, poor Fool! ſhe's modeſt—but I have a Cure for that—Well, my Princeſs, why that demure Look now?

Elv. I was thinking, Sir—

Clo. I know what you think of—You don't think at all—You don't know what to think—you neither ſee, hear, feel, ſmell, nor taſte—You han't the right uſe of one of your Senſes—In ſhort, you have it. Now, my Princeſs, have not I nick'd it?

Elv.

Elv. I am ſorry, Sir, you know ſo little of yourſelf, or me.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the Prieſt is come.

Elv. Let him wait, we've no occaſion yet — Within there——ſeize him. [*Several Officers ruſh in, who ſeize* Clodio *and bind him.*

D. *Du.* Ha!

Gov. What can this mean?

Clo. Gad me! what, is my Dear in her Frolicks already?

Elv. And now, my Lord, your Juſtice on that Murderer.

Gov. How! Madam!

Clo. That Bitch, my Fortune!

D. *Lew.* Madam, upon my Knees, I beg you, don't carry the Jeſt too far, but if there be any real Hopes of his having an Halter, let's know it in three Words, that I may be ſure at once for ever, that no earthly Thing, but a Reprieve, can ſave him. [*Apart to* Elvira.

Ant. Pray, Madam, who accuſes him?

Elv. His own Confeſſion, Sir.

Cha. Of Murder, ſay you, Madam!

Elv. The Murder of my Brother.

Gov. Where was that Confeſſion made?

Elv. After the Fact was done, my Lord, this Man, purſu'd by Juſtice, took Shelter here, and trembling, begg'd of me for my Protection; he ſeem'd indeed a Stranger, and his Complaints ſo pitiful, that I, little ſuſpicious of my Brother's Death, promis'd, by a raſh and ſolemn Vow, I wou'd conceal him: Which Vow, Heav'n can witneſs with what Diſtraction in my Thoughts I ſtrictly kept, and paid; but he alas! miſtaking this my hoſpitable Charity, for the Effects of a moſt vile prepoſterous Love, proceeds upon his Error, and in his Letter here addreſſes me for Marriage; which, I once having paid my Vow, anſwer'd in ſuch prevailing Terms,

upon

upon his Folly, as now have unprotected, drawn him into the Hands of Juſtice.

D. *Du.* She is innocent, and well has diſappointed my Revenge. *Aſide.*

D. *Lew.* So, now I am a little eaſy — the Puppy will be hang'd.

Gow. Give me leave, Madam, to aſk you yet ſome farther Queſtions.

Clo. Ay — I ſhall be hang'd, I believe.

Cha. Nay then, 'tis Time to take care of my Daughter; for I am now convinc'd, that my Friend *Clody* is diſpos'd of—and ſo, without Compliment, do ye ſee, Children—Heav'n bleſs you together.

[*Joins* Car. *and* Ang. *Hands.*

Car. This, Sir, is a Time unfit to thank you as we ought.

Ant. Well, Brother, I thank you, however; *Charles* is an honeſt Lad, and well deſerves her; but poor *Clody*'s ill Fortune I cou'd never have ſuſpected.

D. *Lew.* Why, you wou'd be poſitive, though you know, Brother, I always told you, *Diſmal* wou'd be hang'd; I muſt plague him a little, becauſe the Dog has been pert with me — *Clody!* how doſt thou do? Ha! why, you are ty'd!

Clo. I hate this old Fellow, ſpite me.

D. *Lew.* Thou haſt really made a damn'd Blunder here, Child, to invite ſo many People to a Marriage-Knot, and inſtead of that, it's like to be one under the left Ear.

Clo. I'd fain have him die.

D. *Lew.* Well, my Dear, I'll provide for thy going off, however; let me ſee! you'll only have Occaſion for a Noſegay, a Pair of white Gloves, and a Coffin: Look you, take you no Care about the Surgeons, you ſhall not be anatomiz'd—I'll get the Body off with a wet Finger —Tho' methinks I'd fain ſee the Inſide of the Puppy too.

Clo. O! rot him, I can't bear this.

D. *Lew.* Well, I won't trouble you any more now, Child; if I am not engag'd, I don't know, but I may come

come to the Tree, and ſing a Stave or two with thee — Nay, I'll riſe on Purpoſe, —— tho' you will hardly ſuffer before twelve o'Clock neither—ay, juſt about Twelve—about Twelve you'll be turn'd off.

Clo. O! Curſe conſume him.

Gov. I am convinc'd, Madam, the Fact appears too plain.

D. *Lew.* Yes, yes, he'll ſuffer. [*Aſide.*

Gov. What ſays the Gentleman? Do you confeſs the Fact, Sir?

Clo. Will it do me any good, my Lord?

Gov. Perhaps it may, if you can prove it was not done of Malice.

Clo. Why then, to confeſs the Truth, my Lord, I did pink him, and am ſorry for't; but it was none of my Fault, ſplit me.

Elv. Now, my Lord, your Juſtice.

D. *Du.* Hold, Madam, that remains in me to give; For know, your Brother lives, and happy in the Proof of ſuch a Siſter's Virtue. [*Diſcovers himſelf.*

Elv. My Brother! O! let my Wonder ſpeak my Joy!

Clo. Hey! [Clodio *and his Friends ſeem ſurpris'd.*

Gov. Don *Duart!* living and well! how came this ſtrange Recovery?

D. *Du.* My Body's Health the Surgeon has reſtor'd: But here's the true Phyſician of my Mind: The hot diſtemper'd Blood, which lately render'd me offenſive to Mankind, his juſt reſenting Sword let forth, which gave me Leiſure to reflect upon my Follies paſt, and, by Reflection, to reform.

Elv. This is indeed a happy Change.

Gov. Releaſe the Gentleman.

Clo. Here, *Teſty*, prithee do ſo much as untye this a little.

D. *Lew.* Why, ſo I will, Sirrah; I find thou haſt done a mettled Thing, and I don't know whether it's worth my while to be ſhock'd at thee any longer.

Elv. I aſk your Pardon for the Wrong I have done you, Sir, and bluſh to think how much I owe you for a Brother thus reſtor'd.

very humble Servant, it'

...ueed his Debtors both;

...ne Way now of being grateful

..., give him such Returns of Love, as h...

think fit to ask, or you with Modesty can a...

Clo. Sir, I thank you, and when you do

Impudence in me to wish myself well with

I shall beg leave to make use of your Friendship.

D. *Du.* This Modesty commends you, Sir.

Ant. Sir, you have propos'd like a Man of Honour, and if the Lady can but like of it, she sha... find those among us, that will make up a Fortun... to deserve her.

Car. I wish my Brother well, and as I once offer'd him to divide my Birth-right, I'm ready still to put my Words into Performance.

D. *Lew.* Nay then, since I find the Rogue's no longer like to be an Enemy to *Charles*, as far as a few Acres go, I'll be his Friend too.

D. *Du.* Sister!

Elv. This is no Trifle, Brother; allow me a convenient Time to think, and if the Gentleman continues to deserve your Friendship, he shall not much complain I am his Enemy.

D. *Lew.* So! now it will be a Wedding again, Faith.

D. *Man.* And if this kind Example could prevail on you ——

Lou. If it could not, your Merit has sufficient Power: From this Moment, I am yours for ever.

D. *Man.* Which way shall I be grateful?

Clo. Nay then, strike up again, Boys — and, with the Lady's Leave, I'll make bold to lead 'em up a Dance *à la Mode de Angleterre.* *They dance.*

D. *Lew.* So! so! bravely done of all Sides; and now *Charles*, we'll e'en toast our Noses over a chirping Bottle, and laugh at our past Fortune.

Car. Come, my *Angelina!*

Our Bark, at length, has found a quiet Harbour,

And

And the diſtreſsful Voyage of our Loves,
End, not alone in Safety, but Reward.
Now we unlade our Freight of Happineſs,
Of which, from thee alone, my Share's deriv'd;
For all my former Search in deep Philoſophy,
Not knowing thee, was a mere Dream of Life:
But Love, in one ſoft Moment, taught me more
Than all the Volumes of the Learn'd cou'd reach;
Gave me the Proof when Nature's Birth began,
To what great End th'ETERNAL form'd a MAN.

EPILOGUE.

AN Epilogue's *a Tax on Authors laid,*
And full as much unwillingly is paid.
Good Lines, I grant, are little worth, but few,
Coin has been always eaſier rais'd, than Wit.
(I fear we'd made but very poor Campaigns,
Had Funds been levy'd from the grumbling Bo[illegible]s.
Beſide, to what poor Purpoſe ſhould we plead,
When you have once reſolv'd a Play ſhall bleed?
But then again, a Wretch, in any Caſe,
Has Leave to ſay why Sentence ſhould not paſs.
Firſt, let your Cenſure from pure Judgment flow,
And mix with that, ſome Grains of Mercy too;
On ſome your Praiſe like wanton Lovers you beſtow.
Thus have you known a Woman plainly Fair,
At firſt ſcarce worth your two Days Pains or Care;
Without a Charm, but being young and new:
(You thought five Gnineas far beyond her Due.)
But when purſu'd by ſome gay leading Lover,
Then every Day her Eyes new Charms diſcover;
'Till at the laſt, by Crouds of Beaus admir'd,
Sh' has rais'd her Price, to what her Heart deſir'd,
New Gowns and Petticoats, which her Airs requir'd.
So Miſs, and Poet too, when once cry'd up,
Believe their Reputation at the Top;
And know, that while the liking Fit has ſeiz'd you,
She cannot look, he writes, too ill to pleaſe you.
How can you bear a Senſe of Love ſo groſs,
To let mere Faſhion on your Taſte impoſe?
Your Taſte refin'd, might add to your Delight;
Poets from you are taught to raiſe their Flight;
For as you learn to judge, they learn to write.

She

She Wou'd, and She Wou'd Not.

OR THE

KIND IMPOSTOR.

A

COMEDY.

To the Moſt Illuſtrious

JAMES,

Duke of Ormond.

May it pleaſe Your Grace,

OUR late happy News from *Vigo* had ſo general an Influence on the Minds of the People, that it's no wonder this Play had a favourable Reception, when the Chearfulneſs and Good-humour of the Town inclined 'em to encourage every thing that carried the leaſt Pretence to divert 'em. But the beſt Part of its Fortune is, That its appearing firſt this Seaſon has given it a ſort of a Title to Your Grace's Protection, by being at the ſame time (among many Worthier Acknowledgments) the Inſtrument of the Stage's

the Proſperous
om the Conſequ
s an Action. An Action, w
ſider'd with the Native Greatneſs
Mind, will eaſily perſuade us, that the only
Reaſon to ſuppoſe the Ancient Hero es great-
er than the Modern, is, That they had bet-
ter Poets to record 'em: But, fro Your
Grace's happy Conduct this Sum
are convinc'd that their Poetry may now
live their Greatneſs; and if *Modeſty* would
ſuffer *Truth* to ſpeak, ſhe'd plainly ſay, What
they did fall as ſhort of You, as what You
did exceeds what they have greatly ſaid,
That they *wrote* as boldly as the Engliſh
fight; and You lead 'em with the ſame Spirit
that the Ancients wrote.

The Nation's public and ſolemn Praiſe to
Heaven, and *that* under their Repreſented
Thanks in Parliament to You: The Univer-
ſal Joy, and the deafening Acclamations that
echo'd your Return, were ſtrong Confeſſions
of a Benefit received beyond their Power to
repay; and to Oblige beyond that Power,
is truly Great and Glorious. But Providence
has fix'd you in ſo Eminent a Degree of Ho-
nour, and of Fortune, that nothing but the
Glory of the Action can reward it. The
unfeign'd and growing Wiſhes you have
planted in the People's Hearts, are a Sincere
Acknowledgment that's never paid, but
when Great Actions like Your own, deſerve

it,

it, which have been ſo frequent in the dangerous and delightful Service of Your Country, that You at laſt have warm'd their Gratitude into a Cordial Love; for 'tis hard to ſay, that we were more pleaſed with our Victory, than that the Duke of *Ormond* brought it us. But I forget myſelf; the Pleaſure of the Subject had almoſt made me inſenſible of the Danger of Offending. If I were ſpeaking to the World only, I have ſaid too little; but while Your Grace is my Reader, I know the Severity of Your Virtue won't eaſily forgive me, unleſs I let the Subject fall, and immediately conclude myſelf,

May it pleaſe Your Grace,

Your Grace's moſt Devoted,

moſt Obliged, and

moſt Obedient Servant,

C. CIBBER.

PROLOGUE.

CRitics, tho' Plays *without your Smiles sho'ft,*
Yet this was writ to reach your gen'rous Taste,
And not in stern Contempt of any other Guest.
Our humble Author thinks a Play *should be,*
Tho' ty'd to Rules, like a good Sermon, *free*
From Pride, and stoop to each Capacity.
Tho' he dares not, like some, depend alone
Upon a single Character new shewn,
Or only Things well said to draw the Town.
Such Plays, *like looser Beauties, may have Power*
To please, and sport away a wanton Hour;
But Wit and Humour, with a just Design,
Charm, as when Beauty, Sense and Virtue join.
Such was his just Attempt; tho' 'tis confest
He's only vain enough t'have done his best:
For Rules are but the Posts that mark the Course,
Which way the Rider should direct his Horse.
He that mistakes his Ground is eas'ly beat,
Tho' he that runs it true mayn't do the Feat,
For 'tis the straining Genius that must win the Heat:
O'er Choak-Jade to the Ditch a Jade may lead,
But the true Proof of Pegasus's *Breed*
Is when the last Act turns the Lands with Dimple's *speed.*
View then in short the Method that he takes;
His Plot *and* Persons *he from Nature makes,*
Who for no Bribe of Jest he willingly forsakes.
His Wit, *if any, mingles with his* Plot,
Which should on no Temptation be forgot:
His Action's *in the Time of Acting done,*
No more than from the Curtain, up and down.
While the first Music *plays, he moves his Scene*
A little space, but never shifts again.
From his Design no Person *can be spar'd,*
Or Speeches *lopt, unless the whole be marr'd:*

No

PROLOGUE.

No Scenes of Talk for talking's sake *we shew you now,*
Where most abruptly, When their Chat is done,
Actors go off, because the Poet ——— *can't go on.*
His first Act offers Something to be done,
And all the rest but lead that Action on;
Which when pursuing Scenes i' th' end discover,
The Game's run down, of course the Play is over.
Thus much he thought 'twas requisite to say,
(For All here are not Critics born) that they
Who only us'd to like, might learn to taste a Play.
But now he flies for Refuge to the Fair,
Whom he must own the Ablest Judges here,
Since all the Springs of his Design but move
From Beauty's Cruelty, subdu'd by Love:
E'en they whose Hearts are yet untouch'd must know
In the same Case, sure, what their own wou'd do:
You best should judge of Love, since Love is born of you.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Don *Manuel*, Father to *Roſara*,	Mr. *Cibber*.
Don *Philip*, ſlighted by *Hypolita*,	Mr. *Booth*.
Don *Louis*, Nephew to Don *Manuel*, and Friend to Don *Philip*	
Octavio, in love with *Roſara*,	Mr. *Mills*.
Trappanti, a caſt Servant of Don *Philip's*,	Mr. *Penkethman*.
Soto, Servant to Don *Philip*,	Mr. *Bullock*.

Hoſt, Alguazile, and Servants.

WOMEN.

Hypolita, ſecretly in love with Don *Philip*,	Mrs. *Mountfort*.
Roſara, in love with *Octavio*,	Mrs. *Santlow*.
Flora, Confident to *Hypolita*,	Mrs. *Bicknell*.
Violetta, Woman to *Roſara*,	Mrs. *Saunders*.

SCENE, *MADRID*.

She Wou'd, and She Wou'd Not.

OR,

The Kind IMPOSTOR.

ACT I.

SCENE, *An Inn in* Madrid.

Enter Trappanti *alone, talking to himself.*

INdeed, my Friend *Trappanti*, thou'rt in a very thin condition; thou hast neither Master, Meat, nor Money: Not but, couldst thou part with that unappeasable Itch of Eating too, thou hast all the ragged Virtues that were requisite, to set up an ancient Philosopher. Contempt and Poverty, Kicks, Thumps and Thinking thou hast endur'd with the best of 'em; but—— when Fortune turns thee up to hard Fasting, that is to say, positively, not eating at all, I perceive thou art a downright Dunce, with the same Stomach, and no more Philosophy than a Hound upon Horse-Flesh—— Fasting is the Devil!——Let me see,——this I take it, is the most frequented Inn about *Madrid*, and if a keen Guest or two should drop in now—— Hark!

Host. [*Within.*] Take care of the Gentlemen's Horses there, see 'em well rubb'd and litter'd.

Trap.

Trap. [illegible] ey do but ſtay to eat now? Impudence [illegible] a couple of pretty young Sparks, faith!

Enter Hypolita *and* Flora, *in Men's Habit, a Servant with a Portmanteau.*

Tra. Welcome to *Madrid*, Sir; welcome Sir.

Flo. Sir, your Servant.

Serv. Have the Horſes pleas'd your Honour?

Hyp. Very well, indeed, Friend: Prithee ſet down the Portmanteau, and ſee that the poor Creatures want nothing: they have perform'd well, and deſerve our [illegible]

Tra. I'll take care of that, Sir; here Oſtler.

[*Exeunt Trap. and Servant.*

Flo. And pray, Madam, what do I deſerve, that have loſt the Uſe of Limbs to keep Pace with you? 'dsheart! you whipt and ſpurr'd like a Fox-hunter. It's a ſign you had a Lover in view; I'm ſure my Shoulders ake as if I had carried my Horſe on 'em.

Hyp. Poor *Flora!* thou art fatigu'd indeed, but I ſhall find a way to thank thee for't.

Flo. Thank me, quotha! Egad I ſhan't be able to ſit this Fortnight: Well, I'm glad our Journey's at an end however; and now, Madam, pray what do you propoſe will be the End of our Journey?

Hyp. Why, now I hope the End of my Wiſhes—— Don *Philip*. I need not tell you how far he is in my Heart.

Flo. No, your ſweet Uſage of him told me that long enough ago; but now, it ſeems, you think fit to conſeſs it; and what is't you love him for, pray?

Hyp. His manner of bearing that [illegible]ve.

Flo. Ah! dear Pride! how we love to hear it tickled! But he does not bear it you ſee, for [illegible] coming poſt to *Madrid* to marry another Woman [illegible] never ſaw.

Hyp. An unknown Face can't have very far engag'd him.

Flo. How came he to be engag'd to her, then?

Hyp.

Hyp. Why, I engag'd him.

Flo. To another?

Hyp. To my whole Sex, rather than own I lov'd him.

Flo. Ah! done like a Woman of Courage.

Hyp. I could not bear the Thoughts of parting with my Power; besides, he took me at such an advantage, and press'd me so home to a Surrender, I could have tore him piece-meal.

Flo. Ay! I warrant you, an insolent — agreeable Puppy. Well, but to leave Impertinence, Madam, [illegible] how came you to squabble with him?

Hyp. I'll tell thee, *Flora:* You know Don *Philip* wants no Charms that can commend a Lover; in Birth and Quality I confess him my Superior; and 'tis the thought of that has been a constant Thorn upon my Wishes. I never saw him in the humblest Posture, but still I fancied he secretly presum'd his Rank and Fortune might deserve me: This always stung my Pride, and made me over-act it. Nay, sometimes when his Sufferings have almost drawn the Tears into my Eyes, I've turn'd the Subject with some trivial Talk, or humm'd a spiteful Tune, though I believe his Heart was breaking.

Flo. A very tender Principle, indeed.

Hyp. Well! I don't know, 'twas in my Nature. But to proceed—This, and worse Usage, continued a long time; at last, despairing of my Heart, he then resolv'd to do a Violence on his own, by consenting to his Father's Commands, of marrying a Lady of considerable Fortune here [illegible] *Madrid:* The Match is concluded, Articles are sea[illegible], and the Day is fix'd for his Journey. Now, the N[illegible] be[illegible]e he set out, he came to take his leave of [illegible] hope, I suppose, I would have staid him. [illegible] not tell you my Confusion at the News; [illegible]ough I would have given my Soul to have de[illegible]r'd it, yet finding him, unless I bade him stay, resolv'd upon the Marriage, I (from the pure Spirit of Contradiction) swore to myself I would not bid him [illegible] it, so call'd for my Veil, told him I was in haste,

begg'd

begg'd your Servant, and ſo whipt to Prayers.

Flo. Well ſaid again, that was a Clincher: Ah! had not you better been at Confeſſion?

Hyp. Why really I might have ſav'd a long Journey by it. To be ſhort, when I came from Church, Don *Philip* had left this Letter at home for me, without requiring an Anſwer—— Read it——

Flo. [Reads] *Your Uſage has made me juſtly deſpair of you, and now any Change muſt better my Condition: At leaſt it has reduc'd me to a Neceſſity of trying the laſt Remedy, Marriage with ther; if it prove ineffectual, I only wiſh you may, at ſome Hours, remember how little Cauſe I have given you to have made me for ever miſerable.*

PHILIP.

Poor Gentleman! very hard, by my Conſcience! Indeed, Madam, this was carrying the Jeſt a little too far.

Hyp. Ah! by many a long Mile, *Flora:* But what would you have a Woman do when her hand's in?

Flo. Nay the truth on't is, we never know the difference between Enough and a Surfeit; but Love be prais'd, your Stomach's come down for't.

Hyp. Indeed 'tis not altogether ſo high as 'twas. In a word, the Letter ſet me at my Wits end, and when I came to myſelf, you may remember you thought me bewitch'd, for I immediately call'd for my Boots and Breeches, a-ſtraddle we got, and ſo rode after him.

Flo. Why truly, Madam, as to your Wits, I've not much altered my Opinion of 'em, for I cannot ſee what you propoſe by it.

Hyp. My whole Deſign, *Flora*, lies in this Portmanteau, and theſe Breeches.

Flo. A notable Deſign no doubt; I long to hear it.

Hyp. Why, I do propoſe to be twice married between 'em.

Flo. How! twice!

Hyp.

Hyp. By the help of the Portmanteau I intend to marry myſelf to Don *Philip*'s new Miſtreſs, and then—— I'll put off my Breeches and marry him.

Flo. Now I begin to take ye: But pray what's in the Portmanteau? and, How came you by it?

Hyp. I hired one to ſteal it from his Servant at the laſt Inn we lay at in *Toledo*: In it are Jewels of Value, Preſents to my Bride, Gold good ſtore, Settlements, and credential Letters to certify that the Bearer (which I intend to be myſelf) is Don *Philip*, only Son and Heir of Don *Fernando de las Torres*, now reſiding at Seville, whence we came.

Flo. A very ſmart Undertaking, by my troth: And pray, Madam, what Part am I to act?

Hyp. My Woman ſtill, when I can't lye for myſelf you are to do it for me, in the Perſon of a Couſin-German.

Flo. And my Name is to be———

Hyp. Don *Guzman*, *Diego*, *Mendez*, or what you pleaſe; be your own Godfather.

Flo. Egad, I begin to like it mightily; this may prove a very pleaſant Adventure, if we can but come off without fighting, which, by the way, I don't eaſily perceive we ſhall; for, to be ſure Don *Philip* will make the Devil to do with us, when he finds himſelf here before he comes hither.

Hyp. O let me alone to give him Satisfaction.

Flo. I'm afraid it muſt be alone, if you do give him Satisfaction; for my part, I can puſh no more than I can ſwim.

Hyp. [illegible] an Bully upon occaſion.

Flo. I can ſo[illegible] my Blood's up.

Hyp. That's the ſame Thing. Bullying would be Scolding in Petticoats.

Flo. [illegible]? Why then, *Don*, look to yourſelf; if I [illegible] you as good as you bring, I'll be conſt to wear Breeches as long as I live, tho' I loſe the [illegible] of my Sex by it. Well, Madam, now you have [illegible]'d the Plot, pray when does the Play begin?

Hyp.

Hyp. all over in leſs than four Hours; we'll juſt retreſh ourſelves with what the Houſe affords, comb out our Wigs, and wait upon my Father-in-law——How now! what would this Fellow have?

Enter Trappanti.

Trap. Servant, Gentlemen; I have taken nice care of your Nags; good Cattle they are by my troth, right and ſound I warrant 'em; they deſerve care, and they have had it, and ſhall have it if they ſtay till this Houſe——I always ſtand by, Sir, ſee 'em rubb'd down with my own Eyes——Catch me truſting an Oſtler, I'll give you leave to fill for me, and drink for me too.

Flo. I have ſeen this Fellow ſomewhere.

Trap. Hey-day! what, no Cloth laid! was ever ſuch Attendance! hey, Houſe! Tapſter! Landlord! hey! [*Knocks.*] What was it you beſpoke, Gentlemen?

Hyp. Really, Sir, I aſk your Pardon, I have almoſt forgot you.

Trap. Pſhah! dear Sir, never talk of it; I live here hard by——I have a Lodging——I can't call it a Lodging neither——that is I have a——ſometimes I am here, and ſometimes I am there, and ſo here and there one makes ſhift, you know.——Hey! will theſe People never come? [*Knocks.*

Hyp. You give a very good account of yourſelf, Sir.

Trap. O! nothing at all, Sir: Lord, Sir!——was it Fiſh or Fleſh, Sir?

Flo. Really Sir, we have beſpoke nothing yet.

Trap. Nothing! for ſhame! for you are young Travellers; you don't know this Houſe, Sir; why they'll let you ſtarve if you do——and call that like Thunder too——Hey!

Hyp. Ha! you eat here ſometimes, I perceive, not

Trap. Umph!——Ay, Sir, that's as it happens——I ſeldom eat at home indeed——Things are generally you know, ſo out of order there, that——Did you hear any freſh News upon the Road, Sir?

Hyp.

Hyp. Only, Sir, that the King of *France* loſt a great Horſe-match upon the *Alps* t'other day.

Trap. Hah! a very odd Place for a Horſe-race,—— but the King of *France* may do any thing———Did you come that way, Gentlemen? or—Hey! [*Knocks.*

Enter Hoſt.

Hoſt. Did you call, Gentlemen?

Trap. Yes, and bawl too, Sir: Here, the Gentlemen are almoſt famiſh'd, and no body comes near 'em: What have you in the Houſe now that will be ready preſently?

Hoſt. You may have what you pleaſe, Sir.

Hyp. Can you get us a Partridge?

Hoſt. Sir, we have no Partridges; but we'll get you what you pleaſe in a Moment: We have a very good Neck of Mutton, Sir; if you pleaſe it ſhall be clapt down in a Moment.

Hyp. Have you no Pigeons or Chickens?

Hoſt. Truly Sir, we have no Fowl in the Houſe at preſent; if you pleaſe, you may have any thing elſe in a Moment.

Hyp. Then prithee get us ſome young Rabbits.

Hoſt. Upon my word, Sir, Rabbits are ſo ſcarce they are not to be had for Money.

Flo. Have you any Fiſh?

Hoſt. Fiſh! Sir, I dare Yeſterday the fineſt Diſh that ever came upon a Table; I am ſorry we have none left, Sir; but, if you pleaſe, you may have any thing elſe in a Moment.

Trap. Pox on't, haſt thou nothing but Any-thing-elſe in the Houſe?

Hoſt. [illegible] Mutton, Sir.

Hyp. [illegible] us a Leg then.

Hoſt. Don't you love the Neck, Sir?

Hyp. Ha'ye nothing in the Houſe but the Neck?

Hoſt. Really, Sir, we don't uſe to be ſo unprovided, but at preſent we have nothing elſe loſt.

Trap.

Trap. Faith, Sir, I don't know but a Nothing-elſe may be very good Meat, when *Any*-thing-elſe is not to be had.

Hyp. Then prithee Friend, let's have *thy* Neck of Mutton before that is gone too.

Trap. Sir, he ſhall lay it down this Minute, I'll ſee it done: Gentlemen, I'll wait upon ye preſently; for a Minute I muſt beg your Pardon, and Leave to lay the Cloth myſelf.

Hyp. By no means, Sir.

Trap. No Ceremony, dear Sir; indeed I'll [illegible]

[*Exeunt*

Hyp. What can this familiar Puppy

Flo. With much ado I have recollected his Face. Don't you remember, Madam, about two or three Years ago Don *Philip* had a truſty Servant call'd *Trappanti*, that us'd now and then to ſlip a Note into your Hand as you came from Church?

Hyp. Is this he that *Philip* turn'd away for ſaying I was as proud as a Beauty, and homely enough to be good-humour'd?

Flo. The very ſame, I aſſure ye; only, as you ſee, ſtarving has alter'd his Air a little.

Hyp. Poor Fellow! I am concern'd for him: What makes him ſo far from *Seville*?

Flo. I'm afraid all Places are alike to him.

Hyp. I have a great Mind to take him into my Service, his Aſſurance may be uſeful, as my Caſe ſtands.

Flo. You would not tell him who you are!

Hyp. There's no occaſion for it——I'll talk with him.

Enter Trappanti.

Trap. Your Dinner's upon the Spit [illegible] and the Cloth is laid in the beſt Room——[illegible] for a Whet, Sir? What Wine? What Wine? Hey!

Flo. We give you no trouble, Sir.

Trap. Not in the leaſt, Sir——Hey——[illegible] knock

Enter

Enter Hoſt.

Hoſt, D'ye call, Gentlemen?

Hyp. Ay; What Wine have ye?

Hoſt. What ſort you pleaſe, Sir.

Flo. Sir, will you pleaſe to name it? [*To* Trap.

Trap. Nay, pray Sir.

Hyp. No Ceremony, dear Sir; upon my Word you ſhall.

Trap. Upon my Soul you'll make me leave ye, Gentlemen.

Hyp. Come, come, no Words! prithee, you ſhall.

Trap. Pſha! but why this among Friends now? Here! —— have ye any right *Galicia?*

Hoſt. The beſt in *Spain* I warrant it.

Trap. Let's taſte it; if it be good, ſet us out half a dozen Bottles for Dinner.

Hoſt. Yes, Sir. [*Exit* Hoſt.

Flo. Who ſays this Fellow's a ſtarving now? On my Conſcience the Rogue has more Impudence than a Lover at Midnight.

Hyp. Hang him, 'tis inoffenſive, I'll humour him. ———Pray Sir, (for I find we are like to be better acquainted, therefore I hope you won't take my Queſtion ill.———)

Trap. O dear Sir!

Hyp. What Profeſſion may you be of?

Trap. Profeſſion, Sir?—I—I—Ods me! here's the Wine. [*Enter* Hoſt.] Come fill out—hold—let me taſte it firſt—ye Blockhead, wou'd you have the Gentleman drink before he knows whether it be good or not? [*Drinks.*]—Yes, 'twill do.——give me the Bottle, I'll fill myſ[illegible] not that a Glaſs of Right Wine?

[illegible]ly good indeed.——But Sir, as to my Queſtion.

Trap. I'm afraid, Sir, that Mutton won't be enough for u[illegible]all.

Hyp. O, pray Sir, beſpeak what you pleaſe.

Trap.

Trap. Sir, your moſt humble Servant.——Here, Maſter! prithee get us a——Ha! ay! get us a Dozen of poach'd Eggs, a Dozen, d'ye hear——juſt to——pop down a little.

Hoſt. Yes, Sir. [*Going.*

Trap. Friend,——let there be a little Slice of Bacon to every one of 'em.

Hoſt. Yes, Sir. [*Going.*

Hyp. But, Sir——

Trap. Odſo! I had like to have [illegible] *Sancho! Sancho!* ay, is't your Name *Sancho*?

Hoſt. Diego, Sir.

Trap. Oh! ay *Diego!* that's [illegible] Umph!

Hyp. I muſt e'en let him alone, there's no putting in a Word till his Mouth's full.

Trap. Come, here's to thee, *Diego*——[*Drinks and fills again.*] That I ſhould forget thy Name tho'.

Hoſt. No great harm, Sir.

Trap. Diego, Hah! a very pretty Name, faith!——I think you are married, are you not, *Diego?*

Hoſt. Ay, ay, Sir.

Trap. Hah! how many Children?

Hoſt. Nine Girls and a Boy, Sir.

Trap. Hah! Nine Girls!——Come, here's to thee again, *Diego*——Nine Girls! a ſtirring Woman, I dare ſay; a good Houſewife, ha! *Diego.*

Hoſt. Pretty well, Sir.

Trap. Makes all her Pickles herſelf, I warrant ye——Does ſhe do Olives well?

Hoſt. Will you be pleas'd to taſte 'em, Sir?

Trap. Taſte 'em! humh! prithee let's have a Plate, *Diego.*

Hoſt. Yes, Sir.

Hyp. And our Dinner as ſoon as you [illegible] when it's ready call us.

Hoſt. Yes, Sir. [*Exit Hoſt.*

Hyp. But, Sir, I was aſking you of your Profeſſion.

Trap. Profeſſion! really, Sir, I dont uſe to profeſs much,

much, I am a plain dealing ſort of a Man; if I ſay I'll ſerve a Gentleman he may depend upon me.

Flo. Have you ever ſerv'd, Sir?

Trap. Not theſe two laſt Campaigns.

Hyp. How ſo?

Trap. Some Words with my ſuperior Officer; I was a little too free in ſpeaking my Mind to him.

Hyp. Don't you think of ſerving again, Sir?

Trap. If a good Poſt falls in my way.

Hyp. I believe I cou'd help you——Pray, Sir, when you ſerv'd laſt, did you take Pay or Wages?

Trap. Pay, Sir?——Yes, Sir, I was paid, clear'd Subſiſtence and Arrears to a Farthing.

Hyp. And your late Commander's Name was——

Trap. *Don Philip de las Torres.*

Hyp. Of *Seville?*

Trap. Of *Seville.*

Hyp. Sir, your moſt humble Servant. You need not be curious; for I am ſure you don't know me, though I do you, and your Condition, which I dare promiſe you, I'll mend upon our better acquaintance. And your firſt Step to deſerve it, is to anſwer me honeſtly to a few Queſtions: Keep your Aſſurance ſtill, it may do me ſervice, I ſhall like you the better for it: Come, here's to encourage you. [*Gives him Money.*

Trap. Sir, my humble Service to you.

Hyp. Well ſaid.

Flo. Nay, I'll paſs my Word he ſhan't dwindle into Modeſty.

Trap. I never heard a Gentleman talk better in my Life: I have ſeen ſuch a ſort of a Face before, but where——I don't know, nor I don't care. It's your Glaſs, Sir.

Hyp. G[illegible]ſin. [*Drinks to* Flo.] Come now, wh[illegible] Don *Ph*[illegible] turn you out of his Service? Why [illegible]e him?

Trap. 'T[illegible]as time, I think, his Wits left him——The Man was mad.

Hyp. M[illegible]

Trap. Ay, ſtark mad——in Love.

Hyp. In Love! How pray?

Trap. Very deep —— Up to the Ears, over-head, drown'd by this time, he would in——I would have had him ſtop when he was up to the Middle.

Hyp. What was ſhe he was in Love with?

Trap. The Devil!

Hyp. So! Now for a very ugly Like[illegible] Face. What ſort of a Devil?

Trap. The Damning ſort ——— a W[illegible]

Hyp. Had ſhe no Name?

Trap. Her Chriſtian Name was *Donna Hyp[illegible]* her proper Name was *Shittlecock*.

Flo. How d'ye like that? —— [*Aſide to Hyp.*

Hyp. Pretty well. [*Aſide to* Flo.] Was ſhe handſome

Trap. Umph ——— ſo! ſo!

Flo. How d'ye like that? [*To Hyp.*

Hyp. Umph—ſo! ſo! [*To* Flo.] Had ſhe [illegible]

Trap. Sometimes.

Hyp. Good-Humour?

Trap. Very ſeldom.

Hyp. Proud?

Trap. Ever.

Hyp. Was ſhe honeſt?

Trap. Very proud.

Hyp. What! had ſhe no good Qualities?

Trap. Faith! I don't remember 'em.

Hyp. Hah! d'ye think ſhe lov'd him?

Trap. If ſhe did, 'twas as the Cobler lov'd his Wife.

Hyp. How was that?

Trap. Why he beat her three a Day, and told his Neighbours he lov'd her never the worſe, but he was reſolv'd the Bitch ſhould never [illegible] it.

Hyp. Did ſhe uſe him ſo very ill?

Trap. Like a Jade.

Flo. How d'ye now? [*To Hyp.*

Hyp. I don't know ——methinks [illegible] ture? What! was ſhe not handſome, ſay ye?

Trap. A deviliſh Tongue.

Hyp. Was ſhe ugly?

Flo. Ay, ſay that at your Peril. [*Aſide. Hyp.*

Hyp. What was she? How did she look?

Trap. Look! Why, faith, the Woman lookt very well when she had a Blush in her Face.

Hyp. Did she often Blush?

Trap. I never saw her.

Hyp. Never saw her! Had she no Charm? What made him love her?

Trap. Really, I can't tell.

Flo. How d'ye like the Picture, Madam? [*Aside.*

Hyp. O! O! extremely well, the Rogue has put me into a cold Sweat. I am as humble as an offending Lover.

Enter Hoſt.

Hoſt. Gentlemen, your Dinner's upon the Table.

[*Exit* Hoſt.

Hyp. That's well! Come Sir, at Dinner I'll give you farther Inſtructions how you may ſerve yourſelf and me.

Trap. Come, Sir. [*To* Flo.

Flo. Nay, dear Sir, no Ceremony.

Trap. Sir, your humble Servant.

[*As they are going,* Hyp. *ſtops 'em.*

Hyp. Come back; here's one I don't care ſhou'd ſee me.

Trap. Sir, the Dinner will be cold.

Hyp. Do you eat it, but then, we are not hungry.

Trap. Sir, your humble Servant again. [*Exit* Trap.

Flo. You ſeem concern'd; who is it?

Hyp. My Brother *Octavio*, as I live——Come this way. [*They retire.*

Enter Octavio, *and a Servant.*

Oct. *Jaſper*, go in immediately to *Roſara*'s Woman, tell her I am juſt come to Town, ſlip that Note into her Hand, and ſtay for an Anſwer.

Flo. 'Tis he.

Re-enter Hoſt, *conducting* Don Philip.

Hoſt. Here, Sir, pleaſe to walk this way.

Flo. And *Don Philip*, by *Jupiter*.

D. Ph. When my Servant comes, ſend him to me immediately.

Hoſt. Yes, Sir.

Hyp. Nay, then 'tis time for us to [illegible] Alons! [*Exeunt* Hyp. *and* Flo.

Oct. Don Philip!

D. Ph. Dear *Octavio!*

Oct. What lucky Point of the Cor[illegible] us upon one another ſo?

D. Ph. Faith! a Wind very conta[illegible] tion: But the worſt I ſee blows ſome good; I am over-joy'd to ſee you —— But what makes you ſo far from the Army?

Oct. Who thought to have found you ſo far from *Seville?*

D. Ph. What do you do at *Madrid?*

Oct. O Friend, ſuch an unfortunate Occaſion, yet ſuch a lucky Diſcovery! ſuch a Mixture of Joy and Torment no poor Dog upon Earth was ever plagu'd with. [illegible] were [illegible] uld oblige me

D. Ph. Unriddle, pray.

Oct. Don't you remember, about ſix [illegible] nths ago I wrote you word of a dear de[illegible]cious ſprightly C[illegible]ature that I had bombarded for a wh[illegible] Summer to no purpoſe?

D. Ph. I remember.

Oct. That ſame filly, ſt[illegible]bborn, charming Angel, now capitulates.

D. Ph. Then ſhe's taken.

Oct. I can't tell that: [illegible] you muſt know, her perfidious Father, contrary [illegible] his Treaty w[illegible] me, and her Inclination, is going [illegible]——

D. Ph. Marry her to another?

Oct. Of a better Eſtate than mine ſ[illegible] ſeems. She tells me here, he is within a few Day's March of her, begs me to come upon the Spur to her Relief, and if I don't ar-

rive too late, confeſſes ſhe loves me well enough to open the Gates, and let me enter the Town before him. There's her Expreſs, read it.———

Hypolita, Flora, *and* Trappanti *appear in the Balcony.*

Hyp. Hark! they are talking of a Miſtreſs ——let's obſerve.

Flo. Trappanti, there's your old Maſter.

Trap. Ay, I know him again: But I may chance to tell him, he did not know a good Servant when he had him.

D. Ph. [*Reads.*] " My Father has concluded a Match " for me with one I never ſaw, and intends in two " Days to perfect it; the Gentleman is expected every " Hour: In the mean time, if you know any Friend " that has a better Title to me, adviſe him forthwith " to put in his Claim: I am almoſt out of my Senſes, " which you'll eaſily believe when I tell you, if ſuch a " one ſhou'd make haſte, I ſhan't have time to refuſe " him any thing."

Hyp. How's this?

D. Ph. No Name?

Oct. She never wou'd truſt it in a Letter.

Flo. [illegible] u'd be *Don Philip*'s Miſtreſs!

[illegible] u may take my Word it is, I know the Lady, and what the Neighbours ſay of her.

Hyp. This was a lucky Diſcovery ——But huſh.

D. Ph. What will you do in this Caſe?

Oct. That I don't yet know, I am half diſtracted: I have juſt ſent my Servant to tell her I am come to Town, and beg an Opportunity to ſpeak with her: I long to ſee her: I warrant the poor Fool will be ſo ſoft and humble now ſhe's in a Fright.

D. Ph. What will you propoſe at your meeting her?

Oct. I don't know, may be another Meeting: At leaſt it will come to a kind Look, a Kiſs, Good bye, and a Sigh——ah! if I can but perſuade her to run away with me!

D. Ph. Conſider!

Oct. Ah! so I do; what a Pleasure 'twou'd be to have her steal out of her Bed in a sweet Moon-shiny Night! to hear her come pat, pat, pat, along in her Slippers, which nothing but a thin silk Night-gown loose about her, and in this tempting Dress, to have her jump into my Arms breathless with Fear, her panting Bosom close to mine; then to stifle her with Kisses, and curl myself about her smooth, warm Limbs, that breathe an healing Odour from their Pores, enough to [illegible] sake, or Fancy mad.

D. Ph. Octavio, I envy thee: Thou art the happiest Man in thy Temper——

Oct. And thou art the most alter'd [illegible] Prithee, what makes thee so much upon [illegible] Well, are my Sister and you come [illegible] standing yet? When do you marry?

Hyp. So, now I shall have my Picture by another Hand.

D. Ph. My Condition, *Octavio*, is very much like your Mistress's: She is going to marry the Man she never saw, and I the Woman.

Oct. Odsdeath! you make me tremble, I hope 'tis not my Mistress.

D. Ph. Thy Mistress? That were an idle Fear, *Madrid*'s a wide Place.——— Or if it [illegible] loving you) my Friendship and my Honour wo[illegible] to desist.

Oct. That's generous, indeed: But still you amaze me! Are you quite broke off with my Sister? I hope she has given you no Reason to forget her.

Hyp. Now I tremble.

D. Ph. The most severe that ever Beauty printed in the Heart of Man, a Coldness unaccountable to Sense.

Oct. Pshah! dissembled.

Hyp. Hah!

D. Ph. I can't think it, Lovers are soon flatter'd into Hope, but she appear'd to me indifferent to so nice a Point, that she has ruin'd me without the Trouble of resolving it.

Flo

Flo. Well! Men are Fools.

Oct. And by this time she's in Fits for your leaving her; 'tis her Nature, I know her from her Bib and Baby; I remember at five Years old the Vixen has fasted three days together in pure spite to her Governess.

Hyp. So!

Oct. Nothing could ever in appearance make her pleased, or angry; always too proud to be obliged, too high to be affronted, and thought nothing so low, as to seem fond of Revenge; She had a Stomach that cou'd digest every thing but Humility.

Hyp. Goodlack, Mr. Wit.

Oct. Yet with all this I've sometimes seen her good-natur'd, generous, and tender.

Hyp. There the Rogue was civil again.

D. Ph. I have thought so too. [*Sighing.*

Hyp. How can he speak of me with so much Generosity!

Oct. For all her Usage of you, I'll be rack'd if she did not love you.

D. Ph. I think rather she hated me: However, now 'tis past, and I must endeavour to think no more of her.

Hyp. Now I begin to hate myself.

Oct. Then you are determin'd to marry this other Lady?

D. Ph. That's my Business to *Madrid.*

Trap. Which shall be done to your Hand.

D. Ph. Besides, I am now oblig'd by Contract.

Oct. Then, (though she be my Sister) may some jealous, old, ill-natur'd Dog revenge your Quarrel to her.

Hyp. Thank you, Sir.

D. Ph. Come, forget it.

Oct. With all my Heart, let's go in and drink your new Mistress's Health. When do you visit her?

D. Ph. I intended it immediately: But an unlucky Accident has hinder'd me; one of my Servants fell sick upon the Road, so that I am forc'd to make shift with one, and he is the most negligent, foolish Rogue in Nature, has left the Portmanteau, where all my Writings and

Letters of concern are, behind him at the laſt Town we lay, ſo that I can't properly viſit the Lady or her Father till I am able to aſſure them who I am.

Oct. Why don't you go back yourſelf to ſee for 'em?

D. Ph. I have ſent my Servant, for I am really tir'd. I was loth to appear too much concern'd for 'em, leſt the Raſcal ſhould think it worth his while to run away with 'em.

Enter Servant to Octavio.

Oct. How now?

Serv. Here's an Anſwer, Sir.

Hyp. Come, we have ſeen enough [illegible] Enemy's Motions to know it's time for us to decamp.

[*Exeunt* Hyp. Flo. *and* Trap. *from above.*

Oct. [*To D. Ph.*] My dear Friend, I beg a thouſand Pardons, I muſt leave you this Minute, the kind Creature has ſent for me; I am a Soldier, you know, and Orders muſt be obey'd; when I come off o' Duty, I'll immediately wait upon you.

D. Ph. You'll find me here, or hear of me: Adieu.

[*Exit* Octav.

Here Houſe! [*Enter* Hoſt.

Prithee ſee if my Servant be come yet.

Hoſt. I believe he is, Sir; is he not in Blue?

D. Ph. Ay, where is the Sot?

Hoſt. Juſt refreſhing himſelf with a Glaſs at the Gate.

D. Ph. Pray tell the Gentleman I'd ſpeak with him [*Exit* Hoſt.

In all the neceſſaries of Life there is not a greater Plague than Servants. Hey *Soto!*

Enter Soto *drunk.*

Sot. ——Did you pleaſe to [illegible] ſuch [illegible] call, Sir?

D. Ph. What's the reaſon, Blockhead, I muſt always wait upon you thus?

Sot. Sir, I did not know any thing of it, I —— I —— came ſoon as you ſe —— ſe —— ſent for me.

D. Ph.

D. Ph. And why not without ſending, Sir? Did you think I expected no Anſwer to the Buſineſs I ſent you about?

Sot. Yes, Sir,——I did think you wou'd be willing——that is——to have an Account——ſo I ſtaid to take a Glaſs at the Door, becauſe I wou'd not be out of the way——huh!

D. Ph. You are drunk, Raſcal——Where's the Portmanteau?

Sot. Sir, I am here—if you pleaſe, I'll give you the whole Account how the Matter is, huh!

D. Ph. My Mind miſgives me——ſpeak Villain.—

[*Strikes him.*

Sot. I will, Sir, as ſoon as I can put my Words into an intelligible Order. I an't running away, Sir.

D. Ph. To the Point, Sirrah!

Sot. Not of your Sword, dear Sir.

D. Ph. Sirrah, be brief, or I'll murder you: Where's the Portmanteau?

Sot. Sir, as I hope to breathe, I made all the ſtricteſt ſearch in the World, and drank at every Houſe upon the Road, going and coming, and aſk'd about it; and ſo at laſt, as I was coming within a Mile of the Town here, I found then——

D. Ph. What!

Sot. That it muſt certainly be loſt.

D. Ph. Dog! d'ye think this muſt ſatisfy me?

[*Beats him.*

Sot. Lord, Sir, you won't hear Reaſon——Are you ſure you han't it about you?——If I know any thing of it, I wiſh I may be burnt.

D. Ph. Villain! your Life can't make me Satisfaction,

Sot. No, Sir? that's hard——a Man's Life can't——for my part——I——k——

D. Ph. Why do I vent my Rage againſt a Sot, a Clod of Earth? I ſhould accuſe myſelf for truſting him.

Sot. Sir——I had rather——bought a Portmanteau out of my own Pocket, than have had ſuch a Life about it.

D. Ph. Be dumb!

Set. Ahuh! Yes.

D. Ph. If this Rascal had stole it, sure he would not have ventur'd to come back again——I am confounded! Neither *Don Manuel*, nor his Daughter know me, nor any one of his Family. If I shou'd not visit him till I can receive fresh Letters from my Father, he'll in the mean time think himself affronted by my Neglect——What shall I do? Suppose I go and tell him my Misfortune, and beg his Patience till we can hear again from *Seville*.——I must think! Hey, Sot!

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Hypolita, Flora, *and* Trappanti.

Trap. Hold, Sir, let me touch up your Fore-top a little.

Hyp. So! my Gloves——Well, *Trappanti*, you know your Business, and if I marry the Lady, you know my Promise too,

Trap. Sir, I shall remember 'em both:——Odso! I had like to have forgot——here, House! a Bason and Washball,—I've a Razor about me, hey! [*Knocks.*] Let me take off your Wig, Sir.

Hyp. What's the Matter?

Trap. Sir, you are not shav'd.

Hyp. Shav'd!

Trap. Ever while you live, Sir, go with a smooth Chin to your Mistress. Hey! [*Knocks.*

Hyp. This Puppy does so plague me with his Impertinence, I shall laugh out and discover myself.

Trap. Why, *Diego!* [*Knocks.*

Hyp. Pshah! prithee don't stand fooling, we're in haste.

Flo. Ay, ay, shave another time.

Trap. Nay, what you please, Sir; your Beard is not much, you may wear it to-day.

[*Taking her by the Chin.*

Flo. Ay, and to-morrow too: Pray, Sir, will you see the Coach ready, and put in the things?

Trap.

Trap. Sir, I'll see the Coach ready, and put in the things. [*Exit* Trap.

Flo. Come, Madam, Courage! Now let's do something for the Honour of our Sex, give a Proof of our Parts, and tell Mankind we can contrive, fatigue, bustle, and bring about as well as the best of 'em.

Hyp. Well said, *Flora:* For the Honour of our Sex be it then, and let the grave Dons think themselves as wise as they please; but Nature knows there goes more Wit to the Management of some Amours, than the hardest Point in Politicks.

Therefore to Men th' Affair of State's confin'd,
Wisely to Us the state of Love's assign'd,
As Love's the weightier Business of Mankind.

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE, Don *Manuel*'s House.

Enter Rosara, *and* Viletta.

Vil. HEar Reason.

Ros. Talk of *Octavio* then.

Vil. How do you know but the Gentleman your Father designs you for, may prove as pretty a Fellow as he? Have a little Patience; if you should happen to like him as well, would not that do your Business as well?

Ros. Do you expect *Octavio* should thank you for this?

Vil. The Gentleman is no Fool.

Ros. He'll hate any one that is not a Friend to his Love.

Vil. Hang 'em, ſay I: But can't one quench the Thirſt without jumping into the River? Is there no Difference between Cooling and Drowning? *Octavio's* now in a very good Poſt——keep him there——I know the Man: He underſtands the Buſineſs he is in to a Hair. But faith you'll ſpoil him: he's too pretty a Fellow, and too poor a one for an Huſband.

Ros. Poor! he has enough.

Vil. That's the moſt he has.

Ros. 'Twill do our Buſineſs.

Vil. But when you have no Portion (which I'm afraid you won't have with him) he'll ſoon have enough of you; and how will your Buſineſs be done then, pray?

Ros. Pſhah! you talk like a Fool!

Vil. Come, come, if *Octavio* muſt be the Man, I ſay, let *Don Philip* be the Huſband.

Ros. I tell you, Fool, I'll have no Man but an Huſband, and no Huſband but *Octavio*: When you find I am weary of him, I'll give you leave to talk to me of ſomebody elſe.

Vil. In vain, I ſee,——ha' done, Madam,——one muſt have Time to be wiſe: But in the mean while what do ye reſolve? Poſitively not to marry *Don Philip?*

Ros. I don't know what I ſhall do, 'till I ſee *Octavio*: When did he ſay he wou'd be here?

Vil. Oh! I dare not tell you, Madam.

Ros. Why?

Vil. I am brib'd to the contrary.

Ros. By whom?

Vil. *Octavio*, he juſt now ſent me this lovely Piece of Gold, not to tell you what time he wou'd be here.

Ros. Nay, then *Viletta*, here are two Pieces that are twice as lovely; tell me when I ſhall ſee him.

Vil. Umph! theſe are lovely Pieces indeed. [*Smiling.*

Ros. When, *Viletta*?

Vil.

Vil. Have you no more of 'em, Madam?

Ros. Pſhah! there, take Purſe and all; will that content thee?

Vil. O! dear Madam, I ſhou'd be unconſcionable to deſire more; but really I was willing to have 'em all ſhift. [*Court'ſying.*

Ros. When will he come?

Vil. Why the poor Gentleman has been hankering about the Houſe this quarter of an Hour; but I did not obſerve, Madam, you were willing to ſee him, 'till you had convinced me by ſo plain a Proof.

Ros. Where's my Father?

Vil. Faſt aſleep in the Great Chair.

Ros. Fetch him in then before he wakes.

Vil. Let him wake, his Habit will protect him.

Ros. His Habit!

Vil. Ay, Madam, he's turn'd Friar to come at you; if your Father ſurpriſes us, I have a Lye ready to back him——Hiſt, *Octavio*, you may enter.

Enter Octavio *in a Friar's Habit.*

Oct. After a thouſand Frights and Fears, do I live to ſee my dear *Roſara* once again, and kind?

Ros. What ſhall we do, *Octavio*? [*Looking kindly on him.*

Oct. Kind Creature! Do! why as Lovers ſhou'd do; what no body can undo: let's run away this Minute, tie ourſelves faſt in the Church-knot, and defy Fathers and Mothers.

Ros. And Fortunes too?

Oct. Pſhah! We ſhall have it one Day: They muſt leave their Money behind 'em.

Ros. Suppoſe you firſt try my Father's Good-nature? You know he once encourag'd your Addreſſes.

Oct. Firſt let's be faſt marry'd: perhaps he may be good-natur'd when he can't help it: If we ſhould try him now, 't will but ſet him more upon his Guard againſt us. Since we are ſhut under Lock, don't let us ſerve in a ſeparate Garriſon. Come, come, ſtand to your Arms,

Arms, whip a Suit of Night-Clothes into your Pocket, and let's march off in a Body together.

Ref. Ah! my Father!

Oct. Dead!

Vil. To your Function.

Enter Don Manuel.

D. Ma. Villetta.

Vil. Sir.

D. Ma. Where's my Daughter?

Vil. Hiſt, don't diſturb her.

D. Ma. Diſturb her! why what's the Matter?

Vil. She's at Confeſſion, Sir.

D Ma. Confeſſion! I don't like that; a young Woman ought to have no Sins at all.

Vil. Ah! dear Sir, there's no living without 'em.

D. Ma. She's now at Years of Diſcretion.

Vil. There's the Danger, Sir, ſhe's juſt of the taſting Age: One has really no Reliſh of a Sin till Fifteen.

D. Ma. Ah! then the Jades have ſwinging Stomachs; I find her Averſion to the Marriage I have propos'd her, has put her upon diſobedient Thoughts: There can be no Confeſſion without Guilt.

Vil. Nor no Pardon, Sir, without Confeſſion.

D. Ma. Fiddle faddle, I won't have her ſeem wicked: *Huſſy*, you ſhall confeſs for her, I'll have her ſend her Sins by you, you know 'em I'm ſure; but I'll know what the Friar has got out of her——Save you, Father.

Oct. Bleſs you, Son.

D. Ma. How now, what's become of Father *Benedict*? Why is not he here?

Vil. Sir, he is not well, and ſo deſired this Gentleman his Brother here, to officiate for him.

D. Ma. He ſeems very young for a Confeſſor.

Vil. Ay, Sir! He has not been long at it.

Oct. Nor don't deſire to be long in it; I wiſh I underſtand it well enough to make a Feaſt of my old *Don* here. [*Aſide.*

D. Ma.

D. Ma. Well, Sir! how do you find the Pulse of Iniquity beat there? What sort of Sin has she most Stomach to?

Oct. Why truly, Sir, we have all Frailties, and your Daughter has had most powerful Temptations.

D. Ma. Nay, the Devil has been very busy with her these two Days.

Oct. She has told a most lamentable Story.

D. Ma. Ten to one but this lamentable Story prove a most damnable Lye.

Oct. Indeed, Son, I find by her Confession, that you are much to blame for your tyrannical Government of her.

D. Ma. Hey day! What, has the Jade been inventing Sins for me, and confessing 'em instead of her own? Let me come ——— she shall be lock'd up 'till she repents 'em too.

Oct. Son, forbear: This is now a Corroboration of your Guilt: This is inhuman.

D. Ma. Sir, I have done: But pray, if you please, let's come to the point: What are these terrible Cruelties, that this tender Lady accuses me of?

Oct. Nay, Sir, mistake her not: She did not, with any malicious Design, expose your Faults, but as her own depended on 'em: Her Frailties were the Consequence of your Cruelty.

D. Ma. Let's have 'em both Antecedent, and Consequent.

Oct. Why, she confest her first maiden, innocent Affection, had long been settled upon a young Gentleman, whose Love to her you once encourag'd; and after their most solemn Vows of mutual Faith, you have most barbarously broke in upon her Hopes, and to the utter Ruin of her Peace, contracted her to a Man she never saw.

D. Ma. Very good, I see no harm in all this.

Oct. Methinks the Welfare of a Daughter, Sir, might be of weight enough to make you serious.

D. Ma. Serious! so I am, Sir; what a Devil, must I needs be melancholy because I have got her a good Husband?

Oct.

Oct. Her Melancholy may tell you, Sir, ſhe can't think him a good one.

D. Ma. Sir, I underſtand thinking better than ſhe, and I'll make her take my Word.

Oct. What have you to object againſt the Man ſhe likes?

D. Ma. The Man I like!

Oct. Suppoſe the unhappy Youth ſhe loves ſhou'd throw himſelf diſtracted at your Feet, and try to melt you into Pity.

D. Ma. Ay! That if he can.

Oct. You wou'd not, Sir, refuſe to hear him.

D. Ma. Sir, I ſhall not refuſe him any thing, that I am ſure will ſignify nothing.

Oct. Were you one Moment to reflect upon the Pangs which ſeparated Lovers feel, were Nature dead in you, that Thought might wake her.

D. Ma. Sir, when I am ask'd to do a thing I have not a mind to do, my Nature ſleeps like a Top.

Oct. Then I muſt tell you, Sir, this Obſtinacy obliges me, as a Churchman, to put you in mind of your Duty; and to let you know too, you ought to pay more Reverance to our Order.

D. Ma. Sir, I am not afraid of the Sin of marrying my Daughter to the beſt Advantage: And ſo if you pleaſe, Father, you may walk home again—— when any thing lies upon my Conſcience, I'll ſend for you.

Oct. Nay, then, 'tis time to claim a Lover's Right, and to tell you, Sir, the Man that dares to ask *Roſara* from me, is a Villain. [*Throws off his Diſguiſe.*

Vil. So! here will be fine Work! [*Aſide.*

D. Ma. Octavio! the Devil!

Oct. You'll find me one, unleſs you do me ſpeedy Juſtice: Since not the Bonds of Honour, Nature, nor ſubmiſſive Reaſon can oblige you, I am reduced to take a ſurer, ſhorter way, and force you to be Juſt. I leave you Sir, to think on't. [*Walks about angrily.*

D. Ma. Ah! here's a Confeſſor—Ah! that Jade of mine——and that other Jade of my Jade's——

here

here has been rare Doings! —— Well! it shan't hold long, Madam shall be noos'd to-morrow Morning —— Hah! Sir's in a great Passion here, but it won't do—those long Strides, *Don*, will never bring you the sooner to your Mistress —— *Rosara!* step into that Closet, and fetch my Spectacles off o' the Table there. Tum! tum!

[*Sings.*

Vil. I don't like the old Gentleman's Looks. [*Aside.*

Ros. This Obstinacy of yours, my dear Father, you shall find runs in the Family.

[*Exit* Rosara, *and* D. Ma. *locks her in.*

D. Ma. Tum! dum! dum! [*Sings.*

Oct. Sir, I wou'd advise you, as your nearest Friend, to defer this Marriage for three Days.

D. Ma. Tum! dum! tum!

Vil. Sir, you have locked my Mistress in. [*Pertly.*

D. Ma. Tum! dum! dum!

Vil. If you please to lend me the Key, Sir, I'll let her out.

D. Ma. Tum! dum! dum!

Oct. You might afford me at least, as I am a Gentleman, a civil Answer, Sir.

D. Ma. Why then, in one Word, Sir, you shall not marry my Daughter; and as you are a Gentleman, I'm sure you won't think it good Manners to stay in my House, when I submissively beg of you to walk out.

Oct. You are the Father of my Mistress, and something, Sir, too old to answer, as you ought, this Wrong; therefore I'll look for Reparation where I can with Honour take it; and since you have obliged me to leave your House, I'll watch it carefully, I'll know who dares enter it. This, Sir, be sure of, the Man that offers at *Rosara*'s Love shall have one Virtue, Courage at least, I'll be his Proof of that, and ere he steps before me, force him to defend her. [*Exit* Octavio.

D. Ma. Ah! poor Fellow! he's mad now, and does not know what he wou'd be at: —— But however, 'twill be no harm to provide against him —— Who waits there?

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Run you for an *Alguazile*, and bid your Fellows arm themſelves, I expect Miſchief at my Door immediately: If *Octavio* offers any Diſturbance, knock him down and bring him before me. [*Exit Serv.*

Vil. Hiſt! don't I hear my Miſtreſs's Voice?

Ros. [*Within.*] *Viletta!*

Vil. Here! here, Madam——Bleſs me, what's this?

[Viletta *liſtens at the Cloſet-door, and* Roſara *thruſts a Billet to her thro' the Key-hole.*

Ha! a Billet——to *Octavio*——a——Hem.

[*Puts it into her Boſom.*

D. Ma. How now, Huſſy, What are you fumbling about that Door for?

Vil. Nothing, Sir; I was only peeping to ſee if my Miſtreſs had done Prayers yet.

D. Ma. Oh! ſhe had as good let 'em alone, for ſhe ſhall never come out 'till ſhe has Stomach enough to fall to upon the Man I have provided for her. But hark you, Mrs. Modeſty, was it you, pray, that let in that able Comforter for my Babe of Grace there?

Vil. Yes, Sir, I let him in. [*Pertly.*

D. Ma. Did you ſo!——Ha! Then if you pleaſe, Madam——I'll let you out——go——go——get a Sheet of brown Paper, pack up your Things, and let me never ſee that damn'd ugly Face of thine as long as I live.

Vil. Bleſs me, Sir, you are in a ſtrange Humour, that you won't know when a Servant does as ſhe ſhould do.

D. Ma. Thou art ſtrangely impudent.

Vil. Only the fartheſt from it in the World, Sir.

D. Ma. Then I am ſtrangely miſtaken; didſt thou not own juſt now thou let'ſt him in?——

Vil. Yes,——but 'twas in diſguiſe——for I did not deſign you ſhou'd ſee him, becauſe I know you did not care my Miſtreſs ſhou'd ſee him.

D. Ma.

D. Ma. Hah!

Vil. And I knew at the ſame time, ſhe had a mind to ſee him.

D. Ma. Hah!

Vil. And you know, Sir, that the Sin of loving him had lain upon her Conſcience a great while; ſo I thought it high time ſhe ſhou'd come to a thorough Confeſſion.

D. Ma. Hah!

Vil. So upon this, Sir, as you ſee — I — I — I let him in, that's all.

D. Ma. Nay, if it be ſo as thou ſay'ſt, he was a proper Confeſſor indeed.

Vil. Ay, Sir, for you know this was not a ſpiritual Father's Buſineſs.

D. Ma. No, no, this Matter was utterly Carnal.

Vil. Well, Sir, and judge you now, if my Miſtreſs is not beholden to me.

D. Ma. Oh! extremely: but you'll go to Hell, my Dear, for all this; tho' perhaps you'll chooſe that Place: I think you never much car'd for your Huſband's Company; and, if I don't miſtake, you ſent him to Heaven in the old Road. Hark! what Noiſe is that?

[*Noiſe without.*

Vil. So, *Octavio*'s puſhing his Fortune, he'll have a Wife or a Halter, that's poſitive ——— I'll go ſee which. [*Exit* Viletta.

Enter a Servant haſtily.

D. Ma. How now!

Serv. O Sir, *Octavio* has ſet upon a Couple of Gentlemen juſt as they were lighting out of a Coach at the Door; one of them, I believe, is he that is to marry my young Miſtreſs, I heard 'em name her Name; I'm afraid there will be miſchief, Sir, there they are all at it, helter ſkelter.

D. Ma. Run into the Hall, take down my Back, Breaſt and Head-piece, call an Officer, raiſe the Neighbours,

bours, give me my great Gun, I'll ſhoot him out of the Garret Window. [*Exit* Don Manuel.

Enter Hypolita *and* Flora, *putting up their Swords*; Octavio *in the* Alguaziie's *Hands*; *and* Trappanti.

Hyp. Bring him along——This is ſuch an Inſolence! Damn it, at this rate, no Gentleman can walk the Streets.

Flo. I ſuppoſe, Sir, your Buſineſs was more with our Pockets than our Perſons: Are our things ſafe?

Trap. Ay, Sir, I ſecur'd them as ſoon as ever I ſaw his Sword out; I gueſt his Deſign, and ſcower'd off with the Portmanteau.

Hyp. I'll know now, who ſet you on, Sir.

Oct. Prithee, young Man, don't be troubleſome, but thank the Raſcal that knockt me down for your Eſcape.

Hyp. Sir, I'd have you know, if you had not been knockt down, I ſhou'd have ow'd my Eſcape to the ſame Arm you wou'd have ow'd the Reward for your Inſolence: Pray, Sir, what are you? Who knows you?

Oct. I'm glad, at leaſt to find 'tis not Don *Philip* that's my Rival. [*Aſide.*

Serv. Sir, my Maſter knows the Gentleman very well; he belongs to the Army.

Hyp. Then, Sir, if you'd have me uſe you like a Gentleman, I deſire your Meaning of thoſe familiar Queſtions you aſk'd me at the Coach ſide.

Oct. Faith, young Gentleman, I'll be very ſhort; I love the Lady you are to marry; and if you don't quit your Pretences in two Hours, it will entail perpetual Danger upon you and your Family.

Hyp. Sir, if you pleaſe, the Danger's equal—for, rot me, if I'm not as fond of cutting your Throat as you can be of mine.

Oct. If I were out of theſe Gentlemens Hands, on my Word, Sir, you ſhou'dn't want an Opportunity.

Hyp. O! Sir, theſe Gentlemen ſhall protect neither of us; my Friend and I'll be your Bail from them.

Flo. Ay, Sir, we'll bail you; and if you pleaſe, Sir, bring your Friend, I'm his: Damn me! what, d'ye think you have Boys to deal with?

Oct. Sir, I aſk your Pardon, and ſhall deſire to kiſs your Hands about an Hour hence at——— [*Whiſpers.*

Flo. Very well, Sir, we'll meet you.

Hyp. Releaſe the Gentleman.

Serv. Sir, we dare not, without my Maſter's Order: Here he is, Sir.

Enter Don Manuel.

D. Ma. How now, Bully Confeſſor? What! in Limbo?

Hyp. Sir, Don *Fernando de las Torres*, whom I am proud to call my Father, commanded me to deliver this into the Hands of his moſt dear and worthy Friend Don *Manuel Grimaldi*, and at the ſame time gave me Aſſurance of a kind Reception.

D. Ma. Sir, you are thrice welcome; let me embrace ye: I'm overjoy'd to ſee you———Your Friend, Sir?

Hyp. Don *Pedro Velada*, my near Relation, who has done me the Honour of his Company from *Seville*, Sir, to aſſiſt at the Solemnity of his Friend's Happineſs.

D. Ma. Sir, you are welcome; I ſhall be proud to know you.

Flo. You do me Honour, Sir.

Enter Viletta, *who ſlips a Note into* Octavio's *Hand unſeen, and Exit.*

Vil. Send your Anſwer to me.

D. Ma. I hope you are not hurt, Gentlemen.

Hyp. Not at all, Sir; thanks to a little Skill in the Sword.

D. Ma. I am glad of it; however, give me leave to interrupt our Buſineſs for a Moment, 'till I have done you

you Juſtice on the Perſon that offer'd you this Inſolence at my Gate.

Hyp. Your Pardon, Sir; I underſtand he is a Gentleman, and beg you would not let my Honour ſuffer, by receiving a lame Reparation from the Law.

D. Ma. A pretty mettled Fellow, faith —— 'muſt not let him fight tho'[*Aſide.*] But, Sir, you don't know, perhaps, how deeply this Man is your Enemy?

Hyp. Sir, I know more of his Spleen and Folly than you imagine, which, if you pleaſe to diſcharge him, I'll acquaint you with.

D. Ma. Diſcharge him! pray conſider, Sir ——

[*They ſeem to talk.*

Oct. [*Aſide.*] Now for a Beam of Hope in a Tempeſt. [Reads.]

I charge you don't hazard my Ruin and your own, by the Madneſs of a Quarrel: The Cloſet Window where I am is but a Step to the Ground. Be at the back Door of the Garden exactly in the cloſe of the Evening, where you will certainly find one that may put you in the beſt way of getting rid of a Rival.

Dear kind Creature! Now, if my little Don's Fit of Honour does but hold out to bail me, I am the happieſt Dog in the Univerſe.

D. Ma. Well, Sir, ſince I find your Honour is dipt ſo deep in the Matter, —— Here —— releaſe the Gentleman.

Flo. So, Sir; you have your Freedom, you may depend upon us.

Hyp. You will find us punctual ——— Sir, your Servant.

Oct. So, now I have a very handſome Occaſion to put off the Tilt too. Gentlemen, I aſk your Pardon; I begin to be a little ſenſible of the Raſhneſs I committed: and, I confeſs, your manner of treating me has been ſo very much like Men of Honour, that I think my ſelf oblig'd from the ſame Principle to aſſure ye, that tho' I love *Lelara* equal to my Life, yet no Conſideration ſhall perſuade me to be a rude Enemy, even to my Rival: I thank

I thank you for my Freedom, and am your humble Servant. [*Exit* Oct.

Hyp. Your Servant, Sir; —— I think we releas'd my Brother very handsomely; but I han't done with him. [*Aside to* Flora.

D. Ma. What can this sudden turn of Civility mean? I am afraid 'tis but a Cloke to some new Roguery he has in his Head.

Hyp. I don't know how old it may be, but my Servant here has discover'd a Piece of Villainy of his, that exceeds any other he can be capable of.

D. Ma. Is it possible? Why would you let him go then?

Hyp. Because I'm sure it can do me no harm, Sir.

D. Ma. Pray be plain, Sir; what is it?

Hyp. This Fellow can inform you——For, to say Truth, he's much better at a Lye. [*Aside.*

D. Ma. Come hither, Friend: Pray what is this Business?

Hyp. Ay; what was that you overheard between *Octavio* and another Gentleman, at the Inn where we alighted?

Trap. Why, Sir, as I was unbuckling my Portmanteau in the Yard there, I observ'd *Octavio* and another Spark very familiar with your Honour's Name; upon which, Sir, I prick'd up the Ears of my Curiosity, and took in all their Discourse.

D. Ma. Pray who was that other Spark, Friend?

Trap. A Brother Rake, Sir; a damn'd sly-look'd Fellow.

D. Ma. So!

Flo. How familiarly the Rogue treats his old Master! [*Aside.*

Hyp. Poor Don *Philip!* [*Aside.*

Trap. Says one of 'em, says he, No damn him, the Old Rogue (meaning you, Sir) will never let you have her by fair means; however, says *Octavio*, I'll try soft Words: But if those won't do, Bully him, says 'other.

D. Ma. Ah, poor Don! but that would not do neither Sir; he has try'd 'em both to-day to no Purpose.

Trap.

Trap. Say you ſo, Sir! then you'll find what I ſay is all of a piece. Well! and if neither of theſe will do, ſays he, you muſt e'en tilt the young Prig your Rival, (meaning you then, Sir.) [*To* Hyp.

D. Ma. Ha, ha! that, I perceive, my Spark did not greatly care for.

Trap. No, Sir; that, he found, was catching a Tartar. 'Sbud, my Maſter fought like a Lion, Sir.

Hyp. Truly, I did not ſpare him.

Flo. No Faith, ——after he was knock'd down.

[*Aſide.*

Trap. But now, Sir, comes the Cream of the Roguery.

Hyp. Pray obſerve, Sir.

Trap. Well, ſays *Sly-looks*, and if all theſe fail, I have a rare Trick in my Head, that will certainly defer the Marriage for three or four Days at leaſt, and in that time the Devil's in't if you don't find an opportunity to run away with her.

D. Ma. Wou'd you ſo, Mr. Dog, but he'll be hang'd.

Hyp. O, Sir! You'll find we were mighty fortunate in this Diſcovery.

D. Ma. Pray, Sir, let's hear: What was this Trick to be, Friend?

Trap. Why, Sir, to alarm you, that my Maſter was an Impoſtor, and that *Sly-looks* was the true Don *Philip*, ſent by his Father from *Seville* to marry your Daughter; upon which (ſays he) the Old Putt (meaning you again, Sir) will be ſo bamboozled, that———

D. Ma. But pray, Sir, how did young Mr. *Coxcomb* conclude, that the Old Putt was to believe all this? Had they no ſham Proofs, that they propoſed to bamboozle me with, as you call it?

Trap. You ſhall hear, Sir, (the Plot was pretty well laid too): I'll pretend, ſays he, that the Raſcal your Rival (meaning you then, Sir) has robb'd me of my Portmanteau, where I had put up all my Jewels, Money, and Letters of Recommendation from my Father: We are neither of us known in *Madrid*, ſays he, ſo that a little Impudence, and a grave Face, will certainly get thoſe

thoſe two Dogs a ſnarling, while you run away with the Bone. That's all, Sir.

D. Ma. Impudent Rogue!

Hyp. What think ye, Sir? was not this Buſineſs pretty handſomly laid?

Flo. Faith it might have wrought a very ridiculous Conſequence.

D. Ma. Why truly, if we had not been fore-arm'd by this Diſcovery, for ought I know, Mr. Dog might have ran away with the Bone indeed: But if you pleaſe, Sir, ſince theſe ingenious Gentlemen are ſo pert upon the matter, we'll e'en let 'em ſee that you and I have Wit enough to do our Buſineſs, and e'en clap up the Wedding to-morrow morning.

Hyp. Sir, you are too obliging——But will your Daughter, think ye, be prevail'd with?

D. Ma. Sir, I'll prepare her this Minute——it's pity, methinks, we releas'd that Bully, tho'——

Hyp. Not at all, Sir; I don't ſuppoſe he can have the Impudence to purſue his Deſign: Or, if he ſhou'd, Sir, —— now we know him beforehand.

D. Ma. Nay, that's true as you ſay—— but therefore, methinks, I'd have him come: I love mightily to laugh in my Sleeve at an impudent Rogue, when I'm ſure he can do me no Harm: Udsfleſh! if he comes, the Dog ſhan't know whether I believe him or not—— I'll try if the old Putt can bamboozle him or no.

Hyp. Egad, Sir, you're in the right on't, knock him down with his own Weapon.

Trap. And when he is down, I have a Trick to keep him ſo.

Flo. The Devil's in't if we don't maul this Raſcal among us.

D. Ma. A Son of a Whore——I am ſorry we let him go ſo ſoon, Faith.

Flo. We might as well have held him a little.

Hyp. Really, Sir, upon ſecond Thoughts, I wiſh we had—His exciſing his Challenge ſo abruptly, makes me fancy he is in hopes of carrying his Point ſome other way.——Di'ſt you not obſerve your Daughter's Woman whiſper him? *D. Ma.*

D. Ma. Humh!

Flo. They seem'd very busy, that's certain.

Hyp. I can't say about what ——— but it will be worth our while to be upon our guard.

D Ma. I am alarm'd!

Hyp. Where is your Daughter at this time?

D. Ma. I think she's pretty safe ——— but I'll go make her sure.

Flo. 'Twill be no harm to look about ye, Sir. Where's her Woman?

D. Ma. I'll be upon her presently—she shall be search'd for Intelligence——You'll excuse me, Gentlemen.

Hyp. Sir, the Occasion presses you.

D. Ma. If I find all safe, I'll return immediately, and then, if you please, we'll run over some old Stories of my good Friend *Fernando*——Your Servant.

[*Exit* D. Ma.

Hyp. Sir, Your most humble Servant——— *Trappanti*, thou'rt a rare Fellow, thou hast an admirable Face, and when thou dy'st, I'll have thy whole Statue cast all in the same Metal.

Flo. 'Twere pity the Rogue was not bred to the Law.

Trap. So 'tis indeed, Sir, ——— A Man should not praise himself; but if I had been bred to the Gown, I dare venture to say, I become a Lye as well as any Man that wears it.

Hyp. Nay, now thou art modest——But Sirran, we have more Work for ye: You must get in with the Servants, attack the Lady's Woman: There, there's Ammunition, Rogue! [*Gives him Money*]. Now try if you can make a Breach into the Secrets of the Family.

Trap. Ah! Sir, I warrant you——I cou'd never yet meet with a Woman that was this sort of Pistol-proof.—I have known a handful of these do more than a Barrel of Gunpowder; the *French* charge all their Cannon with 'em; the only Weapon in the World, Sir. I remember my old Master's Father us'd to say, the best Thing in the Greek Grammar was——— *Arguriois loudoff Machou, Kai Panta Crateseis.* [*Exit* Trap.

Hyp.

Hyp. Well, dear *Flora*, let me kiſs thee. Thou haſt done thy part to a Miracle.

Flo. 'Egad I think ſo; Didn't I bear up briſkly? Now if Don *Philip* ſhould come while my Blood's up, let him look to himſelf.

Hyp. We ſhall find him a little tough I believe; for, poor Gentleman! he is like to meet with a very odd Reception from his Father-in-law.

Flo. Nay, we've done his Buſineſs there, I believe.

Hyp. How glibly the old Gentleman ſwallow'd *Trappanti*'s Lye!

Flo. And how rarely the Rogue told it!

Hyp. And how ſoon it work'd with him! For, if you pleaſe (ſays he) we'll let him ſee that we have Wit enough to do our Buſineſs, and clap up the Wedding to-morrow morning.

Flo. Ah! we have it all the way——Well, what muſt we do next?

Hyp. Why, now for the Lady——I'll be a little briſk upon her, and then——

Flo. Victoria! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

The SCENE *continues.*

Enter Viletta *haſtily*; Don Manuel *and* Trappanti *behind, obſerving her.*

Vil. SO! with much ado I have given the old Don the ſlip; he has dangl'd with me thro' every Room in the Houſe, high and low, up Stairs and down, as cloſe to my Tail as a great Boy hankering after one of his Mother's Maids. Well——now we will ſee what Monſieur *Octavio* ſays. [*Takes a Letter from her Boſom.*

Trap. Hiſt! there ſhe is, and alone: When the Devil has any thing to do with a Woman, Sir, that's his time to take her: Stand cloſe.

D. Ma. Ah! he's at work already——There's a Letter!

Trap. Leave her to me, Sir, I'll read it.

Vil. Hah! two Piſtoles!——Well, I'll ſay that for him, the Man knows his Buſineſs, his Letters always come Poſt-paid.

[*While ſhe is reading,* Trappanti *ſteals behind, and looks over her Shoulder*].

Dear Viletta, *convey the incloſ'd immediately to your Miſtreſs; and as you prize my Life, uſe all poſſible means to keep the Old Gentleman from the Cloſet, till you are ſure ſhe is ſafe out of the Window.*

Your real Friend.

Trap. Octavio! [*Reading.*

Vil. Ah! [*Shrieking.*

Trap. Madam, your Ladyſhip's moſt humble Servant.

Vil. You're very impertinent, methinks, to look over other People's Letters.

Trap. Why——I never read a Letter in my Life without looking over it.

Vil. I don't know any Buſineſs you had to look upon this.

Trap. There's the thing——Your not knowing that, has put you into this Paſſion.

Vil. You may chance to have your Bones broke, Mr. Coxcomb.

Trap. Sweet Honey-comb, don't be ſo waſpiſh; or if I keep your Counſel, d'ye ſee, I don't know why my Bones mayn't keep their places; but if I peach, whoſe Bones will pay for it then?

Vil. Ha! the Fool ſays true, I had better wheedle him. [*Aſide.*

Trap. My dear Queen, don't be frighted——I come as a Friend; now be ſerious.

Vil. Well! what wou'd you have?

Trap. Don't you love Money above any thing in the World——except one?

Vil.

Vil. I except nothing.

Trap. Very good——And pray, how many Letters do you expect to be paid for, when *Octavio* has marry'd your Mistress, and has no occasion to write to her? Look you Child, tho' you are of Council for him, use him like a true Lawyer, make Difficulties where there are none, that he may fee you where he needs not: Dispatch is out of practice, Delay makes long Bills; stick to it once get him his Cause, there's no more Advice to be paid for.

Vil. What do you mean?

Trap. Why, that for the same Reason, I have no mind to put an end to my own Fees, by marrying my Master: While they are Lovers, they will always have Occasion for a Confident, and a Pimp; but when they marry—— Serviteur — good night Vails, our Harvest is over: What d've think of me now?

Vil. Why——I like what you say very well: But I don't know, my Friend, to me——that same Face of yours looks like the Title Page to a whole Volume of Roguery.——What is't you drive at?

Trap. Money, Money, Money. Don't you let your Mistress marry *Octavio*. I'll do my best to hinder my Master: Let you and I lay our Heads together to keep them asunder, and so make a Penny of 'em all three.

Vil. Look you, Seignior, I'll meet you half way, and confess to you, I had made a rough draught of this Project myself: But, say I shou'd agree with you to go on upon't, what Security can you give me for performance of Articles?

Trap. More than Bond or Judgment——my Person in Custody.

Vil. Ah! that won't do.

Trap. No, my Love! why, there's many a sweet Bit in't——Taste it. [*Offering to kiss her, she puts him away.*

Vil. No!

Trap. Faith you must give me one.

Vil. Indeed, my Friend, you are too ugly for me; tho' I am not handsome myself, I love to play with those that are.

Trap. And yet, methinks, an honeſt Fellow of my Size and Complexion, in a careleſs Poſture, playing the fool thus with his Money.

[*Toſſes a Purſe, ſhe catches it, and he kiſſes her.*

Vil. Pſhah! Well, if I muſt, come then —— To ſee how a Woman may be deceived at firſt ſight of a Man.

Trap. Nay then, take a ſecond Thought of me, Child.

[*Again.*

D. Ma. Hah!—This is laying their Heads together, indeed. [*Behind.*

Vil. Well, now get you gone, I have a Letter to give to my Miſtreſs; ſlip into the Garden —— I'll come t'ye preſently.

Trap. Is't from *Octavio*?

Vil. Pſhah! be gone, I ſay. [*Snatches the Letter.*

Trap. Hiſt! [Trappanti *Beckons* Don Manuel, *who goes ſoftly behind.*

Vil. Madam! Madam! Ah!

D. Ma. Now, Strumpet, give me the other Letter, or I'll murder you. [*Draws.*

Vil. Ah! lud! O lud! there! there! [*Squeaking.*

D. Ma. Now we ſhall ſee what my Gentleman wou'd be at. [*Reads.*] *My dear Angel.* Hah! Soft and Impudent.

Depend upon me at the Garden-door by ſeven this Evening: Pity my Impatience, and believe you can never come too ſoon to the Arms of your Octavio.

D. Ma. Ah! Now wou'd this rampant Rogue make no more of debauching my Gentlewoman, than the Gentlewoman wou'd of him, if he were to debauch her——hold——let's ſee, what does he ſay here —— um! um! [*Reads to himſelf.*

Vil. What a Sot was I to believe this old Fool durſt do me any harm! but a Fright's the Devil—— wou'd I had my Letter again —— tho' 'tis no great Matter! for as my Friend *Trappanti* ſays, delaying *Octavio*'s Buſineſs is doing my own.

D. Ma.

D. M. [*Reading.*]———Um um! *ſure ſhe is ſafe out of the Window.* O! there the Mine is to be ſprung then———the Gentleman makes a warm Siege on't in troth! and one wou'd think was in a fair way of carrying the Place, while he has ſuch an admirable Spy in the middle of the Town———Now were I to act like a true *Spaniard*, I ought to rip up this Jade for more Intelligence: But I'll be wiſe, a Bribe and a Lye will do my Buſineſs a great deal better. Now, Gentlewoman, what d'ye think in your Conſcience I ought to do to ye?

Vil. What I think in my Conſcience you'll not do to me, make a Friend of me———You ſee, Sir, I dare be an Enemy.

D. Ma. Nay, thou doſt not want Courage, I'll ſay that for thee: But is it poſſible any thing can make thee honeſt?

Vil. What do you ſuppoſe would make me otherwiſe?

D. Ma. Money.

Vil. You have nickt it.

D. Ma. And wou'd the ſame Sum make thee ſurely one as t'other?

Vil. That I can't ſay neither: One muſt be heavier than t'other, or elſe the Scale can't turn.

D. Ma. Say it be ſo: Wou'd that turn thee into my Int'reſt?

Vil. The very minute you turn it into mine, Sir: Judge yourſelf———here ſtands *Octavio* with a Letter, and two Pieces to give it to my Miſtreſs———There ſtand you with a Hem! and four Pieces———where wou'd the Letter go d'ye think?

D. Ma. There needs no more———I'm convinc'd, and will truſt thee———there's to encourage thee beforehand, and when thou bring'ſt me a Letter of *Octavio's*, I'll double the Sum.

Vil. Sir, I'll do't——and will take care he ſhall write preſently. [*Aſide.*

D. Ma. Now, as you expect I ſhou'd believe you, be gone, and take no Notice of what I have diſcover'd.

Vil. I am dumb, Sir—— [*Exit* Viletta.

D. Ma. So! this was done like a wiſe General: And now I have taken the Counterſcarp, there may be ſome Hopes of making the Town capitulate——*Roſara!*

[*Unlocks the Cloſet.*

Enter Roſara.

Roſ. Did you call me, Sir?

D. Ma. Ay, Child: come, be chearful; what I have to ſay to you, I'm ſure ought to make you ſo.

Roſ. He has certainly made ſome Diſcovery: *Viletta* did not cry out for nothing——What ſhall I do——diſſemble. [*Aſide.*

D. Ma. In one word, ſet your Heart at reſt, for you ſhall marry Don *Philip* this Evening.

Roſ. That's but ſhort Warning for the Gentleman, as well as myſelf; for I don't know that we ever ſaw one another: How are you ſure he will like me.

D. Ma. O! as for that matter, he ſhall ſee you preſently; and I have made it his Intereſt to like you.—But if you are ſtill poſitively reſolved upon *Octavio*, I'll make but few Words—pull off your Clothes, and go to him.

Roſ. My Clothes, Sir!

D. Ma. Ay, for the Gentleman ſhan't have a—Rag with you.

Roſ. I am not in haſte to be ſtarv'd, Sir.

D. Ma. Then let me ſee you put on your beſt Airs, and receive Don *Philip* as you ſhou'd do.

Roſ. When do you expect him, Sir?

D. Ma. Expect him, Sir! he has been here this Hour, Sir——I only ſtaid to get you out of the Sullens——He's none of your Hum drums, all Life and Mettle! Odzooks, he has the Courage of a Cock, a Duel's but a Dance to him: He has been at Sa! Sa!——Sa for you already.

Roſ. Well, Sir, I ſhan't be afraid of his Courage ſince I ſee you are reſolv'd he ſhall be the Man——He ſhall find me a Woman, Sir, let him win me and wear me as ſoon as you pleaſe.

D. Ma.

D. Ma. Ah! now thou art my own Girl; hold but in this Humour one quarter of an Hour, and I'll toss thee t'other Bushel of Dobloons into thy Portion—Here bid a—Come, I'll fetch him myself——she's in a rare Cue, faith: ah! if he does but knick her now.

[*Exit* Don Manuel.

Ref. Now I have but one Card to play——if that don't hit, my Hopes are crush'd indeed: If this young Spark ben't a downright Coxcomb, I may have a Trick to turn all yet——dear Fortune, give him but common Sense, I'll make it impossible for him to like me——Here they come—— [*Walks carelessly and sings.*

I'll rove and I'll range——

Enter Don Manuel *and* Hypolita.

Hyp. *I'll love and I'll change*—— [*Sings with her.*

D. Ma. Ah, he has her! he has her!

Hyp. Madam, I kiss your Ladyship's Hands, I find by your Gaiety you are no Stranger to my Business; perhaps you expected I shou'd have come in with a grave Bow, and a long Speech; but my Affair's in a little more haste; therefore, if you please, Madam, we'll cut the Work short; be thoroughly intimate at the first sight, and see one another's Humours in a quarter of an hour, as well as if we had been weary of them this Twelvemonth.

D. Ma. Ah!

Ref. Troth, Sir, I think you are very much in the right: The sooner I see you, the sooner I shall know whether I like you or not.

Hyp. Pshah! as for that matter, you'll find me a very fashionable Husband; I shan't expect my Wife to be over fond of me.

Ref. But I love to be in the Fashion too, Sir, in taking the Man I have a mind to.

Hyp. Say you so? why then take me as soon as you please.

Ref. I only stay for my Mind, Sir; as soon as ever that comes to me, upon my word, I am ready to wait upon you.

Hyp. Well, Madam, a quarter of an hour ſhall break no ſquares ---- Sir, if you'll find an Occaſion to leave us alone, I ſee we ſhall come to a right Underſtanding preſently.

D. Ma. I'll do't, Sir: Well, Child, ſpeak in thy Conſcience, is he not a pretty Fellow?

Roſ. The Gentleman's very well, Sir; but methinks he's a little too young for a Huſband.

D. Ma. Young! a fiddle: you'll find him old enough for a Wife, I warrant ye: Sir, I muſt beg your Pardon for a moment: But, if you pleaſe, in the mean time, I'll leave you my Daughter, and ſo pray make your beſt of her. [*Exit* Don Manuel.

Hyp. I thank ye, Sir.

[Hyp. *ſtands ſome time mute, looks careleſly at* Roſara, *and ſhe ſmiles as in Contempt of him.* Why now, methinks, Madam, you had as good put on a real Smile, for I am doom'd to be the happy Man, you ſee.

Roſ. So my Father ſays.

Hyp. I'll take his Word.

Roſ. A bold Man—but he'll break it.

Hyp. He won't.

Roſ. He muſt.

Hyp. Whether he will or no?

Roſ. He can't help it now.

Hyp. How ſo, pray?

Roſ. Becauſe he has promis'd you, you ſhall marry me; and he has always promis'd me I ſhould marry the Man I could love.

Hyp. Ay, ——— that is, he would oblige you to love the Man you ſhould marry.

Roſ. The Man that I marry will be ſure of my Love; but for the Man that marries [redacted] Mercy on him!

Hyp. No matter for that, I'll marry you.

Roſ. Come, I don't believe you are ſo ill-natur'd.

Hyp. Why, doſt thou not like me, Child?

Roſ. Um—No.

Hyp. What's the matter?

Roſ.

Ros. The old Fault.

Hyp. What?

Ros. I don't like you.

Hyp. Is that all?

Ros. No.

Hyp. That's hard——the reſt?

Ros. That you won't like.

Hyp. I'll ſtand it——try me.

Ros. Why then, in ſhort, I like another: Another Man, Sir, has got into my Head, and has made ſuch work there, you'll never be able to ſet me to rights as long as you live——What d'ye think of me now, Sir? Won't this ſerve for a Reaſon why you ſhou'd not marry me?

Hyp. Um——the Reaſon is a pretty ſmart ſort of a Reaſon truly, but it won't do——to be ſhort with ye, Madam, I have reaſon to believe I ſhall be diſinherited if I don't marry you.

Ros. And what have you reaſon to believe you ſhall be, if you do marry me?

Hyp. In the *Spaniſh* Faſhion, I ſuppoſe, jealous to a degree.

Ros. You may be in the *Engliſh* Faſhion, and ſomething elſe to a degree.

Hyp. Oh! if I have not Courage enough to prevent that, Madam, let the World think me in the *Engliſh* City-faſhion content to a degree. Now here in *Spain*, Child, we have ſuch Things as Back-rooms, barr'd Windows, hard Fare, Poiſon, Daggers, Bolts, Chains, and ſo forth.

Ros. Ay, Sir, and there are ſuch Things as Bribes, Plots, Shams, Letters, Lyes, Walls, Ladders, Keys, Confidents, and ſo forth.

Hyp. Hey! a very compleat Regiment indeed! what a World of Service might theſe do, in a quarter of an hour, with a Woman's Courage at the head of 'em! Really, Madam, your Dreſs and Humour have the prettieſt looſe *French* Air, ſomething ſo Qualhy, that let me die, Madam, I believe in a Month I ſhould be apt to poiſon ye.

Ref. So! it takes. [*Aside.*] And let me die, Sir, I believe I ſhould be apt to deſerve it of ye.

Hyp. I ſhall certainly do't.

Ref. It muſt be in my Breakfaſt then—for I ſhould certainly run away before the Wedding-Dinner came up.

Hyp. That's over-acted, but I'll ſtartle her. [*Aside.* Then I muſt tell you, Madam, a *Spaniſh* Huſband may be provok'd as well as a Wife.

Ref. My Life on't, his Revenge is not half ſo ſweet; and if ſhe's provok'd, 'tis a thouſand to one but ſhe licks her Lips before ſhe's nail'd in her Coffin.

Hyp. You are very gay, Madam.

Ref. I ſee nothing to fright me, Sir; for I cannot believe you'll marry me now——I have told ye my Humour; if you like it, you have a good Stomach.

Hyp. Why truly you may probably lie a little heavy upon't, but I can better digeſt you than Poverty; as for your Inclination, I'll keep your Body honeſt however; that ſhall be lockt up, and if you don't love me, then ——I'll ſtab ye. [*Careleſly.*

Ref. With what? your Words? it muſt be thoſe you ſay after the Prieſt then——You'll be able to do very little elſe that will reach my Heart, I aſſure ye.

Hyp. Well, well, Madam, you need not give yourſelf half this trouble; I am heartily convinc'd you will make the damnedſt Wife that ever poor Dog of a Huſband wiſh'd at the Devil: But really, Madam, you are very unfortunate; for notwithſtanding all the mighty pains you have taken, you have met with a poſitive Coxcomb, that's ſtill juſt Fool and Stout enough to marry you.

Ref. 'Twill be a Proof of your Courage indeed.

Hyp. Madam, you rally very well, 'tis confeſt: But now if you pleaſe, we'll be a little ſerious.

Ref. I think I am——What does he mean? [*Aside.*

Hyp. Come, come, this Humour is as much affected as my own: I could no more bear the Qualities you ſay you have, than I know you're guilty of 'em: Your pretty Arts in ſtriving to avoid, have charm'd me. Had you been preciſely Coy, or Over-modeſt, your Virtue then might have been ſuſpected: Your ſhewing me what a Man of Senſe ſhould hate, convinces me you know too what he ought

to

to love; and she that's once so well acquainted with the Charms of Virtue, never can forsake it. I both admire and love you now: You've made what only was my Interest my Happiness. At my first View I woo'd ye only to secure a fordid Fortune, which now I overjoy'd could part with; nay, with Life, with any thing, to purchase your unrival'd Heart.

Ref. Now I am plung'd indeed. [*Aside.*] Well, Sir, I own you have discover'd me; and since you have oblig'd me to be serious, I now, from my Sincerity, protest my Heart's already given, from whence no Power nor Interest shall recall it.

Hyp. I hate my Interest, and would owe no Power or Title but to Love.

Ref. If, as you say, you think I find a Charm in Virtue, you'll know too there's a Charm in Constancy: You ought to scorn me, should I flatter you with Hope, since you are now assur'd I must be false before I can be yours: If what I've said seems cold, or too neglectful of your Merit, call it not Ingratitude or Scorn, but Faith unmov'd, and Justice to the Man I love.

Hyp. Death! I have fool'd away my Hopes, she must consent, and soon, or yet I'm lost—— [*Aside.*

Ref. He seems a little thoughtful, if he has Honour, there may yet be Hopes.

Hyp. It must———— it can be only so, that way I make her sure, and serve my Brother too. [*Aside.*] Well, Madam, to let you see I'm a Friend to Love, tho' Love's an Enemy to me, give me but a seeming Proof that *Octavio* is the undisputed Master of your Heart, and I'll forego the Power your Father's Obligations give me, and throw my Hopes into his Arms with you.

Ref. Sir, you confound me with this Goodness. A Proof! is't possible! will that content ye? Command me to what Proof you please; or if you'll trust to my Sincerity, let these Tears of Joy convince you. Here, on my Knees, by all my Hopes of Peace I swear——

Hyp. Hold——Swear never to make a Husband but *Octavio.*

Ref. I swear, and Heaven befriend me as I keep this Vow inviolate.

Hyp.

Hyp. Riſe, Madam, and now receive a Secret, which I need not charge you to be careful of, ſince as well your Quiet as my own depends upon it. A little common Prudence between us, in all probability, before Night, may make us happy in our ſeparate Wiſhes.

Roſ. What mean you, Sir? Sure you are ſome Angel ſent to my Deliverance.

Hyp. Truly, Madam, I have been often told ſo: But like moſt Angels of my kind, there's a mortal Man in the World, who I have a great Mind ſhould know that I am——but a Woman.

Roſ. A Woman! Are not you Don *Philip?*

Hyp. His Shadow, Madam, no more: I juſt run before him——nay, and after him too.

Roſ. I am confounded.——A Woman!

Hyp. As arrant a Woman from Top to Toe, as ever Man run mad for.

Roſ. Nay, then you're an Angel.

Hyp. Perhaps you'll think me a little a-kin to one at leaſt: *Octavio*, Madam, your Lover, is my Brother; my Name *Hypolita*; my Story you ſhall know at Leiſure.

Roſ. Hypolita! Nay, then, from what you've ſaid, and what I have heard *Octavio* ſay of ye, I gueſs your Story: But this was ſo extravagant a Thought!

Hyp. That's true, Madam, it—it—it was a little round about indeed, I might have found a nearer way to Don *Philip:* But theſe Men are ſuch tetchy things, they can never ſtay one's time, always in haſte, juſt as they pleaſe now: we are to look kind, then grave; now ſoft, then ſincere——Fiddleſtick! when, may be, a Woman has a new Suit of Knots on her Head——So if we happen not to be in their Humour, forſooth, then we are Coquet, and Proud, and Vain; and then they are to turn Fools, and tell us ſo——then one pouts, and t'other huffs, and ſo at laſt, you ſee, there is ſuch a Plague, that——I don't know——one does not care to be rid of 'em neither.

Roſ. A very generous Confeſſion!

Hyp. Well, Madam, now you know me throughly, I hope you will think me as fit for a Huſband as another Woman.

Roſ.

Ros. Then I must marry ye?

Hyp. Ay, and speedily too; for I expect Don *Philip* every Moment; and if we don't look about us, he will be apt to forbid the Bans.

Ros. If he comes, what shall we do?

Hyp. I am provided for him——Here comes your Father,——he's secure. Come, put a dumb consenting Air, and leave the rest to me.

Ros. Well! this getting the better of my wife Papa, won't be the least part of my Satisfaction.

Enter Don Manuel.

D. Ma. So Son! how does the Battle go now? Ha'ye cannonaded stoutly? Does she cry, *Quarter?*

Hyp. My dear Father, let me embrace your Knees; my Life's too poor to make you a Return,——You have given me an Empire, Sir, I would not change to be Grand Seignior.

D. Ma. Ah Rogue! he has done it! he has done it! he has her! ha! is't not so, my little Champion?

Hyp. Victoria, Sir, the Town's my own. Look here! and here, Sir! Thus have I been plundering this Half-hour, and thus, and thus, and thus, 'till my Lips ake again. [*Kisses her.*

D. Ma. Ah! give me the Great Chair——I can't bear my Joy,——You rampant Rogue, could not ye give the poor Girl a quarter of an Hour's warning?

Hyp. My Charmer! [*Embracing* Rosara.

D. Ma. Ah! my Cares are over.

Hyp. O! I told ye, Sir,—Hearts and Towns are never too strong for a Surprise.

D. Ma. Prithee be quiet, I hate the Sight of ye——*Rosara!* come hither you wicked thing, come hither, I say.

Ros. I am glad to see you so well pleas'd, Sir.

D. Ma. O! I cannot live—I can't live! it pours upon me like a Torrent, I am as full as a Bumper——it runs over at my Eyes, I shall choke——Answer me two Questions, and kill me outright.

Ros.

Ros. Any thing that will make you more pleas'd, Sir.

D. Ma. Are you positively resolved to marry this Gentleman?

Ros. Sir, I'm convinc'd 'tis the first Match that can make me happy.

D. Ma. I am the miserablest Dog alive——and I warrant you are willing to marry him to-morrow Morning, if I shou'd ask you.

Ros. Sooner, Sir, if you think it necessary.

D. Ma. Oh! this malicious Jade has a mind to destroy me all at once——Ye cursed Toad! how did you do to get in with her so? [*To* Hyp.

Ros. Come, Sir, take Heart, your Joy won't be always so troublesome.

D. Ma. You lye, Hussy, I shall be plagu'd with it as long as I live.

Hyp. You must not live above two Hours then. [*Aside.*

D. Ma. I warrant this raking Rogue will get her with Child too——I shall have a young squab *Spaniard* upon my Lap, that will so Grand-papa me!——Well! what want you, Gloomy-face?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a Gentleman desires to speak with you; he says he comes from *Seville.*

D. Ma. From *Seville!* ha! prithee let him go thither again.——Tell him I am a little busy about being overjoy'd.

Hyp. My Life on't, Sir, this must be the Fellow that my Servant told you of, employ'd by *Octavio.*

D. Ma. Very likely.

Enter Trappanti.

Trap. Sir, Sir——News, News!

D. Ma. Ay, this fellow has a good merry Face now——I like him. Well! what dost thou say, Lad?—

But

But hold, Sirrah! Has any body told thee how it is with me?

Trap. Sir!

D. Ma. Do you know, Puppy, that I am ready to cry?

Trap. Cry! Sir! for what?

D. Ma. Joy! Joy! you Whelp; my Cares are over, Madam's to marry your Maſter, Sirrah, and I am as wet with Joy, as if I had been thrown into a Sea full of good Luck—Why don't you cry, Dog?

Trap. Uh! Well, Sir, I do—But now if you pleaſe, let me tell you my Buſineſs.

D. Ma. Well, what's the matter, Sirrah?

Trap. Nay, no great Matter, Sir, only—*Sylooks* is come, that's all.

D. Ma. Sylooks! what, the Bamboozler! ha! ha!

Trap. He, Sir, he.

D. Ma. I'm glad of it, faith—now I ſhall have a little Diverſion to moderate my Joy——I'll wait on the Gentleman myſelf——Don't you be out of the Way, Son; I'll be with ye preſently.——O my Jaws! this Fit will carry me off. Ye dear Toad, good-by. [*Exit.*

Hyp. Ha! ha! ha! the old Gentleman's as merry as a Fiddle; how he'll ſtart when a String ſnaps in the middle of his Tune!

Roſ. At leaſt we ſhall make him change it, I believe.

Hyp. That we ſhall, and here comes one that's to play upon him.

Enter Flora *haſtily.*

Flo. Don Philip! where are ye? I muſt needs ſpeak with ye. Begging your Ladyſhip's Pardon, Madam, [*whiſpers* Hyp.] Stand to your Arms, the Enemy's at the Gate, faith. But I've juſt thought of a ſure Card to win the Lady into our Party.

Roſ. Who can this Youth be ſhe is ſo familiar with? He muſt certainly know her Buſineſs here, and ſhe is reduc'd to truſt him. What odd things we Women are! never

never know our own Minds: How very humble now has her Pride made her!

Hyp. [*To* Flo.] I like your Advice ſo well, that to tell ye the Truth, I have made bold to take it before you gave it me.

Flo. Is't poſſible!

Hyp. Come, I'll introduce ye.

Flo. Then the Buſineſs is done.

Hyp. Madam, if your Ladyſhip pleaſes. [*To* Roſ.

Roſ. Is this Gentleman your Friend, Sir?

Hyp. This Friend, Madam, is my Gentlewoman, at your Service.

Roſ. Gentlewoman! What, are we all going into Breeches then?

Flo. That us'd to be my Poſt, Madam, when I wore a Needle; but now I have got a Sword by my Side, I ſhall be proud to be your Ladyſhip's humble Servant.

Roſ. Troth I think it's a pity you ſhould either of you ever part with your Swords: I never ſaw a prettier Couple of *Adroit Cavaliers* in my Life.

Flo. Egad, I don't know how it is, Madam, but methinks theſe Breeches give me ſuch a mettled Air, I can't help fancying but that I left my Sex at Home in my Petticoats.

Hyp. Why faith, for ought I know, had'ſt thou been born to Breeches, inſtead of a *Fille de Chambre*, Fortune might have made thee a *Beau Garſon* at the Head of a Regiment.—— But hufh! there's Don *Philip* and the old Gentleman: We muſt not be ſeen yet; if you pleaſe to retire, Madam, I'll tell you how we intend to deal with 'em.

Roſ. With all my Heart.——Come, Ladies—— Gentlemen, I beg your Pardon. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV.

The SCENE *continues.*

Enter Don Manuel *and* Don Philip.

D. Ma. WELL, Sir! and ſo you were robb'd of your Portmanteau, you ſay, at *Toledo*, in which were all your Letters and Writings relating to your Marriage with my Daughter, and that's the Reaſon you are come without 'em.

D. Ph. I thought, Sir, you might reaſonably take it ill, ſhou'd I have lain a Week or two in Town without paying you my Duty: I was not robb'd of the Regard I owe my Father's Friend: That, Sir, I have brought with me, and 'twould have been ill Manners not to have paid it at my firſt Arrival.

D. Ma. Ah! how ſmooth the Spark is! [*Aſide.*] Well, Sir, I am pretty conſiderably glad to ſee you: But I hope you'll excuſe me, if, in a Matter of this Conſequence, I ſeem a little cautious.

D. Ph. Sir, I ſhan't propoſe any immediate Progreſs in my Affair, 'till you receive freſh Advice from my Father; in the mean time, I ſhall think myſelf oblig'd by the bare Freedom of your Houſe, and ſuch Entertainment as you'd, at leaſt, afford a common Stranger.

D. Ma. Impudent Rogue! The Freedom of my Houſe! Yes, that he may be always at Hand to ſecure the main Chance for my Friend *Octavio*——But now I'll have a Touch of the Bamboozle with him.——Look ye, Sir, while I ſee nothing to contradict what you ſay you are, d'ye ſee, you ſhall find me a Gentleman.

D. Ph. So my Father told me, Sir.

D. Ma.

D. Ma. But then, on the other hand, d'ye ſee, a Man's Honeſty is not always written in his Face; and (begging your Pardon) if you ſhou'd prove a damn'd Rogue now, d'ye ſee?

D. Ph. Sir, I can't, in Reaſon, take any thing ill, that proceeds only from your Caution.

D. Ma. Civil Raſcal. [*Aſide.*] No, no, as you ſay, I hope you won't take it ill neither: For how do I know, you know, but what you tell me (begging your Pardon again, Sir) may be all a Lye?

D. Ph. Another Man indeed, might ſay the ſame to you: But I ſhall take it kindly, Sir, if you ſuppoſe me a Villain no oftener than you have Occaſion to ſuſpect me.

D Ma. Sir, you ſpeak like a Man of Honour, 'tis confeſt, but (begging your Pardon again, Sir) ſo may a Raſcal too ſometimes.

D. Ph. But a Man of Honour, Sir, can never ſpeak like a Raſcal

D. Ma. Why then with your Honour's leave, Sir, is there no body here in *Madrid* that knows you?

D. Ph. Sir, I never ſaw *Madrid*, 'till within theſe two Hours: Tho' there is a Gentleman in Town that knew me intimately at *Seville*, I met him by accident at the Inn where I alighted; he's known here, if he will give you any preſent Satisfaction, I believe I could eaſily produce him to vouch for me.

D. Ma. At the Inn, ſay ye, did you meet this Gentleman? What's his Name, pray?

D. Ph. Octavio Cruzado.

D. Ma. Ha! My Bully Confeſſor: This agrees Word for Word with honeſt *Trappanti's* Intelligence!—[*Aſide.*] Well, Sir, and pray, what does he give you for this Job?

D. Ph. Job, Sir!

D. Ma. Ay, that is, do you undertake it out of good Fellowſhip? or that you have a ſort of Fellow-feeling in the Matter?

D. Ph. Sir, if you believe me to be the Son of Don *Fernando*, I muſt tell ye, your Manner of receiving me,

me, is what you ought not to ſuppoſe can pleaſe him, or I can thank you for; if you think me an Impoſtor, I'll eaſe you of the Trouble of ſuſpecting me, and leave your Houſe 'till I can bring better Proofs who I am.

D. Ma. Do ſo, Friend; and in the mean time, d'ye ſee, pray give my humble Service to the Politician, and tell him, that to your certain Knowledge, the old Fellow, the old Rogue, and the old Put, d'ſee, knows how to Bamboozle as well as himſelf.

D. Ph. Politician! and Bamboozle! Pray, Sir, let me underſtand you, that I may know how to anſwer you.

D. Ma. Come, come, don't be diſcourag'd, Friend, ——— ſometimes you know the ſtrongeſt Wits muſt fail; you have an admirable Head, 'tis confeſt, with as able a Face to it as ever ſtuck upon two Shoulders: But who the Devil can help ill Luck? For it happens at this time, d'ye ſee, that it won't do.

D. Ph. Won't do, Sir!

D. Ma Nay, if you won't underſtand me now, here comes an honeſt Fellow now, that will ſpeak you point-blank to the Matter.

Enter Trappanti.

Come hither, Friend: Doſt thou know this Gentleman?

Trap. Bleſs me, Sir! is it you? Sir, this is my old Maſter I liv'd with at *Sevile.*

D. Ph. I remember thee, thy Name's *Trappanti*, thou wert my Servant when I firſt went to travel.

Trap. Yes, Sir, and above twenty Months after you came home too.

D. Ph. You ſee, Sir, this Fellow knows me.

D. Ma. O! I never queſtion'd it in the leaſt, Sir: Prithee what's this worthy Gentleman's Name, Friend?

Trap. Sir, your Honour has heard me talk of him a thouſand times; his Name, Sir, his Name's *Guzman*; his Father, Sir, old Don *Guzman*, is the moſt eminent Lawyer

Lawyer in *Seville*; was the very Perſon that drew up the Settlement and Articles of my Maſter's Marriage with your Honour's Daughter: This Gentleman knows all the Particulars as well as if he had drawn 'em up himſelf. But, Sir, I hope there's no Miſtake in 'em, that may defer the Marriage.

D. Ph. Confuſion!

D. Ma. Now, Sir, what ſort of Anſwer d'ye think fit to make me?

D. Ph. Now, Sir, that I'm oblig'd in Honour not to leave your Houſe, 'till I, at leaſt, have ſeen the Villain that calls himſelf *Don Philip*, that has robb'd me of my Portmanteau, and wou'd you, Sir, of your Honour, and your Daughter——as for this Raſcal——

Trap. Sir, I demand Protection. [*Runs behind* D. Ma.

D. Ma. Hold, Sir, ſince you are ſo briſk, and in my own Houſe too, call your Maſter, Friend: You'll find we have Swords within can match you.

Trap. Ay, Sir, I may chance to ſend you one will take down your Courage. [*Exit* Trappanti.

D. Ph. I ask your Pardon, Sir; I muſt confeſs, the Villainy I ſaw deſign'd againſt my Father's Friend had tranſported me beyond good Manners: But be aſſur'd, Sir, uſe me henceforward as you pleaſe, I will detect it, tho' I loſe my Life. Nothing ſhall affront me now, 'till I have prov'd myſelf your Friend indeed, and Don *Fernando*'s Son.

D. Ma. Nay, look ye, Sir, I will be very civil too——I won't ſay a Word——You ſhall e'en ſquabble it out by yourſelves: Not but at the ſame time thou art to me the merrieſt Fellow that ever I ſaw in my Life.

Enter Hypolita, Flora, *and* Trappanti.

Hyp. Who's this that dares uſurp my Name, and calls himſelf *Don Philip de las Torres*.

D. Ph. Ha! this is a young Competitor indeed. [*Aſide.*

Flo.

Flo. Is this the Gentleman, Sir?

D. Ma. Yes, yes, that's he: Ha! ha!

D. Pb. Yes, Sir, I'm the Man, who but this Morning loſt that Name upon the Road: I'm inform'd an impudent young Raſcal has pick'd it out of ſome Writings in the Portmanteau he robb'd me of, and has brought it hither before me: D'ye know any ſuch Sir?

Flo. The Fellow really does it very well, Sir.

D. Ma. Oh! to a Miracle! [*Aſide.*

Hyp. Prithee, Friend, how long doſt thou expect thy Impudence will keep thee out of a Goal? Cou'd not the Coxcomb that put thee upon this, inform thee too, that this Gentleman was a Magiſtrate?

D. Ma. Well ſaid, my little Champion.

D. Pb. Now, in my Opinion, Child, that might as well put thee in mind of thy own Condition: For, ſuppoſe thy Wit and Impudence ſhou'd ſo far ſucceed, as to let thee ruin this Gentleman's Family, by really marrying his Daughter, thou canſt not but know 'tis impoſſible thou ſhouldſt enjoy her long; a very few Days muſt unavoidably diſcover thee: in the mean time, if thou wilt ſpare me the Trouble of expoſing thee, and generouſly confeſs thy Roguery, thus far I'll forgive thee; but if thou ſtill proceedeſt upon his Credulity to a Marriage with the Lady, don't flatter thyſelf, that all her Fortune ſhall buy off my Evidence; for I'm bound in Honour, as well as Law, to hang thee for the Robbery.

Hyp. Sir, you are extremely kind.

Flo. Very civil, egad!

Hyp. But mayn't I preſume, my dear Friend, this Wheedle was offer'd as a Trial of this Gentleman's Credulity? Ha! ha! ha!

D. Ma. Indeed, my Friend, 'tis a very ſhallow one: Canſt thou think him ſuch a Sot as to believe, that if he knew 'twere in thy Power to hang him, he wou'd not have run away at the firſt ſight of thee?

Trap.

Trap. Ay, Sir, he muſt be a dull Rogue indeed, that wou'd not run away from a Halter! Ha! ha! ha!

[*All laugh.*

D. Ph. Sir, I ask your Pardon: I begin now to be a little ſenſible of my Folly——I perceive this Gentleman has done his Buſineſs with you effectually. However, Sir, the Duty I owe my Father, obliges me not to leave your Cauſe, tho' I'll leave your Houſe immediately; when you ſee me next, you'll know Don *Philip* from a Raſcal.

D. Ma. Ah! 'twill be the ſame thing, if I know a Raſcal from Don *Philip*: But if you pleaſe, Sir, never give yourſelf any farther Trouble in this Buſineſs; for what you have done, d'ye ſee, is ſo far from interrupting my Daughter's Marriage, that, with the Gentleman's Leave, I'm reſolv'd to finiſh it this very Hour; ſo that when you ſee your Friend the Politician, you muſt tell him you had curſed Luck, that's all. Ha! ha! ha!

D. Ph. Very well, Sir; I may have better when I ſee you next.

Hyp. Look ye, Sir, ſince your Undertaking (tho' you deſign'd it otherwiſe) has promoted my Happineſs, thus far I paſs it by. tho' I queſtion if a Man, that ſtoops to do ſuch baſe Injuries, dares defend 'em with his Sword: However, now at leaſt you're warn'd; but be aſſur'd, your next Attempt——

D. Ph. Will ſtartle you, my Spark: I'm afraid you'll be a little humbler when you are hand-cuff'd; tho' you won't take my Word againſt him, Sir, perhaps another Magiſtrate may my Oath, which, becauſe I ſee his Marriage is in haſte, I am oblig'd to make immediately: If he can out-face the Law too, I ſhall be content to be the Coxcomb then you think me. [*Exit* D. Philip.

D. Ma. Ah! poor Fellow, he's reſolv'd to carry it off with a good Face however. Ha! ha!

Trap. Ay, Sir, that's all he has for't indeed.

Hyp. *Trappan*, follow him, and do as I directed.

[*Aſide to* Trap.

Trap. I warrant ye, Sir. [*Exit* Trap.

D. Ma.

D. Ma. Ha! my little Champion, let me kiſs thee, thou haſt carried the Day like a Hero! Man nor Woman, nothing can ſtand before thee. I'll make thee Monarch of my Daughter immediately.

Hyp. That's the *Indies*, Sir.

D. Ma. Well ſaid, my Lad ——— Ah! my Heart's going to dance again: Prithee let's in, before it gets the better of me, and give the Bride an Account of thy Victory.

Hyp. Sir, if you pleaſe to prepare the way, I'll march after you in Form, and lay my Laurels at her Feet, like a Conqueror.

D. Ma. Say'ſt thou ſo, my little Soldier? why then I'll ſend for the Prieſt, and thou ſhalt be married in Triumph. [*Exit.*

Hyp. Now *Flora!*

Flo. Ay, now Madam, who ſays we are not Politicians? I'd fain ſee any turn of State manag'd with half this Dexterity. But, pray what is *Trappanti* detach'd for?

Hyp. Only to interrupt the Motions of the Enemy, Girl, 'till we are ſafe in our Trenches: For ſhou'd Don *Philip* chance to rally upon us with an Alguazile and a Warrant, before I am faſt tied to the Lady, we may be routed for all this.

Flo. Trappanti knows his Buſineſs, I hope.

Hyp. You'll ſee preſently ——— Huſh! here comes my Brother: Poor Gentleman! he's upon Thorns too: I've made *Roſara* write him a moſt provoking Letter.

Flo. Nay, you have an admirable Genius to Miſchief: But what has poor *Octavio* done you, that he muſt be plagu'd too?

Hyp. Well, dear *Flora*, don't chide; indeed this ſhall be the laſt Day of my Reign. Come, now let's in, keep up the old Don's Humour, and laugh at him.

Flo. Ay, there with all my Heart. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Octavio *with a Letter, and* Viletta.

Oct. *Rosara* false! Distraction!

Vil. Nay, don't be in such a Passion.

Oct. Confess it too! so chang'd with an Hour!

Vil. Ah, dear Sir, if you had but seen how the young Gentleman laid about him, you'd ha' wonder'd how she held out so long.

Oct. Death! 'tis impossible.

Vil. Common, Sir, common: I have known a prouder Lady as nimble as she——What will you lay that before the Moon changes, she is not false to your Rival?

Oct. Don't torture me, *Viletta*.

Vil. Come, Sir, take heart; my Life on't, you'll be the happy Man at last.

Oct. Thou'rt mad: Does she not tell me, here in her Letter, she has herself consented to marry another? Nay does she not insult me too with a—Yet loves me better than the Person she's to marry.

Vil. Insult! is that the best you can make on't? Ah! you Men have such Heads!

Oct. What dost thou mean?

Vil. Sir, to be free with you; my Mistress is grown wise at last; my Advice, I perceive, begins to work with her, and your Business is done.

Oct. What was thy Advice?

Vil. Why, to give the Post of Husband to your Rival, and put you in for a Deputy. You know the Business of the Place, Sir, if you mind it; by the Help of a few good Stars, and a little Moonshine, there's many a fair Perquisite may fall in your way.

Oct. Thou ravest, *Viletta*; 'tis impossible she can fall so low.

Vil. Ah, Sir! you can't think how Love will humble a body.

Oct. I'll believe nothing ill of her, 'till her own Mouth confesses it; she can never own this Letter. She can't but know I shou'd stab her with Reproaches: There-

Therefore, dear *Viletta*, eaſe me of my Torments; go this Minute, and tell her I'm on the Rack 'till I ſpeak with her.

Vil. Sir, I dare not for the World; the old Gentleman's with her, he'll knock my Brains out.

Oct. I'll protect thee with my Life.

Vil. Sir, I wou'd not venture to do it for——for——for——Yes, I wou'd for a Piſtole.

Oct. Confound her——There, there 'tis. Dear *Viletta*, be my Friend this time, and I'll be thine for ever.

Vil. Now, Sir, you deſerve a Friend. [*Exit* Vil.

Oct. Sure this Letter muſt be but Artifice, a Humour, to try how far my Love can bear;——and yet methinks ſhe can't but know the Impudence of my young Rival, and her Father's Importunity, are too preſſing to allow her any time to fool away; and if ſhe were really falſe, ſhe cou'd not take a Pride in confeſſing it. Death! I know not what to think, the Sex is all a Riddle, and we are the Fools that crack our Brains to expound 'em.

Re-enter Viletta.

Now, dear *Viletta*.

Vil. Sir, ſhe begs your Pardon, they have juſt ſent for Prieſt, but they will be glad to ſee you about an Hour hence, as ſoon as the Wedding's over.

Oct. Viletta!

Vil. Sir, ſhe ſays in ſhort, ſhe can't poſſibly ſpeak with you now, for ſhe is juſt going to be marry'd.

Oct. Death! Daggers! Blood! Confuſion! and ten thouſand Furies!

Vil. Monday! What's all this for?

Oct. My Brains are turn'd, *Viletta*.

Vil. Ay, by my Troth, ſo one wou'd think, if one cou'd but believe you had any at all; if you have three Grains, I'm ſure you can't but know her Compliance with this Match, muſt give her a little Liberty; and

can you ſuppoſe ſhe'd deſire to ſee you an Hour hence, if ſhe did not deſign to make uſe of it?

Oct. Uſe of it! Death! When the Wedding's over?

Vil. Dear Sir, the Bedding won't be over, and I preſume that's the Ceremony you have a mind to be maſter of.

Oct. Don't flatter me, *Viletta.*

Vil. Faith, Sir, I'll be very plain, you are to me the dulleſt Perſon I ever ſaw in my Life; but if you have a mind, I'll tell her ye won't come.

Oct. No, don't ſay ſo, *Viletta.*

Vil. Then pray, Sir, do as ſhe bids you; don't ſtay here to ſpoil your own Sport: You'll have the old Gentleman come thund'ring down upon ye by and by, and then we ſhall have ye at your ten thouſand Furies again——'ſt! here's Company, good-by t'ye.

[*Exit* Viletta.

Enter Don Philip, *his Sword drawn, and* Trappanti.

Oct. How now! what's the Meaning of this?

D. Ph. Come, Sir, there's no retreating now; this you muſt juſtify.

Trap. Sir, I will, and a great deal more: But pray, Sir, give me leave to recover my Courage——I proteſt, the keen Looks of that Inſtrument, have quite frighted it away. Pray put it up, Sir.

D. Ph. Nay, to let thee ſee I had rather be thy Friend than Enemy, I'll bribe thee to be honeſt: Diſcharge thy Conſcience like a Man, and I'll engage to make theſe five, ten Pieces.

Enter a Servant.

Trap. Sir, your Buſineſs will be done effectually.

D. Ph. Here, Friend! will ye tell your Maſter I deſire to ſpeak with him?

Oct. Don *Philip!*

D. Ph. Octavio! This is fortunate indeed,——the only

only Place in the World I wou'd have wiſh'd to have found you in.

Oct. What's the matter?

D. Ph. You'll ſee preſently—but prithee how ſtands your Affair with your Miſtreſs?

Oct. The Devil take me if I can tell ye——I don't know what to make of her; about an Hour ago ſhe was for ſcaling Walls to come at me, and this Minute——whip, ſhe's going to marry the Stranger I told you of; nay, confeſſes too, it is with her own Conſent; and yet begs by all means to ſee me as ſoon as her Wedding's over.——Isn't it very pretty?

Re-enter a Servant.

D. Ph. Something gay indeed.

Serv. Sir, my Maſter will wait on you preſently.

Oct. But the Plague on't is, my Love cannot bear this Jeſting.——Well, now how ſtands your Affair? Have you ſeen your Miſtreſs yet?

D. Ph. No; I can't get Admittance to her.

Oct. How ſo?

D. Ph. When I came to pay my Duty here to the old Gentleman——

Oct. Here!

D. Ph. Ay, I found an impudent young Raſcal here before me, that had taken my Name upon him, robb'd me of my Portmanteau, and by Virtue of ſome Papers there, knew all my Concerns to a Tittle; he has told a plauſible Tale to her Father, fac'd him down that I'm an Impoſtor, and, if I don't this Minute prevent him, is going to marry the Lady.

Oct. Death! and Hell! [*Aſide.*

What ſort of Fellow was this Raſcal?

D. Ph. A little pert Coxcomb; by his Impudence and Dreſs, I gueſs him to be ſome *French* Page.

Oct. A white Wig, red Coat——

D. Ph. Right, the very Picture of the little *Engliſhman* we knew at *Paris*.

Oct. Confuſion! my Friend, at laſt, my Rival too——Yet hold! my Rival is my Friend, he owns he has not ſeen her yet———— [*Aſide.*

D. Ph. You ſeem concern'd.

Oct. Undone for ever, unleſs dear *Philip*'s ſtill my Friend.

D. Ph. What's the matter?

Oct. Be generous and tell me: Have I ever yet deſerv'd your Friendſhip?

D. Ph. I hope my Actions have confeſs'd it.

Oct. Forgive my Fears, and ſince 'tis impoſſible you can feel the Pain of loving her you are engag'd to marry, not having (as you own) yet ever ſeen her, let me conjure ye, by all the Ties of Honour, Friendſhip and Pity, never to attempt her more.

D. Ph. You amaze me!

Oct. 'Tis the ſame dear Creature I ſo paſſionately doat on.

D. Ph. Is't poſſible? Nay, then be eaſy in thy Thoughts, *Octavio*; and now I dare confeſs the Folly of my own: I'm not ſorry thou'rt my Rival here. In ſpight of all my weak Philoſophy, I muſt own the ſecret Wiſhes of my Soul are ſtill *Hypolita*'s——I know not why, but yet methinks the unaccountable Repulſes I have met with here, look like an Omen of ſome new, tho' far diſtant, Hope of her.——I can't help thinking that my Fortune ſtill reſolves, 'ſpight of her Cruelty, to make me one Day happy.

Oct. Quit but *Roſara*, I'll engage ſhe ſhall be yours.

D. Ph. Not only that, but will aſſiſt you with my Life to gain her: I ſhall eaſily excuſe myſelf to my Father, for not marrying the Miſtreſs of my deareſt Friend.

Oct. Dear *Philip*, let me embrace ye:——but how ſhall we manage the Raſcal of an Impoſtor? Suppoſe you run immediately, and ſwear the Robbery againſt him.

D. Ph. I was juſt going about it, but accidental meeting with this Fellow has luckily prevented me; who, you muſt know, has been chief Engineer in the Con-

Contrivance againſt me: but between Threats, Bribes, and Promiſes, has confeſs'd the whole Roguery, and is now ready to ſwear it againſt him: So, becauſe I underſtand the Spark is very near his Marriage, I thought this would be the beſt and ſooneſt Way to detect him.

Oct. That's right! the leaſt Delay might have loſt all; beſides, I am here to ſtrengthen his Evidence, for I can ſwear you are the true Don *Philip*.

D. Ph. Right!

Trap. Sir, with humble Submiſſion, that will be quite wrong.

Oct. Why ſo?

Trap. Becauſe, Sir, the old Gentleman is ſubſtantially convinc'd that 'tis you who have put Don *Philip* upon laying this pretended Claim to his Daughter, purely to defer the Marriage, that in the mean time you might get an Opportunity to run away with her; for which Reaſon, Sir, you'll find your Evidence will but fly in your Face, and haſten the Match with your Rival.

D. Ph. Ha! there's Reaſon in that.—All your Endeavours will but confirm his Jealouſy of me.

Oct. What would you have me do?

Trap. Don't appear at the Trial, Sir.

D. Ph. By no means; rather wait a little in the Street: Be within Call, and leave the Management to me.

Oct. Be careful, dear *Philip*.

D. Ph. I always uſed to be more fortunate in ſerving my Friend than myſelf.

Oct. But hark'ye! Here lives an Alguazil at the next Houſe, ſuppoſe I ſhould ſend him to you, to ſecure the Spark in the mean time?

D. Ph. Do ſo: We muſt not loſe a Moment.

Oct. I won't ſtir from the Door.

D. Ph. You'll ſoon hear of me; away. [*Exit* Oct.

Trap. So, now I have divided the Enemy, there can be no great Danger if it ſhould come to a Battle——— *Bella!* here comes our Party.

D. Ph. Stand aſide till I call you.

[*Trap. retires.*

Enter Don Manuel.

D. Ma. Well, Sir! What Service have you to command me now, pray?

D. Ph. Now, Sir, I hope my Credit will ſtand a little fairer with you; all I beg is but your patient Hearing.

D. Ma. Well, Sir, you ſhall have it——But then I muſt beg one Favour of you too, which is, to make the Buſineſs as ſhort as you can; for, to tell ye the truth, I am not very willing to have any farther Trouble about it.

D. Ph. Sir, if I don't now convince you of your Error, believe and uſe me like a Villain: In the mean time, Sir, I hope you'll think of a proper Puniſhment for the merry Gentleman that hath impos'd upon you.

D. Ma. With all my Heart, I'll leave him to thy Mercy: Here he comes, bring him to a Trial as ſoon as you pleaſe.

Enter Flora *and* Hypolita.

Flo. So! *Trappanti* has ſucceeded, he's come without the Officers. [*To* Hyp.

Hyp. Hearing, Sir, you were below, I didn't care to diſturb the Family, by putting the Officers to the trouble of a needleſs Search; let me ſee your Warrant, I'm ready to obey it.

D. Ma. Ay, where's your Officer?

Flo. I thought to have ſeen him march in State, with an Alguazile before him.

D. Ph. I was afraid, Sir, upon ſecond Thoughts, your Buſineſs wou'd not ſtay for a Warrant, tho' 'tis poſſible I may provide you, for I think this Gentleman's a Magiſtrate: in the mean time——O! here I have prevailed upon an Alguazile to wait upon ye.

Enter

Enter Alguazile.

Alg. Did you ſend for me, Sir?

D. Ph. Ay, ſecure that Gentleman.

D. Ma. Hold! hold! Sir! all things in order: this Gentleman is yet my Gueſt, let me be firſt acquainted with his Crime, and then I ſhall better know how he deſerves to be treated: And, that we may have no hard Words upon one another, if you pleaſe, Sir, let me firſt talk with you in private. [*They whiſper.*

Hyp. Undone! that Fool *Trappanti*, or that Villain, I know not which, has at leaſt miſtaken or betray'd me! Ruin'd paſt Redemption!

Flo. Our Affairs, methinks, begin to look with a very indifferent Face——Ha! the old Don ſeems ſurprized! I don't like that——What ſhall we do?

Hyp. I am at my Wits End. [*Aſide.*

Flo. Then we muſt either confeſs, or to Goal, that's poſitive.

Hyp. I'll rather ſtarve there than be diſcovered: Should he at laſt marry with *Roſara*, the very Shame of this Attempt would kill me.

Flo. Death! what d'ye mean that hanging Look were enough to confirm a Suſpicion; bear up, for Shame.

Hyp. Impoſſible! I am daſh'd, confounded; if thou haſt any Courage left, ſhew it quickly; go, ſpeak before my Fears betray me. [*Aſide.*

D. Ma. If you can make this appear by any Witneſs, Sir, I confeſs 'twill ſurprize me indeed.

Flo. Ay, Sir; if you have any Witneſſes, we deſire you'd produce 'em.

D. Ph. Sir, I have a Witneſs at your Service, and a ſubſtantial one. Hey! *Trappanti!*

Enter Trappanti.

Now, Sir, what think ye?

Hyp. Ha! the Rogue winks——Then there's Life again. [*Aſide.*] Is this your Witneſs, Sir?

D. Ph. Yes, Sir; this poor Fellow at laſt, it ſeems, happens to be honeſt enough to confeſs himſelf a Rogue, and your Accomplice.

Hyp. Ha! ha!

D. Ph. Ha! ha! You are very merry, Sir.

D. Ma Nay, there's a Jeſt between ye, that's certain ——But come, Friend, what ſay ye to the Buſineſs? Have ye any Proof to offer upon Oath, that this Gentleman is the true Don *Philip*, and conſequently this other an Impoſtor?

D. Ph. Speak boldly.

Trap. Ay, Sir, but ſhall I come to no Harm if I do ſpeak?

D. Ma. Let it be the Truth, and I'll protect thee.

Trap. Are you ſure I ſhall be ſafe, Sir?

D. Ma. I'll give thee my Word of Honour; ſpeak boldly to the Queſtion.

Trap. Well, Sir, ſince I muſt ſpeak, then, in the firſt place, I deſire your Honour would be pleaſed to command the Officer to ſecure that Gentleman.

D. Ma. How, Friend!

D. Ph. Secure me, Raſcal!

Trap. Sir, if I can't be protected, I ſhall never be able to ſpeak.

D. Ma. I warrant thee —— What is it you ſay, Friend?

Trap. Sir, as I was juſt now croſſing the Street, this Gentleman, with a Sneer in his Face, takes me by the Hands, claps five Piſtoles in my Palm (here they are) ſhuts my Fiſt cloſe upon 'em, *My dear Friend*, ſays he, *you muſt do me a Piece of Service*: Upon which, Sir, I follows me him to the Ground, and deſir'd him to open his Caſe.

D. Ph. What means the Raſcal?

D. Ma. Sir, I am as much amaz'd as you: but pray let's hear him, that we may know his Meaning.

Trap. So, Sir, upon this he runs me over a long Story of a Sham and a Flam, he had juſt contriv'd, he ſaid, to defer my Maſter's Marriage only for two Days.

D. Ph. Confuſion!

Flo. Nay, pray, Sir, let's hear the Evidence.

Trap. Upon the close of the matter, Sir, I found at last by his Eloquence, that the whole Business depended upon my bearing a little False-witness against my Master.

Hyp. O ho!

Trap. Upon this, Sir, I began to demur: Sir, says I, this Business will never hold Water; don't let me undertake it, I must beg your Pardon; gave him the Negative Shrug, and was for sneaking off with the Fees in my Pocket.

D. Ma. Very well!

D. Ph. Villain!

Flo. and *Hyp.* Ha! ha! ha!

Trap. Upon this, Sir, he catches me fast hold by the Collar, whips out his Poker, claps it within half an Inch of my Guts: Now, Dog! says he, you shall do it, or within two Hours stink upon the Dunghill you came from.

D. Ph. Sir, if there be any Faith in mortal Man!

D. Ma. Nay, nay, nay, one at a time, you shall be heard presently: Go on, Friend.

Trap. Having me at this Advantage, Sir, I began to think my Wit would do me more Service than my Courage; so prudently pretended out of Fear to comply with his Threats, and swallow the Perjury: But now, Sir, being under Protection, and at Liberty of Conscience, I have Honesty enough, you see, to tell you the whole Truth of the Matter.

D. Ma. Ay! this is Evidence indeed!

Omn. Ha! ha! ha!

D. Ph. Dog! Villain! Did not you confess to me, that this Gentleman pick'd you up not three Hours ago, at the same Inn where I alighted? That he had own'd his stealing my Portmanteau at *Toledo*? That if he succeeded to marry the Lady, you were to have a considerable Sum for your Pains, and these two were to share the rest of her Fortune between 'em.

Trap. O lud! O lud! Sir, as I hope to die in my Bed, these are the very Words; he threaten'd to stab me

if I wou'dn't swear against my Master——I told him at first, Sir, I was not fit for his Business, I was never good at a Lye in my Life.

Alg. Nay, Sir, I saw this Gentleman's Sword at his Breast out of my Window.

Trap. Look ye there, Sir!

D. Ph. Damnation!

Omn. Ha! ha! ha!

D. Ma. Really, my Friend, thou'rt almost turn'd Fool in this Business: If thou hadst prevail'd upon this Wretch to perjure himself, could'st thou think I should not have detected him? But, poor Man! you were a little hard put to't indeed; any Shift was better than none, it seems: You knew 'twould not be long to the Wedding. You may go, Friend. [*Exit* Alguazile.

Flo. Ha! ha!

D. Ph. Sir, by my eternal Hopes of Peace and Happiness, you're impos'd on: If you proceed thus rashly, your Daughter is inevitably ruin'd. If what I've said ben't true in Fact, as Hell or he is false, may Heaven brand me with the severest Marks of Perjury. Defer the Marriage but an Hour.

D. Ma. Ay, and in half that time, I suppose, you are in Hopes to defer it for altogether.

D. Ph. Perdition seize me, if I have any Hope or Thought, but that of serving you.

D. Ma. Nay, now thou art a down-right distracted Man——Dost thou expect I should take thy bare Word, when here were two honest Fellows that have just prov'd thee in a Lye to thy Face?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, the Priest is come.

D. Ma. Is he so? Then, Sir, if you please, since you see you can do me no farther Service, I believe it may be time for you to go.——Come, Son, now let's wait upon the Bride, and put an End to this Gentleman's Trouble for altogether. [*Exit* Don Man.

Hyp. Sir, I'll wait on ye.

D. Ph.

D. Ph. Confuſion! I've undone my Friend.
[*Walks about.*

Flo. [*Aſide.*] *Trappanti!* Rogue, this was a Maſterpiece.

Trap. [*Aſide.*] Sir, I believe it won't be mended in haſte. [*Exeunt* Flo. *and* Trap.

Hyp. Sir.

D. Ph. Ha! alone! if we're not prevented now,—Well, Sir.

Hyp. I ſuppoſe you don't think the Favours you have deſign'd me are to be put up without Satisfaction; therefore I ſhall expect to ſee you early to-morrow near the *Prado* with your Sword in your Hand: In the mean time Sir, I'm a little more in haſte to be the Lady's humble Servant than yours. [*Going.*

D. Ph. Hold, Sir!——you and I can't part upon ſuch eaſy Terms!

Hyp. Sir!

D. Ph. You're not ſo near the Lady, Sir, perhaps, as you imagine. [D. Ph. *locks the Door.*

Hyp. What d'ye mean?

D. Ph. Speak ſoftly.

Hyp. Ha!

D. Ph. Come, Sir,——draw.

Hyp. My Ruin has now caught me; my Plots are yet unripe for Execution, I muſt not dare not let him know me, till I'm ſure at leaſt he cannot be another's—This was the very Spite of Fortune. [*Aſide.*

D. Ph. Come, Sir, my Time's but ſhort.

Hyp. And mine's too precious to be loſt on any thing but Love; beſides, this is no proper Place.

D. Ph. O! we'll make ſhift with it.

Hyp. To-morrow, Sir, I ſhall find a better.

D. Ph. No, now Sir, if you pleaſe—Draw Villain, or expect ſuch Uſage as I'm ſure Don *Philip* would not bear.

Hyp. A Lover, Sir, may bear any thing to make ſure of his Miſtreſs—You know it is not Fear that——

D. Ph. No Evaſions, Sir; either this Moment confeſs your Villainy, your Name, and Fortune, or expect no Mercy.

Hyp.

Hyp. Nay, then—— within there!

D. Ph. Move but a Step, or dare to raise thy Voice beyond a Whisper, this Minute is thy last.

[*Seizes her, and holds his Sword to her Breast.*

Hyp. Sir! [*Trembling.*

D. Ph. Villain! be quick, confess, or———

Hyp. Hold, Sir—I own I dare not fight with you.

D. Ph. No, I see thou art too poor a Villain——therefore be speedy, as thou hopest I'll spare thy Life.

Hyp. Give me but a Moment's Respite, Sir.

D. Ph. Dog! do ye trifle?

Hyp. Nay then, Sir,———Mercy, Mercy!

[*Throws herself at his Feet.*

And, since I must confess, have pity on my Youth, have pity on my Love!

D. Ph. Thy Love! What art thou, Spark?

Hyp. Unless your generous Compassion spares me, sure the most wretched Youth that ever felt the Pangs and Torments of a successless Passion.

D. Ph. Art thou indeed a Lover then?——tell me thy Condition.

Hyp. Sir, I confess my Fortune's much inferior to my Pretences in this Lady, tho' indeed I'm born a Gentleman, and, bating this Attempt against you, which even the last Extremities of a ruin'd Love have forc'd me to, ne'er yet was guilty of a Deed or Thought that could debase my Birth: But if you knew the Torments I have borne from her disdainful Pride; the anxious Days, the long-watch'd Winter Nights I have endur'd, to gain of her perhaps at last a cold relentless Look, indeed you'd pity me: my Heart was so entirely subdued, the more she slighted me, the more I lov'd; and as my Pains increas'd, grew farther from Cure: Her Beauty struck me with that submissive Awe, that when I dar'd to speak, my Words and Looks were softer than an Infant's Blushes; yet all these Pangs of my persisting Passion still were vain; nor Showers of Tears, nor Storms of Sighs, could melt or move the frozen Hardness of her dead Compassion.

D. Ph. How very near my Condition! [*Aside.*

Hyp. But yet so subtile is the Flame of Love, spight of her Cruelty, I nourished still a secret living Hope; till hearing, Sir, at last she was design'd your Bride, Despair compell'd me to this bold Attempt of personating you: Her Father knew not me, or my unhappy Love; I knew too you ne'er had seen her Face, and therefore hop'd, when I should offer to repair with twice the Worth the Value, Sir, I robb'd you of, begging thus low for your Forgiveness; I say, I hop'd at least your generous Heart, if ever it was touch'd like mine, would pity my Distress, and pardon the necessitated Wrong.

D. Ph. Is't possible? hast thou then lov'd to this unfortunate Degree?

Hyp. Unfortunate indeed, if you are still my Rival, Sir: But were you not, I'm sure you'd pity me.

D. Ph. Nay, then I must forgive thee. [*Raising her.*] For I have known too well the Misery not to pity—— any thing in Love.

Hyp. Have you, Sir, been unhappy there?

D. Ph. Oh! thou hast prob'd a Wound that Time or Art can never heal.

Hyp. O joyful Sound!—— [*Aside.*] Cherish that generous Thought, and hope from my Success, your Mistress, or your Fate, may make you blest like me.

D. Ph. Yet hold—— nor flatter thy fond Hopes too far: For tho' I pity and forgive thee, yet I am bound in Honour to assist thy Love no farther than the Justice of thy Cause permits.

Hyp. What mean you, Sir?

D. Ph. You must defer your Marriage with this Lady.

Hyp. Defer it! Sir, I hope it is not her you love!

D. Ph. I have a nearest Friend, that is belov'd, and loves her with an equal Flame to yours; to him my Friendship will oblige me to be just, and yet in pity of thy Fortune, thus far, I'll be a Friend to thee: give up thy Title to the Lady's Breath, and if her Choice pronounces thee the Man, I here assure thee on my Honour to resign my Claim, and, not more partial to my Friend than thee, promote thy Happiness.

Hyp.

Hyp. Alas, Sir! this is no Relief, but certain Ruin: I am too well assur'd she loves your Friend.

D. Ph. Then you confess his Claim the fairer: Her loving him is a Proof that he deserves her; if so, you are bound in Honour to resign her.

Hyp. Alas, Sir! Women have fantastic Tastes, that love they know not what, and hate they know not why; else, Sir, why are you unfortunate?

D. Ph. I am unfortunate, but would rather die so, than owe my Happiness to any Help but an enduring Love.

Hyp. But, Sir, I have endured you see, in vain.——

D. Ph. If thou'dst not have me think thy Story false, thy soft Pretence of Love a Cheat to melt me into Pity, and invade my Justice, yield; submit thy Passion to its Merit, and own I have proposed thee like a Friend.

Hyp. Sir, on my Knees ——

D. Ph. Expect no more from me; either comply this Moment, or my Sword shall force thee.

Hyp. Consider, Sir.

D. Ph. Nay, then discover quick! Tell me thy Name and Family.

Hyp. Hold, Sir——

D. Ph. Speak, or thou dieſt. [*A Noise at the Door.*

Hyp. Sir, I will ——Ha! they are entering——O! for a Moment's Courage! Come on, Sir.

[*She breaks from him, and draws, retiring till* Don Manuel, Flora, Trappanti, *with Servants, rush in, and part 'em.*

D. Ma. Knock him down!

Flo. Part 'em!

Hyp. Away Rascal! [*To* Trap. *who holds her.*

Trap. Hold, Sir, dear Sir, hold! you have given him enough.

Hyp. Dog! let me go, or I'll cut away thy Hold.

D. Ma. Nay! dear Son, hold; we'll find a better way to punish him.

Hyp. Pray, Sir, give me way——a Villain, to assault me in the very Moment of my Happiness! [*Struggling.*

D. Ph.

D. Ph. By Heaven, Sir, he this Moment has confeſs'd his Villainy, and begg'd my Pardon upon his Knees.

Hyp. D'ye hear him, Sir? I beg you let me go, this is beyond bearing.

D. Ph. Thou lieſt, Villain; 'tis thy Fear that holds thee.

Hyp. Ah! Let me go, I ſay.

Trap. Help, ho! I'm not able to hold him.

D. Ma. Force him out of the Room there; call an Officer; in the mean time ſecure him in the Cellar.

D. Ph. Hear me but one Word, Sir.

D. Ma. Stop his Mouth——out with him.

[*They hurry him off.*

——Come, dear Son, be pacify'd.

Hyp. A Villain! [*Walking in a Heat.*

Flo. Why ſhou'd he be concern'd, now he's ſecure? Such a Raſcal would but contaminate the Sword of a Man of Honour.

D. Ma. Ay, Son, leave him to me, and the Law.

Hyp. I am ſorry, Sir, ſuch a Fellow ſhould have it in his Power to diſturb me——But——

Enter Roſara.

D. Ma. Look! here's my Daughter in a Fright to ſee for you.

Hyp. Then I'm compoſed again——[*Runs to* Roſara.

Roſ. I heard fighting here! I hope you are not wounded, Sir?

Hyp. I have no Wound but what the Prieſt can heal.

D. Ma. Ah! well ſaid, my little Champion!

Hyp. Oh, Madam! I have ſuch a terrible Eſcape to tell you!

Roſ. Truly, I began to be afraid I ſhould loſe my little Huſband.

Hyp. Huſband, quoth a'. Get me but once ſafe out of theſe Breeches, if ever I wear 'em again——

D. Ma. Come, come, Children; the Prieſt ſtays for us.

Hyp. Sir, we wait on you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

The SCENE *continues.*

Enter Trappanti *alone.*

Trap. WHAT, in the Name of Roguery, can this new Maſter of mine be? He's either a Fool, or bewitch'd, that's poſitive ——— Firſt, he gives me fifty Pieces for helping him to marry the Lady; and, as ſoon as the Wedding is over, claps me twenty more into the other Hand, to help him to get rid of her. ——— Nay, not only that, but gives me a ſtrict Charge to obſerve his Directions in being Evidence againſt him, as an Impoſtor, to refund all the Lies I have told in his Service, to ſweep him clear out of my Conſcience, and now to ſwear the Robbery againſt him! What the Bottom of this can be, I muſt confeſs, does a little puzzle my Wit. ——— There's but one way in the World I can ſolve it ——— He muſt certainly have ſome ſecret Reaſon to hang himſelf, that he's aſham'd to own, and ſo was reſolv'd firſt to be marry'd, that his Friends might not wonder at the Occaſion. But here he comes with his Nooſe in his Hand.

Enter Hypolita *and* Roſara.

Hyp. Trappanti, go to Don *Pedro,* he has Buſineſs with you.

Trap. Yes, Sir. [*Exit* Trap.

Roſ. Who's Don *Pedro,* pray?

Hyp. Flora, Madam; he knows her yet by no other Name.

Roſ. Well! if Don *Philip* does not think you deſerve him, I am afraid he won't find another Woman that will

will have him in haſte——But this laſt Eſcape of yours was ſuch a Maſter-piece!

Hyp. Nay, I confeſs, between Fear and Shame, I would have given my Life for a Ducat.

Roſ. Tho' I wonder when you perceiv'd him ſo ſenſibly touch'd with his old Paſſion, how you had Patience to conceal yourſelf any longer.

Hyp. Indeed I could not eaſily ha' reſiſted it, but that I knew, if I had been diſcover'd before my Marriage with you, your Father be ſure wou'd have inſiſted then upon his Contract with him, which I did not know how far Don *Philip* might be carry'd in point of Honour to keep: I knew too, his refuſing it would but the more incenſe the old Gentleman againſt my Brother's Happineſs with you; and I found myſelf oblig'd in Gratitude, not to build my own upon the Ruin of yours.

Roſ. This is an Obligation I never cou'd deſerve.

Hyp. Your Aſſiſtance, Madam, in my Affair, has over-paid it.

Roſ. What's become of Don *Philip?* I hope you have not kept him Priſoner all this while?

Hyp. Oh! he'll be releas'd preſently, *Flora* has her Orders——Where's your Father, Madam?

Roſ. I ſaw him go towards his Cloſet; I believe he's gone to fetch you part of my Fortune——he ſeem'd in mighty good Humour.

Hyp. We muſt be ſure to keep it up as high as we can, that he may be the more ſtunn'd when he falls.

Roſ. With all my Heart: methinks I am poſſeſs'd with a very Spirit of Diſobedience——Now cou'd I in the Humour I am in, conſent to any Miſchief that would but heartily plague my old Gentleman, for daring to be better than his Word to *Octavio*.

Hyp. And if we don't plague him——But here he comes.

Enter Don Manuel.

D. Ma. Ah, my little Conqueror, let me embrace thee——That ever I ſhould live to ſee this Day! this

this moſt triumphant Day, this Day of all Days in my Life!

Hyp. Ay, and of my Life too, Sir. [*Embracing him.*

D. Ma. Ay, my Cares are over —— Now I've nothing to do but to think of the other World; for I've done all my Buſineſs in this: got as many Children as I cou'd, and now I'm grown old, have ſet a young Couple to work that will do it better.

Hyp. I warrant ye, Sir, you'll ſoon ſee whether your Daughter has marry'd a Man or no.

D. Ma. Ah! well ſaid; and, that you may never be out of Humour with your Buſineſs, look you here, Children, I have brought you ſome Baubles that will make you merry as long as you live: Twelve thouſand Piſtoles are the leaſt Value of 'em; and the reſt of your Fortune ſhall be paid in the beſt *Barbary* Gold to-morrow Morning.

Hyp. Ay, Sir, this is ſpeaking like a Father! this is Encouragement indeed!

D. Ma. Much good may do thy Heart and Soul with 'em —— and Heaven bleſs you together —— I've had a great deal of Care and Trouble to bring it about, Children, thank my Stars, 'tis over, ——'tis but over, now —— Now I may ſleep with my Doors open, and never have my Slumbers broken with the Fear of Rogues and Rivals.

Roſ. Don't interrupt him, and ſee how far his Humour will carry him. [*To* Hyp.

D. Ma. But there's no Joy laſting in this World, we muſt all die when we have done our beſt, ſooner, or later, Old or Young, Prince or Peaſant, High or Low, Kings, Lords, and —— Common Whores, muſt die! Nothing certain; we are forced to buy one Comfort with the Loſs of another. Now I've marry'd my Child, I've loſt my Companion——I've parted with my Girl—Her Heart's gone another way now—She'll forget her old Father!——I ſhall never have her wake me more, like a chearful Lark, with her pretty Songs in a Morning—I ſhall have no body to chat at Dinner with me now, or take up a godly Book, and read my

to Sleep in an Afternoon. Ah! theſe Comforts are all gone now. [*Weeps.*

Hyp. How very near the Extreme of one Paſſion is to another! Now he is tir'd with Joy, till he is downright melancholy.

Roſ. What's the matter, Sir?

D. Ma. Ah! my Child! Now it comes to the Teſt, methinks I don't know how to part with thee.

Roſ. O Sir, we ſhall be better Friends than ever.

D. Ma. Uh! uh! ſhall we? Wilt thou come and ſee the old Man now and then? Well! Heaven bleſs thee, give me a Kiſs——I muſt kiſs thee at parting; be a good Girl, uſe thy Husband well, make an obedient Wife, and I ſhall die contented.

Hyp. Die, Sir? Come, come, you have a great while to live.——Hang theſe melancholy Thoughts, they are the worſt Company in the World at a Wedding.——Conſider, Sir, we are young; if you would oblige us, let us have a little Life and Mirth, a Jubilee to-day, at leaſt; ſtir your Servants, call in your Neighbours, let me ſee your whole Family mad for Joy, Sir.

D. Ma. Hah! ſhall we! ſhall we be merry then?

Hyp. Merry, Sir! Ah! as Beggars at a Feaſt: What! ſhall a dull *Spaniſh* Cuſtom tell me, when I am the happieſt Man in the Kingdom, I ſhan't be as mad as I have a mind to? Let me ſee the Face of nothing to-day but Revels, Friends, Feaſts, and Muſick, Sir.

D. Ma. Ah! thou ſhalt have thy Humour.——Thou ſhall have thy Humour! Hey, within there! Rogues! Dogs! Slaves! Where are my Raſcals? Ah! my Joy flows again——I can't bear it.

Enter ſeveral Servants.

Serv. Did you call, Sir?

D. Ma. Call, Sir! Ay, Sir: What's the Reaſon you are not all out of your Wits, Sir? Don't you know that your young Miſtreſs is marry'd, Scoundrels?

Firſt

First Serv. Yes, Sir, and we are all ready to be mad, as soon as your Honour will please to give any distracted Orders.

Hyp. You see, Sir, they only want a little Encouragment.

D. Ma. Ah! there shall be nothing wanting this Day! if I were sure to beg for it all my Life after ——— Here, Sirrah, Cook! Look into the *Roman* History. see what *Mark Anthony* had for Supper, when *Cleopatra* first treated him *Cher Entire*: Rogue, let me have a Repast that will be six times as expensive and provoking ——Go.

Second Serv. It shall be done, Sir.

D. Ma. And, d'ye hear? One of ye step to Monsieur *Vandevin*, the King's Butler, for the same Wine that his Majesty reserves for his own Drinking; tell him he shall have his Price for't.

First Serv. How much will you please to have, Sir?

D. Ma. Too much, Sir! I'll have every thing upon the Out-side of Enough to-day. Go you, Sirrah, run to the *Theatre*, and detach me a Regiment of Fidlers, and Singers, and Dancers; and you, Sir, to my Nephew Don *Luis*, give my Service, and bring all his Family along with him.

Hyp. Ay, Sir! this is as it should be! now it begins to look like a Wedding.

D. Ma. Ah! we'll make all the Hair in the World stand an end at our Joy.

Hyp. Here comes *Flora*——Now, Madam, observe your Cue.

Enter Flora.

Flo. Your Servant, Gentlemen——I needo not wish you Joy——You have it, I see——Don *Philip*, I must needs speak with you.

Hyp. Pshah! Prithee don't plague me with Business at such a Time as this.

Flo. My Business won't be deferr'd, Sir.

Hyp. Sir!

Flo. I suppose you guess it, Sir; and I must tell you, I take it ill it was not done before.

Hyp. What d'ye mean?

Flo. Your Ear, Sir. [*They whisper.*

D. Ma. What's the matter now 'tro?

Ros. The Gentleman seems very free, methinks.

D. Ma. Truth, I don't like it.

Ros. Don't disturb 'em, Sir ——we shall know all presently.

Hyp. But what have you done with Don *Philip*?

Flo. I drew the Servants out of the way, while he made his Escape; I saw him very busy in the Street with *Octavio* and another Gentleman; *Trappani* dog'd 'em, and brings me Word they just now went into the Corrigidore's in the next Street —— Therefore, what we do, we must do quickly: Come, come, put on your fighting Face, and I'll be with them presently. [*Aside.*

Hyp. [*Aloud.*] Sir, I have offer'd you very fair; if you don't think so, I have marry'd the Lady, and take your Course.

Flo. Sir, our Contract was a full Third; a third Part's my Right, and I'll have it, Sir.

D. Ma. Hay!

Hyp. Then I must tell you, Sir, since you are pleas'd to call it your Right, you shall not have it.

Flo. Not, Sir?

Hyp. No, Sir ——— Look ye, don't put on your pert Airs to me—Gad, I shall use you very scurvily.

Flo. Use me!——You little Son of a Whore, draw.

Hyp. Oh! So, I am for you.

[*They fight, and* D. Ma. *interposes.*

Ros. Ah! Help! Murder! [*Runs out.*

D. Ma. Within there! Help! Murder! Why, Gentlemen, are ye mad? Pray put up.

Hyp. A Rascal!

Enter Servants, who part 'em.

D. Ma. Friends, and quarrel! for Shame.

Flo. Friends! I scorn his Friendship; and since he does

does not know how to use a Gentleman, I'll do a public Piece of Justice, and use him like a Villain.

Hyp. Let me go.

D. Ma. Better Words, Sir. [*To* Flora.

Flo. Why, Sir, d'ye take this Fellow for Don *Philip?*

D. Ma. What d'ye mean, Sir?

Flo. That he has cheated me as well as you——But I'll have my Revenge immediately. [*Exit* Flora.

[Hyp. *walks about, and* D. Ma. *stares.*

D. Ma. Hay! what's all this? What is it——— My Heart misgives me.

Hyp. Hey! who waits there? Here, you! [*To a Servant*] Bid my Servant run, and hire me a Coach and four Horses immediately.

Serv. Yes, Sir. [*Exit Serv.*

D. Ma. A Coach!

Enter Viletta.

Vil. Sir! Sir!———bless me! What's the matter! Sir! Are not you well?

D. Ma. Yes, yes,——I am——that is——ha!

Vil. I have brought you a Letter, Sir.

D. Ma. What Business can he have for a Coach?

Vil. I have brought you a Letter, Sir, from *Octavio.*

D. Ma. To me?

Vil. No, Sir, to my Mistress——he charg'd me to deliver it immediately; for he said it concern'd her Life and Fortune.

D. Ma. How! Let's see it—There's what I promis'd thee——be gone. What can this be now? [*Reads.*]

The Person whom your Father ignorantly designs you to marry, is a known Cheat, and an Impostor; the true Don Philip, *who is my intimate Friend, will immediately appear with the Corrigidore, and fresh Evidence against him. I thought this Advice, tho' from one you hate, would be well receiv'd if it came time enough to prevent your Ruin.* OCTAVIO.

O, my Heart! This Letter was not design'd to fall into my Hands——I am affrighted——I dare not think o't.

Re-enter the Servant.

Serv. Sir, your Man is not within.

Hyp. Careleſs Raſcal! to be out of the way when my Life's at Stake — Prithee do thou go and ſee if thou canſt get me any Poſt-Horſes.

D. Ma. Poſt-Horſes!

Enter Roſara.

Roſ. O dear Sir, what was the Matter?

D. Ma. —— Hay

Roſ. What made 'em quarrel, Sir?

D. Ma. Child!

Roſ. What was it about, Sir? You look concern'd.

D. Ma. Concern'd!

Roſ. I hope you are not hurt, Sir. [*To* Hyp. *who minds her not.*] —What's the matter with him, Sir? he won't ſpeak to me. [*To* D. Ma.]

D. Ma. —— a —— ſpeak! —— a —— go to him again —— try what fair Words will do, and ſee if you can pick out the Meaning of all this.

Roſ. Dear Sir, what's the matter? [*To* Hyp.

D. Ma. Ay, Sir, pray what's the matter?

Hyp. I'm a little vex'd at my Servant's being out of the way, and the Inſolence of this other Raſcal.

D. Ma. But what Occaſion have you for Poſt-Horſes, Sir?

Hyp. Something happens a little croſs, Sir.

D. Ma. Pray what is't?

Hyp. I'll tell you another time, Sir.

D. Ma. Another time, Sir! —— pray ſatisfy me now.

Hyp. Lord, Sir, when you ſee a Man's out of Humour.

D. Ma. Sir, it may be I'm as much out of Humour as you; and I muſt tell ye, I don't like your Behaviour, and I'm reſolv'd to be ſatisfy'd.

Hyp. Sir, what is't you'd have? [*Peeviſhly.*

D. Ma. Look ye, Sir — in ſhort — I have receiv'd a Letter.

Hyp.

Hyp. Well, Sir.

D. Ma. I wiſh it may be well, Sir.

Hyp. Bleſs me Sir! what's the matter with you?

D. Ma. Matter, Sir—in troth I'm almoſt afraid and aſham'd to tell ye;—but, if you muſt needs know, —there's the Matter, Sir. [*Gives the Letter.*

Enter Don Luis.

D. Lu. Uncle, I am your humble Servant.

D. Ma. I am glad to ſee you, Nephew.

D. Lu. I receiv'd your Invitation, and am come to pay my Duty: But here I met with the moſt ſurpriſing News.

D. Ma. Pray what is it?

D. Lu. Why, firſt your Servant told me, my young Couſin was to be marry'd to-day to Don *Philip de las Torres*; and juſt as I was entering your Doors, who ſhould I meet but Don *Philip*, with the Corrigidore, and ſeveral Witneſſes, to prove, it ſeems, That the Perſon whom you were juſt going to marry my Couſin to, has uſurp'd his Name, betray'd you, robb'd him, and is in ſhort a rank Impoſtor.

Hyp. So! now it's come home to him.

D. Ma. Dear Nephew, don't torture me: Are ye ſure you know Don *Philip*, when you ſee him?

D. Lu. Know him, Sir! Were we not School-Fellows, Fellow-Collegians, and Fellow-Travellers?

D. Ma. But are you ſure you mayn't have forgot him neither?

D. Lu. You might as well aſk me if I had not forgot you, Sir.

D. Ma. But one Queſtion more, and I am dumb for ever——Is that he?

D. Lu. That, Sir! No, nor in the leaſt like him—But pray why this Concern? I hope we are not come too late to prevent the Marriage!

D. Ma. Oh! Oh! O! O! my poor Child!

Ros. Oh! [*Seems to faint.*

Enter Viletta.

Vil. What's the matter, Sir?

D. Ma. Ah! look to my Child.

D. Lu. Is this the Villain then that has impos'd upon you?

Hyp. Sir, I'm this Lady's Husband; and while I'm sure that Name can't be taken from me, I shall be contented with laughing at any other, you or your Party dare give me.

D. Ma. Oh!

D. Lu. Nay then, within there!——such a Villain ought to be made an Example.

Enter Corrigidore and Officers, with Don Philip, Octavio, Flora, *and* Trappanti.

O Gentlemen, we're undone! all comes too late! my poor Cousin's marry'd to the Impostor.

D. Ph. How!

Oct. Confusion!

D. Ma. O! O!

D. Ph. That's the Person, Sir, and I demand your Justice.

Oct. And I.

Flo. And all of us.

D. Ma. Will my Cares never be over?

Corr. Well, Gentlemen, let me rightly understand what this you charge him with, and I'll commit him immediately.——First, Sir, you say, these Gentlemen all know you to be the true Don *Philip?*

D. Lu. That, Sir, I presume, my Oath will prove.

Oct. Or mine.

Flo. And mine.

Trap. Ay, and mine too, Sir.

D. Ma. Where shall I hide this shameful Head?

Flo. And for the Robbery, that I can prove upon him: He confess'd to me at *Toledo*, he stole this Gentleman's Portmanteau there, to carry on his Design upon this

Lady, and agreed to give me a Third part of her Fortune for my Assistance; which he refusing to pay as soon as the Marriage was over, I thought myself oblig'd in Honour to discover him.

Hyp. Well, Gentlemen, you may insult me if you please; but I presume you'll hardly be able to prove that I'm not marry'd to the Lady, or hav'nt the best part of her Fortune in my Pocket; so do your worst: I own my Ingenuity! and am proud on't.

D. Ma. Ingenuity! abandon'd Villain!——But, Sir, before you send him to Goal, I desire he may return the Jewels I gave him, as part of my Daughter's Portion.

Corr. That can't be, Sir—since he has marry'd the Lady, her Fortune's lawfully his: All we can do, is to prosecute him for robbing this Gentleman.

D. Ma. O that ever I was born!

Hyp. Return the Jewels, Sir! If you don't pay me the rest of her Fortune To-morrow Morning, you may chance to go to Goal before me.

D. Ma. O that I were bury'd! Will my Cares never be over?

Hyp. They are pretty near it, Sir; you can't have much more to trouble you.

Corr. Come, Sir, if you please; I must desire to take your Affidavit in Writing.

[*Goes to the Table with* Flora.

D. Ph. Now, Sir! you see what your own Rashness has brought ye to: How shall I be star'd at when I give an Account of this to my Father, or your Friends in *Seville!* You'll be the publick Jest; your Understanding, or your Folly, will be the Mirth of every Table.

D. Ma. Pray forbear, Sir.

Hyp. Keep it up, Madam. [*Aside to* Ros.

Ros. Oh Sir! how wretched have you made me! is this the Care you have taken of me for my blind Obedience to your Commands? this my Reward for filial Duty?

D. Ma. Ah! my poor Child!

Ros. But I detest it all, for ever listening to your barbarous Proposal, when my Conscience might have

to

told me, my Vows and Perſon in Juſtice and Honour were the wrong'd *Octavio's*.

D. Ma. Oh! Oh!

Oct. Can ſhe repent her Falſhood then at laſt? Is't poſſible? then I'm wounded too! O my poor undone *Roſara!* [*Goes to her.*] Ungrateful! Cruel! Perjur'd Man! How can'ſt thou bear to ſee the Light after this Heap of Ruin thou haſt rais'd, by tearing thus aſunder the moſt ſolemn Vows of plighted Love?

D. Ma. Oh! don't inſult me, I deſerve the worſt you can ſay. —— I'm a miſerable Wretch, and I repent me.

Oct. Repent! Can'ſt thou believe whole Years of Sorrow will atone thy Crime? No; groan on, ſigh and weep away thy Life to come, and when the Stings and Horrors of thy Conſcience have laid thy tortur'd Body in the Grave——then, then——as thou doſt me, —— when 'tis too late, I'll pity thee.

Vil. So! here's the Lady in Tears, the Lover in Rage, the old Gentleman out of his Senſes, moſt of the Company diſtracted, and the Bridegroom in a fair way to be hang'd—The merrieſt Wedding that ever I ſaw in my Life.

Corr. Well, Sir, have you any thing to ſay before I make your Warrant? [*To* Hyp.

Hyp. A Word or two, and I obey ye, Sir,——Gentlemen, I have reflected on the Folly of my Action, and foreſee the Diſquiets I am like to undergo in being this Lady's Huſband: therefore, as I own myſelf the Author of all this ſeeming Ruin and Confuſion, ſo I am willing (deſiring firſt the Officers may withdraw) to offer ſomething to the general Quiet.

Oct. What can this mean?

Ph. Pſhah! ſome new Contrivance——Let's be gone.

D. Lu. Stay a Moment, it can be no Harm to hear him——Sir, will you oblige us?

Corr. Wait without—— [*Exeunt Officers.*

Vil. What's to be done now, 'troth?

Trap. Some ſmart thing, I warrant ye: The little Gentleman hath a notable Head, faith.

Flo. Nay, Gentlemen, thus much I know of him, that if you can but perſuade him to be honeſt, 'tis ſtill in his Power to make you all Amends; and, in my Opinion, 'tis high time he ſhould propoſe it.

D. Ma. Ay, 'tis time he were hang'd indeed: For I know no other Amends he can make us.

Hyp. Then I muſt tell you, Sir, I owe you no Reparation; the Injuries which you complain of, your ſordid Avarice, and Breach of Promiſe here have juſtly brought upon you: Had you, as you were oblig'd in Conſcience and in Nature, firſt given your Daughter with your Heart, ſhe had now been honourably happy, and, if any, I the only miſerable Perſon here.

D. Lu. He talks Reaſon.

D. Pb. I don't think him in the Wrong there indeed.

Hyp. Therefore, Sir, if you are injur'd, you may thank yourſelf for it.

D. Ma. Nay, dear Sir—I do confeſs my Blindneſs, and cou'd heartily wiſh your Eyes or mine had drop'd out of our Heads before ever we ſaw one another.

Hyp. Well, Sir, (however little you deſerv'd it) yet for your Daughter's ſake, if you'll oblige yourſelf, by ſigning this Paper, to keep your firſt Promiſe, and give her, with her full Fortune, to this Gentleman, I am ſtill content, on that Condition, to diſannul my own Pretences, and reſign her.

Oct. Ha! What ſays he?

D. Lu. This is ſtrange!

D. Ma. Sir, I don't know how to anſwer you: For I can never believe you'll have Good-nature enough to hang yourſelf out of the way to make Room for him.

Hyp. Then, Sir, to let you ſee I have not only an honeſt Meaning, but an immediate Power too, to make good my Word, I firſt renounce all Title to her Fortune. Theſe Jewels, which I receiv'd from you, I give him free Poſſeſſion of; and now, Sir, the reſt of her Fortune you owe him with her Perſon.

Oct. I am all Amazement!

D. Lu. What can this end in?

D. Pb. I am ſurpriz'd indeed!

D.

D. Ma. This is unaccountable, I muſt confeſs —— But ſtill, Sir, if you diſannul your Pretences, how you'll perſuade that Gentleman, to whom I'm oblig'd in Contract, to part with his ——

D. Ph. That, Sir, ſhall be no Let: I am too well acquainted with the Virtue of my Friend's Title, to entertain a Thought can diſturb it.

Hyp. Then my Fears are over. [*Aſide.*] Now, Sir, it only ſtops at you.

D. Ma. Well, Sir, I ſee the Paper is only conditional; and ſince the general Welfare is concern'd, I won't refuſe to lend you my helping Hand to it: But if you ſhould not make your Words good, Sir, I hope you won't take it ill if a Man ſhould poiſon you.

D. Ph. And, Sir, let me too warn you how you execute this Promiſe; your Flattery and diſſembled Penitence has deceiv'd me once already, which makes me, I confeſs, a little ſlow in my Belief; therefore take heed, expect no ſecond Mercy; for be aſſur'd of this, I never can forgive a Villain.

Hyp. If I am prov'd one, ſpare me not —— I aſk but this—— Uſe me as you find me.

D. Ph. That you may depend on.

D. Ma. There, Sir. [*Gives* Hypolita *the Writing ſign'd.*

Roſ. Now I tremble for her. [*Aſide.*

Hyp. And now, Don *Philip*, I confeſs you are the only injur'd Perſon here.

D. Ph. I know not that——do my Friend right, and I ſhall eaſily forgive thee.

Hyp. His Pardon with his Thanks, I am ſure I ſhall deſerve: But how ſhall I forgive myſelf? Is there in Nature left a Means that can repair the ſhameful Slights, the Inſults, and the long Diſquiets you have known from Love?

D. Ph. Let me underſtand thee.

Hyp. Examine well your Heart, and if the fierce Reſentment of its Wrongs has not extinguiſh'd quite the uſual ſoft Compaſſion there, revive at leaſt one Spark in Pity of my Woman's Weakneſs.

D. Ma. How! a Woman!

D. Ph. Whither would'ſt thou carry me?

Hyp. Not but I know you generous, as the Heart of Love, yet, let me doubt, if even this low Submiſſion can deſerve your Pardon——Don't look on me, I cannot bear that you ſhould know me yet——The extravagant Attempt I have this Day run through to meet you thus, juſtly may ſubject me to your Contempt and Scorn, unleſs the ſame forgiving Goodneſs that us'd to over-look the Failings of *Hypolita*, prove ſtill my Friend, and ſoften all with the Excuſe of Love.

Oct. My Siſter! O, *Roſara! Philip!*

[*All ſeem amaz'd.*

D. Ph. Oh! ſtop this vaſt Effuſion of my tranſported Thoughts, ere my offending Wiſhes break their Priſon through my Eyes, and ſurfeit on forbidden Hopes again: Or if my Tears are falſe, if your relenting Heart is touch'd at laſt in Pity of my enduring Love, be kind at once, ſpeak on, and awake me to the Joy while I have Senſe to hear you.

Hyp. Nay, then I am ſubdu'd indeed! Is't poſſible, ſpight of my Follies, ſtill your generous Heart can love? 'Tis ſo! Your Eyes confeſs it, and my Tears are dead—When then ſhould I bluſh to let at once the honeſt Fulneſs of my Heart guſh forth—O *Philip*—*Hypolita* is—yours for ever. [*They advance ſlowly, and at laſt ruſh into one another's Arms.*

D. Ph. O Extaſy! Diſtracting Joy——Do I then live to call you mine?——Is there an End at laſt of my repeated Pangs, my Sighs, my Torments, and my rejected Vows? Is it poſſible? is it She?——O let me view thee [illegible]aching Eyes, and feed my eager Senſe upon [illegible] of thy Love confeſs'd! What, kind? [illegible] And yet 'tis She! I know her by [illegible] Heart, which only Love like [illegible] can give.

[*Eagerly embracing her.*

[illegible] inſult our Sex's Pride, [illegible]t all in me; I plead no [illegible] own the Weakneſs.

[illegible]

my boasted Power, and now am only proud of my Humility.

D. Ph. O never! never shall thy Empire cease! 'Tis not in thy Power to give thy Power away: This last Surprize of generous Love has bound me to thy Heart a poor indebted Wretch for ever.

Hyp. No more, the rest the Priest shou'd say.——But now our Joys grow rude.——Here are our Friends, that must be happy too.

D. Ph. Luis! Octavio! my Brother now! O! forgive the Hurry of a transported Heart.

D. Ma. A Woman! and *Octavio*'s Sister!

Oct. That Heart that does not feel, as 'twere its own, a Joy like this, ne'er yet confess'd the Power of Friendship or Love [*Embracing him.*

D. Ma. Have I then been pleas'd, and plagu'd, and frighted out of my Wits, by a Woman, all this while? Odsbud, she is a notable Contriver! Stand clear ho! For if I have not a fair Brush at her Lips; nay, if she does not give me the hearty Smack too, Ods-Winds and Thunder, she is not the good-humour'd Girl I take her for.

Hyp. Come, Sir, I won't balk your Good-humour. [*He kisses her.*] And now I have a Favour to beg of you; you remember your Promise; Only your Blessing here, Sir. [Octavio *and* Rosara *kneel.*

D. Ma. Ah! I can deny thee nothing; and since I find thou art not fit for my Girl's Business thyself, Odzooks, it shall never be done out of the Family.——And so, Children, Heaven bless ye together.——Come, I'll give thee her Hand myself, you know the way to her Heart, and as soon as the Priest has said Grace, he shall toss you the rest of her Body into the Bargain——And now my Cares are over again.

Oct. We'll study to deserve your Love, Sir——*Rosara!*

Ros. Now, *Octavio*, do you believe I [illegible] than the Person I was to marry?

Oct. Kind Creature! you were [illegible]

Ros. I was, and she is mine.

Oct. What Words can thank you?

Hyp. Any that tell me of *Octavio*'s Happineſs.

D. Ph. My Friend ſucceſsful too! Then my Joys are double.——But how this generous Attempt was ſtarted firſt, how it has been purſu'd, and carry'd with this kind Surprize at laſt, gives me Wonder equal to my Joy.

Hyp. Here's one that at more Leiſure ſhall inform you all: She was ever a Friend to you. Love has had a hearty Share in the Fatigue, and now I am bound in Honour to give her Part of the Garland too.

D. Ph. How! She!

Flo. Truſty *Flora*, Sir, at your Service: I have had many a Battle with my Lady upon your account: But I always told her we would do her Buſineſs at laſt.

D. Ma. Another Metamorphoſis! Brave Girls, faith! Odzooks, we ſhall have 'em make Campaigns ſhortly.

D. Ph. Take this as an Earneſt of my Thanks; in *Seville* I'll provide for thee.

Hyp. Nay, there's another Accomplice too. Confederate I can't ſay; for honeſt *Trappanti* did not know but that I was as great a Rogue as himſelf.

Trap. It's a Folly to lye; I did not indeed, Madam.——But the World cannot ſay I have been a Rogue to your Ladyſhip——And if you had not parted with your Money——

Hyp. Thou had'ſt not parted with thy Honeſty.

Trap. Right, Madam; but how ſhou'd a poor naked Fellow reſiſt, when he had ſo many Piſtoles held againſt him? [*Shews Money.*

D. Ma. Ay, ay, well ſaid, Lad.

Vil. Ea! A tempting Bait indeed! Let him offer to [illegible] again, if he dares. [*Aſide.*

[illegible] *Trappanti*, thou haſt been ſervicea[illegible] think of thee.

[illegible] ebtor too.

[illegible] ry eaſy way, Gentlemen, to [illegible] ou partly owe your Happineſs to [illegible] be very proud to owe me only

Trap. Why, Sir, I find by my Conſtitution, that it is as natural to be in Love as an Hungry, and that I han't a jot leſs Stomach than the beſt of my Betters: and tho' I have often thought a Wife but dining every Day upon the ſame Diſh; yet methinks, it's better than no Dinner at all. And, for my part, I had rather have no Stomach to my Meat, than no Meat to my Stomach. Upon which Conſiderations, Gentlemen and Ladies, I deſire you'll uſe your Intereſt with *Madona* here—To let me dine at her Ordinary.

D. Ma. A pleaſant Rogue, faith! Odzooks, the Jade ſhall have him. Come, Huſſy, he's an ingenious Perſon.

Vil. Sir, I don't underſtand his Stuff; when he ſpeaks plain, I know what to ſay to him.

Trap. Why, then, in plain Terms, Let me a Leaſe of your Tenement——Marry me.

Vil. Ay, now you ſay ſomething—I was afraid, by what you ſaid in the Garden, you had only a mind to be a wicked Tenant at Will.

Trap. No, no, Child, I have no mind to be turn'd out at a Quarter's Warning.

Vil. Well, there's my Hand—And now meet me as ſoon as you wi[illegible] Canonical Lawyer, and I'll give you Poſſe[illegible] the Premiſſes.

D. Ma. Od[illegible] thought of, I'll ſend for one. English [illegible]h, run to Father *Bene-* [illegible] on't hold here, his laſt [illegible] now we have got bet- [illegible] ſtch two or three freſh [illegible]

[illegible] *ant.*

[illegible] *ſatal to the Pri[illegible]*

S[illegible] [illegible]me.

D. Anne [illegible] never take us in a be[illegible] time [illegible] Ladies and——[illegible] Daughters, for I th[illegible] re all akin to [illegible] you be pleas[illegible] to [illegible]

D. Ma. C[illegible] *Power.* *But*

us.

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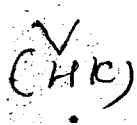

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